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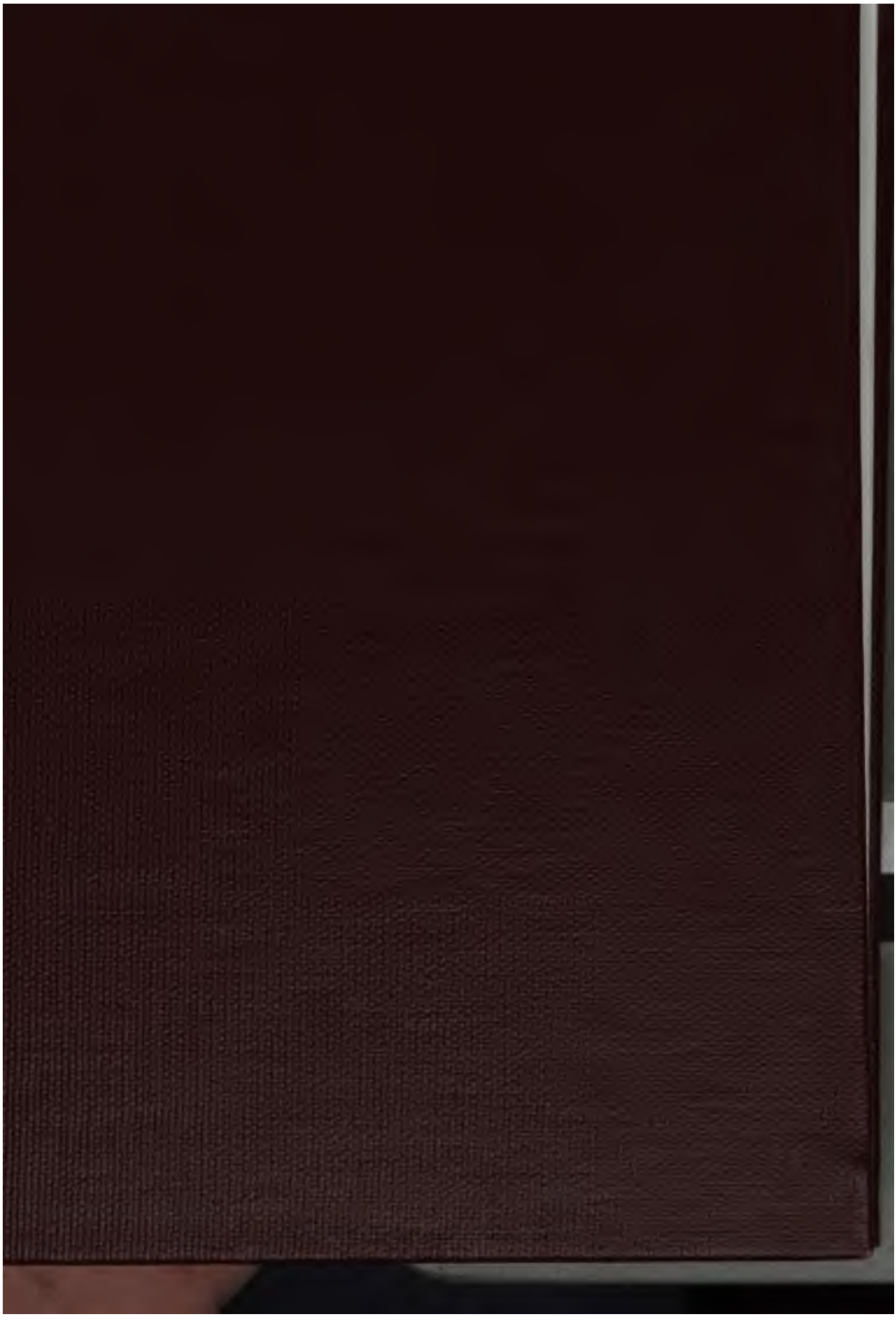
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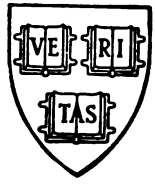
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THE LETTERS OF CICERO

THE WHOLE EXTANT CORRESPONDENCE
IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
BY

EVELYN S. SHUCKBURGH, M.A.
LATE FELLOW OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
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IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. III. B.C. 48-44 (FEBRUARY)

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INTRODUCTION

THE correspondence in this volume (January, B.C. 48-February, B.C. 44) opens with a letter to Atticus from Pompey's headquarters in Epirus. There are only nine letters during the fifteen or sixteen months which intervene between Cicero's departure from Italy and his return after the battle of Pharsalia. One of these is from Cælius (p. 4), foreshadowing the disaster which soon afterwards befell that facile intelligence but ill-balanced character; and one from Dolabella (p. 6), inspired with a genuine wish—in which Cæsar shared—that Cicero should withdraw in time from the chances and dangers of the war. Cicero's own letters deal mostly with the anxiety which he was feeling as to his property at home, which was at the mercy of the Cæsarians, and, in case of Pompey's defeat, would doubtless be seized by the victorious party, except such of it as was capable of being concealed or held in trust by his friends. He was no doubt prevented from writing freely on the state of affairs in the camp, and on war news generally, by a sort of military censorship to which letters were exposed (p. 4); but he is by the beginning of B.C. 48 evidently in the lowest spirits, and not in the least hopeful of Pompey's success. This may partly be accounted for by ill-health (p. 10), but from the very first he seems to have been convinced that things were going wrong. He says that he avoided taking active duties of any sort,[1] because of his dissatisfaction with what was being done. But part of this dissatisfaction seems really to have arisen from the fact that Pompey did not offer him any employment of importance.[2] This made him still more inclined to listen to

Cicero at Pompey's headquarters, from June, B.C. 49, to August, B.C. 48.

[1] P. 10. Cp. pp. 114, 115.

[2] *τὸ μηδὲν μέγα αὐτῷ χρῆσθαι Πομπήιον* (Plut. *Cic.* 38).

Cato, who met him with the remark that he would have been much more useful to his country in Italy, and that his joining Pompey's army was quite unnecessary. Cicero must have felt this a mortifying result of what seemed to himself an heroic resolve, arrived at after months of painful indecision. He avenged himself by indulging in bitter epigrams and sarcastic comments, which no doubt amused his hearers, but did not tend to make him agreeable to Pompey, who, however, was forced to borrow a considerable sum of money of him—the savings of his provincial government, which he had deposited with some companies of *publicani* in Asia.[1] Such an obligation does not make it easier to endure caustic wit in a creditor, and there is no doubt that Cicero was a disturbing element in the camp, and made himself thoroughly disagreeable. His defence of himself on this point in the second Philippic (§§ 37-39) is not very convincing. But we are more in sympathy with other reasons for discontent, which he dwelt upon a few years later in letters to his friends. It was not only the hopelessness of the military position and the inferiority of Pompey's miscellaneous army which disgusted him; it was the evident reasons actuating the aristocratic followers of Pompey. Not only did they desire a bloody revenge on the opposite party, and the attainment of offices and honours from which their opponents were to be ousted; but they were for the most part deeply involved in debt, and were looking forward to confiscations on a vast scale to recruit their bankrupt fortunes.[2] It was the old story of the "Lucerian talk" which had revolted Cicero in Italy at the beginning of the war. It became more and more plain to him that there would be little to choose between the victory of either side, as far as the amount of suffering and injustice inflicted on Roman society was concerned. His just criticism on Pompey's mistake after winning the battle of Dyrrachium, in allowing himself to be drawn away from his base of supplies, and with his raw soldiers giving battle to Cæsar's veterans, may very well be a criticism conceived after the event, or gathered from the remarks of others. But it is at least plain that he recognized the decisive nature of the defeat at Pharsalia, and

[1] See pp. 2, 9.

[2] See pp. 17, 79, 87, 114, 115, etc.

quickly resolved not to continue the war. When the news of that disaster reached the fleet at Dyrrachium, Cato and young Gnæus Pompeius desired Cicero, as the only consular present, to take command of it. Plutarch says that on his refusal Pompey and some of his friends drew their swords and threatened his life, but that he was rescued by Cato and allowed to go to Brundisium. Plutarch's narrative, however, is suspiciously inaccurate, as it implies that Cicero went at once to Brundisium, whereas it is plain from his letters that he sailed by Corcyra to Patræ.[1]

Cicero at Brundisium, November, B.C. 48, to September, B.C. 47.

From Patræ he came to Brundisium at the end of October or the beginning of November, by special permission of Cæsar obtained through Dolabella.[2] He was still accompanied by lictors, as an *imperator* who had not abandoned his claim to a triumph; but he found it necessary in entering Brundisium to disguise or dismiss them, and we hear nothing of them again.[3] It does not appear that he had been forbidden to go to Rome; but Cæsar had expressed disapproval of others doing so, and Cicero did not venture to leave Brundisium and approach the city without more distinct authority from the Dictator. The letters from Brundisium are distressing. It was not a pleasant place of residence, and the presence of part of the victorious army at times made it dangerous. As the months went on also he heard of Cæsar's difficulties in Alexandria; of mutinies in the Cæsarian legions that had been sent back to Italy; of disorders in Rome, caused by the tribunician proceedings of Dolabella, which made the position of Antony, Cæsar's Master of the Horse, very difficult; and of the increasing strength of the Pompeians in Africa.[4] All these reports made him doubt the wisdom of the step he had taken in submitting to Cæsar and throwing himself upon his protection. In doing so he had committed an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the Pompeian party. If they eventually succeeded, therefore, he would be in a still worse position than he was now. His heart was still with them—though he disliked young Gnæus Pompeius—but for his own

[1] P. 14. Plut. *Cic.* 39. Pp. 16, 18. Cp. *pro Lig.* § 7.

[2] P. 19. Cp. 2 *Phil.* § 5.

[4] See p. 27.

personal security he was forced to wish them ill. To complete his unhappiness, the failure of the opposition to Cæsar had caused a bitter quarrel with his brother and nephew. The younger Quintus had always been Cæsarian in sympathy, and had caused his uncle much disquiet by going to Rome to meet Cæsar in the previous year.[1] But now the elder Quintus seems to have joined his son in reproaching Cicero with having misled them into joining the losing side. They had parted from him in anger at Patræ, and were on their way to meet Cæsar as he was following Pompey through Asia, and make their submission to him. Cicero is not only distressed at the loss of his brother's affection, but fearful of their denouncing him to Cæsar.[2] As far as the younger Quintus was concerned, there may have been cause for such fears. But though the elder Quintus was always intemperate in language, there does not seem any reason to suppose that he wished or attempted to injure his brother. If he did, Cicero took a generous revenge: for he was careful to let Cæsar know that he himself was alone to blame for the course they had taken as a family in the civil war; and that Quintus had followed, not led him, in the matter.[3] "Believe rather," he says, "that he always advised our union; and was the companion, not the leader, of my journey." The breach between the brothers was not long in healing; but the subsequent conduct of his nephew, who served under Cæsar in Spain, gave Cicero much distress for the next two years.[4] An interview between them in December, B.C. 45, described in a letter to Atticus, shews how strained the relations between them still were.[5] After Cæsar's death, though young Quintus for a time adhered to Antony, he surprised his uncle by suddenly announcing his conversion to the cause of Brutus and Cassius.[6] And though Cicero doubted the sincerity and the motives of the change, there seems to have been no farther quarrel, till the proscription overwhelmed all three of them in the same destruction.

Cæsar's return to Italy in September, B.C. 47, after successfully settling the difficulties in Alexandria, and the rising

[1] See vol. ii., pp. 363, 366.
[2] P. 26.
[3] See his letter to Cæsar, p. 30.
[4] See pp. 88, 144, 280, 321.
[5] P. 348.
[6] Vol. iv., pp. 97, 100.

in Pontus under Pharnaces, restored peace and safety to Italy. The mutinous legions were either satisfied by the payment of their promised bounties, or sent over to Sicily to be ready for the next year's campaign in Africa. The troubles in Rome caused by Dolabella's wild measures collapsed in the presence of the Dictator, who, however, pardoned Dolabella and continued to employ him. To Cicero Cæsar's arrival brought the long-wished-for freedom to quit Brundisium and resume his life at Rome or in his villas. Cæsar landed at Tarentum, and Cicero went with others from Brundisium in a complimentary procession to meet him. Whatever doubts he had felt as to the reception he was likely to meet were quickly dispelled by Cæsar's cordial kindness. As soon as he saw Cicero in the procession he alighted from his carriage, greeted him warmly, and walked some distance conversing with him exclusively.[1] Cæsar always liked Cicero, and we can imagine that, returning to Italy after an absence of three years, so crowded with various experiences, there would be abundant subjects of conversation between men of such wide interests without touching on dangerous political topics. Cæsar seems finally to have expressed a courteous desire that Cicero should return to Rome. On the 1st of October therefore he writes to Terentia, announcing his arrival at Tusculum on the 7th or the next day. The letter is from Venusia, so that he was already on his way home by the Appia. From that time till the death of Cæsar he resumes his old life as far as residence and studies are concerned. But it was in other respects a changed life. Outwardly things at Rome seemed to be going on as before. The *comitia* still elected the magistrates; the senate still met for deliberation and the transaction of public business; the law courts were still sitting in the forum. In fact, for a time at any rate, Cicero complains that he was overwhelmed with legal business.[2] But the spirit was all gone out of it. The will of a single man really controlled everything. The *comitia* returned his nominees; the senate merely registered his decrees, and dutifully recognized his appointments, when they were not rather made by

Cicero under the new régime, B.C. 47 to B.C. 44.

[1] Plut. *Cic.* 39. [2] P. 97.

a *lex* passed as a matter of course by the tribes. Even the law courts felt the hand of the master, and though they still probably settled private suits unchecked, men accused of public crimes were tried before the Dictator in his own house (*cognitio*), or were banished and recalled by his single fiat. The constitution, so dear to Cicero, and under which he had lived in the constant excitement of success and fame, was practically abrogated. The Dictatorship, begun while Cæsar was still at Alexandria, continued till the end of B.C. 46, was renewed at the beginning of B.C. 45, and made lifelong after Munda. It gave him unlimited control over all magistrates and all citizens, and all parts of the empire. "If we seek freedom," Cicero says to M. Marcellus, "what place is free from the master's hand?"[1] From the first, therefore, Cicero refrained as much as he could from speaking in the senate, and absented himself from it as often as he dared.[2]

Neither did he find the old charm in social life at Rome. With one or two exceptions he declares that he finds no satisfaction in the society with which he is forced to live.[3] He dines constantly with the Cæsarians, who sought his society, enjoyed his wit, and, as he flattered himself, had a genuine regard for him, and he confesses that he liked dining out.[4] He even gave up his old simplicity of living, and allowed Hirtius and Dolabella to initiate him in the mysteries of the fashionable epicure.[5] Yet when the excitement was over—and he had a natural love for society—he sadly reflected how few of those with whom he thus passed a few hours of gaiety could be reckoned as friends. "Am I to seek comfort with my friends?" he says to Lucceius in answer to his letter of condolence. "How many of them are there? You know, for they were common to us both. Some have fallen, others have somehow grown callous."[6] This is a subject on which, as he gets on in life, a man is likely to take a somewhat exaggerated view, and after all perhaps Cicero still found in general society

[1] P. 113. [2] Pp. 137, 171, 172. [3] P. 70.

[4] See p. 103 "I like a dinner party. I talk freely there on whatever comes upon the *tapis*, and convert sighs into loud bursts of laughter."

[5] Pp. 76, 93, 95. [6] P. 247.

as much satisfaction as it can give, which is not very much. And though the number of his friends was of course greatly curtailed, there were still some left.

Cicero's causes of discontent.

But there were other sources of unhappiness, such as the continued disloyalty of his nephew, his own resolution to divorce Terentia, and a continual uneasiness as to his own position. The Pompeians were still strong in Africa when he returned to Rome, and might conceivably be successful against Cæsar. In that case he looked forward to acts of retaliation on the part of the victors, in which he would certainly have his share of suffering. Nothing could be more miserable, he thought, than the state of suspense; and he was astonished at the gaiety with which men who had so much at stake could crowd the games at Præneste.[1] Even after the news reached Rome of Cæsar's victory at Thapsus, he imagines that the clemency which had hitherto characterized the Cæsarians would in their hour of victory give place to a vindictive cruelty, which had been only concealed while the result was doubtful.[2] The constitution he thinks had totally collapsed: things were going from bad to worse: his very house at Tusculum may before long be torn from him for the benefit of some veteran of Cæsar's.[3] He himself has no place in politics, is ashamed of surviving the Republic, and can find no consolation for the general *débâcle* in the personal kindness of Cæsar to himself.[4] Victory in a civil war, he reflects, forces the victors to be ruthless and cruel in spite of themselves. The conqueror does not do what he wishes, but what he must: for he has to gratify those by whose aid he has won the victory. In fact the disorganization and confusion are so great and universal, that every man thinks that the worst possible position is that in which he happens to be.[5]

These are the views of the political situation which Cicero communicates to his friends—mostly leading Pompeians now living in exile. Yet he is constrained to confess that it is possible for a member of his party to live at Rome unmolested: "You may not perhaps be able to

[1] Pp. 65, 70, 72-74.
[2] Pp. 74, 75.
[3] See pp. 81, 100, 101.
[4] Pp. 104, 106, 109, 110.
[5] See pp. 118, 134, 316.

say what you think: you may certainly hold your tongue. For authority of every kind has been committed to one man. He consults nobody but himself, not even his friends. There would not have been much difference if he whom we followed had been master of the Republic."[1] Nor could he deny that Cæsar himself acted with magnanimity and moderation, even increasingly so.[2] Still, nothing could make up to him for the loss of *dignitas* implied by power being in the hands of one man, and the senate being no longer the real governing body. Though after the battle of Thapsus, and still more after Munda, one source of anxiety was removed—that of his own precarious position should Cæsar be defeated—the other grievance, that of the constitution being in abeyance, grew more and more offensive to him. "I am ashamed of being a slave," he writes in January, B.C. 45. "What," he says in March, "have I to do with a forum, when there are no law courts, no senate-house, and when men are always obtruding on my sight whom I cannot see with any patience?"[3] Again and again he asserts that there is no form of constitution existing.[4] A number of lesser annoyances served gradually to complete his indignant discontent. We have no allusion to Cæsar's triumph after Munda, or to the scene at the Lupercalia so graphically described in the second Philippic (§ 85), when Antony offered him the crown. But we are told of disgust at his nephew being made a member of the college of Luperci, revived and re-endowed by Cæsar; of his own annoyance at being kept waiting in Cæsar's antechamber;[5] of his disapproval of Cæsar's plans for enlarging the city; and, worst of all, of his statue being placed in the temple of Quirinus, and carried among the figures of the gods in the opening procession in the circus.[6] Finally, in January, B.C. 44, he tells Manius Curius: "You could scarcely believe how disgraceful my conduct appears to me in countenancing the present state of things."[7] And, indeed, Cicero had not only countenanced it by his presence, he had written more than once to Cæsar in an almost more

Cæsar's moderation great, but the constitution in abeyance.

[1] P. 117. [2] Pp. 101, 123, 129, 137, 256.
[3] Pp. 173, 214. [4] Pp. 232, 234, etc.
[5] Pp. 88, 141. [6] Pp. 300, 307, 310. [7] P. 357.

than friendly and cordial strain. Once indeed he composed a letter which even Cæsar's agents Balbus and Oppius thought too strong. They advised him not to send it; and though Cicero was annoyed at the advice, and explained to Atticus that of course it was mere κολακεία, yet he followed the suggestion.[1]

Cicero's case against Cæsar.

It is of course impossible to reconcile Cicero's public utterances, as contained in the three speeches of this period,[2] with the private expressions of feeling of which a selection has been here indicated. Nor is it possible to feel full sympathy with a man thus playing a double part. But it is not difficult to understand and partly condone it. He might plead that he yielded to *force majeure:* that his exile or death could not benefit his country; whereas by conforming to the inevitable he might hope to benefit his friends, to secure their restoration to civil rights and property, and to raise his voice now and again on the side of equity and mercy. Nor would he have been really safer anywhere else than in Italy. The arm of the Dictator was a long one and would reach to Rhodes almost as easily as to Tusculum. Philosophers had generally taught that the wise man was justified in submitting to superior force, and in living his life under whatever form of government. Again and again he is at pains to justify at great length both his having originally engaged in the war and his having refused to continue it after Pharsalia. The eventual victory of either side was sure to be calamitous to the state, he thinks, and it was better to bear the ills they had than fly to others the extent of which they could not measure.[3] It may perhaps be right to attempt to estimate briefly the justice of the grievance against Cæsar which led a man like Cicero, generally generous, wise, and high-minded, to regard the stupid crime of the Ides of March with such exulting approval, as the righteous punishment of tyranny and treason to the state.

It is useless to argue on general principles as to the blunder as well as the crime involved in an assassination. We must try to get at Cicero's point of view. Cæsar had

[1] Pp. 197, 228, 260, 332, 334.
[2] *Pro Ligario, pro Marcello, pro Deiotaro.*
[3] See especially pp. 70, 78-80, 87, 92, 95, 115, 121.

destroyed the constitution. The general line nowadays adopted in defending him for this is something of this sort: The constitution had become a sham. The assemblies of the people were not assemblies of the people, but of the city proletariat, corrupt, ignorant, and disorderly. The real power was in the hands of a clique. A few families monopolized office: enriched themselves at the expense of the provinces: controlled the senate and manipulated the *comitia*. It was to free the state from this oppressive oligarchy that Cæsar stepped into the place of the Gracchi, of Saturninus, of Marius, and perhaps of Catiline, and determined that a sham, which had become the means of endless oppression, injustice, and rapacity, should cease. However much may be said for this view of the case—and each point in it admits and indeed requires very large modification—it was not the light in which it appeared in Cicero's eyes. No one was more conscious than he of the need of reform. He had the greatest contempt for the idle "fish-breeding" nobles, the most hearty indignation for the oppressors and plunderers of the provinces. But reform with him did not mean destruction. The constitution—the *res publica*—under which he, "a new man," had risen from a moderate position to the highest rank; under which the power of Rome had been extended over the *orbis terrarum;* the Republic consecrated by so many memories, adorned by so many noble names, such heroic actions, such signal reverses, and such brilliant successes—to annihilate *that* was worse than parricide. Every feature in the constitution had its charm for Cicero—the complexity of its legal code, the conflicting powers of its magistrates, the curious mixture of religion and imposture known as the science of augury, the traditional ceremonies in the working of the *comitia*—he had studied them all, and was prepared substantially to defend them all. To sweep them all away, or rather to reduce them all to mere unmeaning forms by the personal supremacy of a king or a dictator—whose powers were only known to the constitution under strict limit of time—was to him the worst of crimes. Now Cæsar had not only beaten Cicero's party in the field—that might have been forgiven: he had not only accepted a dictatorship which had no precedent except the ill-omened one of Sulla—that perhaps might have been endured as a

temporary suspension of the magisterial authority. He had struck at the very root of the constitution—the right of the people to elect magistrates, and the traditional (though not legal) right of the senate to control them. Candidates were indeed still elected, but they were those formally recommended by himself. Laws were still passed, but a crowd of his veterans—whose property depended on his word—could and did carry every measure which he wished. The senate still voted the equipment of the provincial governors, but these governors were no longer assigned by the senate or by the *sortitio* over which the senate presided, but were directly nominated by Cæsar and confirmed by a *lex*, which was passed as a matter of course. The excellence of Cæsar's laws—which he elsewhere acknowledges [1]—did not compensate for the unconstitutional manner in which they were carried.

Some mistakes of Cæsar's.

Cæsar too no doubt made certain mistakes. He has been often called a consummate judge of men. If it was so, it is only another proof of the truth of Cicero's words that a conqueror in a civil war is much at the mercy of those who helped to win his victory: for his choice of agents was not happy. Neither Cassius nor Trebonius, whom he sent to Spain, was successful there. Of those he selected as his second in command or masters of the horse—Antony no doubt was a man of energy and courage, but shewed neither wisdom nor ability as a statesman, while Lepidus lived to prove the contemptible weakness of his character. Perhaps his own commanding personality choked off men of ability. But the fact remains that a large number of men of energy who had served him turned against him, while those who remained faithful to him were men of second-rate abilities. He was probably unwise to undertake the Getic and Parthian wars. His presence was needed to maintain order in Italy. He had been engaged for fifteen years in almost incessant military labours. No man could hope to be at his best at the end of such fatigues; and we gather from expressions in Cicero's speech *pro Marcello* [2] that he

[1] See 2 *Phil.* § 109.
[2] See *pro Marcello*, §§ 25, 32; vol. iv., p. 56.

was weary in body and mind; and, like Napoleon at Waterloo, he might have found that he no longer had the vigour that had won him so many victories. An absolute ruler may have almost any vice except that of weakness. If weakness had begun to shew itself in Cæsar, it would not only encourage open enemies, it would make everyone prone to regard as a hardship what they tolerated before as inevitable. The very multitude and greatness of his beneficent schemes, while they prove his wisdom and statesmanship, must have brought him into collision with a hundred vested interests and as many deep-seated prejudices. He was ruling men who had known what it was, not only to be free, but to belong to a body small enough to allow every member to feel himself an integral part of the government in a world-wide empire. His great-nephew—more adroit, though without a tithe of his great-uncle's military ability and largeness of view—was more successful, partly because he had to deal with a generation that had largely forgotten what it was to be free. Cicero at any rate was never for a moment reconciled in heart to Cæsar's *régime;* never for a moment forgot and perhaps exaggerated the dignity of the position from which he had fallen.

His final view of Cæsar is perhaps best expressed in the second Philippic (§ 116):

He had genius, a power of reasoning, memory, knowledge of literature, accuracy, depth of thought, energy. His achievements in war, however disastrous to the Republic, were at any rate great. After planning for many years his way to royal power, with great labour, with many dangers he had effected his design. By public exhibitions, by monumental buildings, by largesses, by feasts he had conciliated the unreflecting multitude. He had bound to himself his own friends by favours, his opponents by a show of clemency. In short, he at last brought upon a free state—partly by the fear which he inspired, partly by the toleration extended to him—the habit of servitude.

In these circumstances Cicero found his consolation in literature. He had the power which distinguished Mr. Gladstone—nor is this the only point of resemblance—of throwing himself with extraordinary vehemence and apparently exclusive interest into whatever he took in hand. His

first impulse was to return to his old field of distinction—eloquence; and to discuss the science and history of the art to which he owed his splendid reputation. Accordingly, we owe to the first years of his return to Rome and his villas three rhetorical treatises, the *Partitiones Oratoriæ*, the *Orator ad M. Brutum*, and the *Brutus* or *de claris Oratoribus*. The last-named is made especially interesting by numerous references to his own intellectual history. For a time he found some interest, as well as renewed health and cheerfulness, in teaching a number of young men the art of which he was master.[1] But his thoughts were turning in another direction. He soon resolved to abandon as much as possible the active business of the forum, and to bury himself "in the obscurity of literature."[2] From oratory therefore he passed to philosophy. He begins with a brief tract on the Paradoxes of the Stoics; but when, early in B.C 45, the death of his beloved daughter Tullia added a new motive and a new excuse for retirement, he strove to dispel his sorrow and drown bitter recollections by flinging himself with ardour into the task of making Greek philosophy intelligible to his countrymen. The *de Finibus* and the *Academics* were the first-fruits of this toil. They were produced with extraordinary speed; and whatever may be said about their value as original treatises, they were and still remain the most popular and generally intelligible exposition of post-Platonic philosophy existing. The charm of his inimitable style will always attract readers who might be repelled by works which contain clearer reasoning or more exact statement. At any rate their composition had the effect of lightening his sorrow, and distracting his mind from dwelling so exclusively on the mortifications caused by the political situation. Finally, in the last few months preceding the murder of Cæsar, he composed what is perhaps the most pleasing of all his quasi-philosophical works, the Tusculan Disputations. The first book "On the Fear of Death"—

Cicero takes refuge in literature.

[1] See pp. 93, 95. He jestingly compares himself to the tyrant Dionysius keeping a school at Corinth. He also observes that the exercise of declamation was at one time at any rate necessary for his health (p. 95).

[2] See p. 97.

both from the universal interest of its subject and the wisdom which it contains—whether his own or of the authorities from whom he quotes—has an abiding place among the choicest books of the world. Thus posterity has had as much reason to be glad as he had himself that he "effected a reconciliation with his old friends—his books." [1]

After the death of Tullia.

The retirement to Astura, after the bitter sorrow caused by the death of Tullia, was thus not unfruitful. "The passionate unrest," of which he speaks,[2] drove him to literature, but though it pervades the letters it does not monopolize them. They are still full of signs of his interest in affairs, both private and public. He had also conceived the idea of purchasing a site near Rome, some *horti* in which there might be built a memorial chapel or shrine to commemorate the daughter he had lost. This design does not seem to have been carried out; but its mere conception, with the endless discussions which it involved, seems to have been a consolation to him. Before the letters in this volume come to an end, though he tells Dolabella that "the old cheerfulness and gaiety, in which he took more delight than anybody else, had all been taken from him," yet by the latter part of May he is back again at Tusculum, not appreciably less cheerful, and certainly not less interested in public affairs than before. He is especially eager as to the opinion Varro will express of his *Academics*, to whom the book is eventually dedicated in a very careful and courteous letter (pp. 304-305).

The younger Marcus Cicero.

Another subject of anxiety to Cicero during this period of which we hear a good deal in the latter part of this volume is the settlement of his son. The young man—now just twenty years old—was anxious to join Cæsar's army in Spain. He seems to have been more fitted for the life of a soldier than for anything else: but his father shrank from seeing a son of his fighting against Pompeians even now, and was anxious that he should go to Athens to study rhetoric and philosophy. The young man yielded. But the natural result followed. The academical studies at Athens

[1] See p. 31. [2] P. 199.

had no attraction for him, and he sought amusement in idleness and dissipation. His allowance, which seems to have been an ample one, drawn from the rents of certain houses in Rome which had formed part of his mother's fortune, was apparently exceeded in his first year, and the reports of his tutors and instructors gave his father great anxiety. However, in his second year matters began to improve. His expenses went down, better—though not yet quite confident—reports came home, and Cicero began to hope both from the style of his letters and the reports of more than one of his correspondents that he was reforming and seriously attending to his work.[1] Still—though he says that he was glad to allow himself to be deceived on such a subject—the doubtful tone of his son's tutors gave him some uneasiness. In the summer of B.C. 44 he meditated going to Athens to see him. His discontent with the policy of Antony made him wish to leave Italy, but he also fancied that his presence at Athens might confirm his son's good resolutions. The treatise on duty—*de Officiis*—was now composed for his benefit. Cicero also took great pains, as he became more convinced that the young man was really improving, that he should be liberally supplied with money; and the last letter from young Cicero himself, addressed to Tiro in August, B.C. 44, gives a perhaps too rosy account of his own diligence and determination to please his father. But the opportunity came soon afterwards for a career better suited to his disposition and ability. Brutus arrived in Athens in the autumn of B.C. 44, and offered young Cicero, as he did the young Horace, a position in the army which he was collecting to take possession of Macedonia. The offer was gladly accepted, and—to his father's great delight—he served with some distinction in that province against Gaius Antonius. After the battle of Philippi in B.C. 42, he seems to have attached himself to Augustus. He was sent home in B.C. 30 to announce the death of Antony, and was rewarded by the consulship for the latter part of that year. His after career is not known. Probably it was undistinguished and short, as he is said to have become addicted to drink.

[1] Vol. iii., pp. 144-145, 218; vol. iv., pp. 12, 32, 58.

Of the divorce from Terentia we have in the letters only one very brief direct mention.[1] But as to the repayment of her dowry, and the disposition of her property in the interests of her son, there is a great deal said in the letters to Atticus. The death of Tullia about the end of February, B.C. 45, not only threw Cicero into a paroxysm of grief, which finds expression in a whole series of his letters to Atticus, but brought him letters of condolence from a great many men of distinction—from Cæsar, M. Brutus, Dolabella, Lucceius, and others. Only a few of them survive, among them that of Servius Sulpicius,[2] which has been much admired, and often quoted, notably by Addison in *The Spectator*. The same friend writes a graphic account of the murder of M. Marcellus in his tent at the Piræus in May, B.C. 45.[3]

Letters of condolence.

Of Cicero's other correspondents in this volume, Atticus once more takes the first place, and is again the patient recipient of all Cicero's doubts and difficulties while residing at Brundisium in B.C. 48-47; and in B.C. 45, when he was trying to drown his grief for Tullia's death by a feverish devotion to composition at Astura; and again when he was hovering about from villa to villa in the spring and summer of B.C. 44, in painful indecision as to whether to go to Greece or stay at home. All his business affairs were transacted by Atticus—the purchase of property, the allowance to his son, the repayment of Terentia's dowry, and the demand for that of Tullia from Dolabella, the payment or the receipt of debts—nothing is too great or too small to be committed to those faithful hands and all-enduring patience. To him were fittingly dedicated the essays on Old Age and Friendship, composed in the early part of this year.

Cicero's correspondents.

Of the other correspondents, most of the more important letters in the first part of the volume are addressed to members of the beaten party residing in various places of exile—expatiating on the chances of their recall, on the miseries of Rome which they escape, and justifying his own policy of submission to the conqueror. There is a certain sameness

[1] See p. 183.
[2] See Letter DLIV, p. 209.
[3] Letter DCXII, p. 272.

about these letters, but they bring out clearly Cicero's real view of the situation, and serve to illustrate very fully the state of things under the dictatorial government: and while they shew how unreconcilable was the old party of Optimates, they certainly tend to increase our respect for the moderation and magnanimity of Cæsar.

M. Terentius Varro, B.C. 116-28.

There are some rather interesting letters to the famous M. TERENTIUS VARRO.[1] They do not, indeed, possess the charm of the more open and impulsive letters addressed to some others. Cicero, I think, was afraid of Varro's great learning and critical disposition. He envied, while he could not copy, the calmness with which he went on with his old pursuits in the midst of political troubles: "I consider the time you spent at Tusculum," he says to him, "a specimen of true life: and I would with pleasure resign all the wealth in the world on condition of being allowed, without the interruption of violence, to live a life like yours."[2] But the two men were not really sympathetic. Varro's learning was encyclopædic, and his industry must have been immense: but he neither possessed nor cared to possess any graces of style; and probably regarded Cicero's popular tracts on philosophy with little respect. Cicero was anxious to be introduced into one of his dialogues, or to be named in the dedication of one of his treatises, but that compliment which he had been promised had never been paid to him, and it was with considerable trepidation that he dedicated to Varro his own *Academics*. Varro himself, who had been in Pompey's army in Epirus, had easily obtained his pardon from Cæsar, and had been employed in collecting a great public library. He appears to have entirely abstained from politics after that. His being placed on the list of the proscribed in B.C. 43-42 was probably owing to Antony, who, having plundered his villa at Casinum, had been forced to make restitution,[3] and probably had quarrelled with him. He however escaped, and survived all the leading men of the Civil War, dying in B.C. 28.

[1] See pp. 65, 73-78, 82, 86, 304.
[2] P. 88.
[3] 2 *Phil.* §§ 103, 104.

Another recipient of long and friendly letters was SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS, a jurisconsult of eminence, who had taken the Pompeian side, though without much enthusiasm, for his son, apparently with his consent, was serving under Cæsar: and after Pharsalia he himself accepted the government of Greece and Epirus as Cæsar's *legatus*. He died whilst on the embassy from the senate to Antony at Mutina in B.C. 43. Cicero addresses him as though confident of his disapproving of much in Cæsar's government,[1] but he had previously referred in rather severe terms to his lukewarmness and inconsistency. Sulpicius in fact appears to have been a man of high character, but of no strong political opinions, content with performing his administrative functions without troubling himself too much on the constitutional authority of those under whom he acted.

Servius Sulpicius Rufus, Cos. B.C. 51.

More ominous is the evidently closer relations with M. BRUTUS and C. CASSIUS. We have seen that the intercourse with Brutus in previous years had not been entirely a pleasure to Cicero. Brutus adopted rather too high and patronizing a tone, which Cicero resented, though he wished to stand well with him. But in the letters of introduction addressed to him in this volume there is an air of greater intimacy. And though Cicero did not much like the letter of consolation from him on the death of Tullia, he is always shewing interest in his movements; continually questions Atticus about him; and is particularly eager to hear all about his marriage with Porcia, daughter of Cato Uticensis and widow of the Pompeian Bibulus—a match which seems to have fluttered society at Rome a good deal, as a sign that Brutus was gravitating back to his old party. The two letters also addressed to Cassius when on a tour undertaken—perhaps on a hint from headquarters—so as to be absent from Rome while Cæsar, whom he had declined to accompany, was in Spain, indicate a growing understanding between them. An estimate of Brutus, Cassius, and other persons who took a prominent part in politics after Cæsar's death must be reserved for the next volume. Here I must be content with noticing the growing *rapprochement* between them.

[1] See especially p. 138.

Another group of letters which are attractive in a different way are those addressed to L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS. They are not the less interesting that we know nothing about Pætus beyond what we read in the letters. As in the case of M. Marius in Volume I. (to whom there is also an interesting letter in this volume, p. 78), we are content to regard him simply as a friend of Cicero's, to whom he seems to write with frankness and affection. He lived at Naples and was rich and hospitable, and though his sympathies were Cæsarian, politics play a minor part in the correspondence. Light banter, social anecdote, historical, literary and philosophical discussions of a superficial kind fill up a large proportion of the letters. One letter, on decency in language and the Stoic rule of calling a spade a spade (pp. 293 ff.), throws a curious light upon the squeamishness of a society which was far from being over-nice in conduct.

L. Papirius Pætus.

CICERO'S LETTERS

CCCCIV (A XI, 1)

There is a sudden pause in the correspondence after the letter of the 19th of May, B.C. 49, in which we find Cicero—abandoning the passing idea of retirement to Malta—still waiting to be assured of Cæsar's failure in Spain before taking the plunge and joining Pompey in Greece. The silence is only broken by the one letter to Terentia written on the 7th of June, the day on which he finally set sail. Something then had happened between 19th May and 7th June to finally determine him on taking this step: and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was the news of Cæsar's dangerous position behind the flooded river Segre, which prevented the arrival of his supplies; while his opponents in Spain, Afranius and Petreius, having command of the bridge at Ilerda, could supply themselves with necessaries. Cæsar's difficulty did not last many days, but exaggerated reports of it reached Rome, and "Afranius's town house was thronged with visitors offering their congratulations; and many persons started from Italy to join Pompey, some that they might be the first to carry the good news, others to avoid the appearance of having wished to see how things would go and of coming last" (Cæs. *B. C.* i. 53). Then follows another silence of six months. When we next take up the correspondence, in January, B.C. 48, we have a few short letters up to the middle of July from Pompey's quarters. Those from Cicero are almost wholly on private matters, with only very dark hints at the uneasiness and discontent which he felt at the state of things in Pompey's camp. Cælius had begun to regret his adhesion to Cæsar, but Dolabella was still urging Cicero to retire from active participation in the war. Cicero appears to have given much umbrage to the Pompeians by his caustic criticisms on the management of the campaign and the conduct of his party generally (Plut. *Cic.* 38; 2 *Phil.* § 57). After the 15th of July there is another pause in the letters of nearly four months, and when it again opens the issue of the war had been settled at Pharsalia, and Cicero is in Brundisium on sufferance, having been invited or permitted by Cæsar to return from Patræ—to which he had gone from the fleet at Corcyra—to Italy, but not venturing yet to return to Rome. There he has to remain till late in September, B.C. 47; when Cæsar's return from the Alexandrine and Asiatic wars at last relieved him from this quasi-exile. He met Cæsar near Tarentum, who greeted him with warmth, and invited him to return

B.C. 48. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar II., P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus.

to Rome and resume his position there (Plut. *Cic.* 39). It must have been a dreary time, and his letters, as usual, reflect his feelings, but with somewhat less exaggeration than do those of the exile. He was really in greater danger, and owed something to the forbearance of Antony as well as to that of Cæsar (2 *Phil.* § 5). He had besides the sorrow of finding that his brother Quintus and his nephew had not only hastened to give in their adhesion to Cæsar, but had passionately denounced him to the conqueror.

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

EPIRUS (JANUARY)

I HAVE received from you the sealed document conveyed by Anteros. I could gather nothing from it about my domestic affairs. What gives me the most painful anxiety about them is the fact that the man who has acted as my steward is not at Rome, nor do I know where in the wide world he is. My one hope of preserving my credit and property is in your most thoroughly proved kindness; and if in this unhappy and desperate crisis you still maintain that, I shall have greater courage to endure these dangers which are shared with me by the rest of the party. I adjure and intreat you to do so. I have in Asia in *cistophori*[1] money amounting to 2,200,000 sesterces (about £17,600). By negotiating a bill of exchange for that sum you will have no difficulty in maintaining my credit. If indeed I had not thought that I was leaving that quite clear—in reliance on the man on whom you have long since known that I ought to have no reliance[2]—I should have stayed in Italy for some little time longer, and should not have left my finances embarrassed: and I have been the longer in writing to you because it was a long time before I understood what the danger to be feared was. I beg you again and again to undertake the protection of my interests in all respects, so that, supposing the men with whom I now am to survive, I may along with them remain solvent, and credit your kindness with my safety.

[1] See vol. i., p. 92. This was the coinage in circulation throughout Asia Minor. See Head, "Hist. Numm.," pp. 461 ff.

[2] His wife's freedman, Philotimus. I have translated Mueller's text *minime credere me debere.*

CCCCV (A XI, 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

EPIRUS, 5 FEBRUARY

I RECEIVED your letter on the 4th of February, and on the same day formally accepted the inheritance in accordance with the will. Of my many and most distressing anxieties one is removed, if, as you say, this inheritance is sufficient to maintain my credit and reputation; though even without any inheritance I am aware that you would have defended them by all means at your disposal. As to what you say about the dowry,[1] I adjure you, in the name of all the gods, to undertake that whole business and protect the poor girl, whom my default and carelessness have reduced to distress, by the aid of funds belonging to me, if there are such, of your own if you can do so without inconvenience. You say that she is without any means: pray do not allow that state of things to continue. Why, what are the payments that have swallowed up the rents of my estates? For instance, no one ever told me that the sixty *sestertia*, which you mention, had been deducted from the dowry; for I should never have allowed it. But this is the smallest of the frauds from which I have suffered: of which sorrow and tears prevent my writing to you. Of the money deposited in Asia I have called in nearly half. It seemed likely to be safer where it now is than in the hands of the publicani. You exhort me to be of good courage: I could have wished that you were able to allege some reason for my being so. But if to my other misfortunes there has been added the confiscation of my town house, which Chrysippus told me was in contemplation (you gave me no hint of it), who is there now in all the world in a worse plight than myself? I beg and beseech you,—pardon me, I can write no more.

[1] The second instalment of Tullia's dowry now becoming due to Dolabella. See pp. 8, 10.

You must see what a crushing weight of sorrow mine is. If it were only such as is common to me with the rest of those who are regarded as being in the same position as myself, my error had seemed less grave and therefore more easy to bear. As it is, there is no consolation, unless you secure (if it is not now too late to secure it) that I have no *special* loss or wrong inflicted upon me. I have been somewhat slow in sending back your letter-carrier, because there was no opportunity of getting him across. Pray send letters in my name to any to whom you think it right to do so. You know my intimates. If they remark on the absence of my signet or handwriting, pray tell them that I have avoided using either owing to the military pickets.

CCCCVI (F VIII, 17)

M. CÆLIUS RUFUS TO CICERO (IN EPIRUS)

ROME (FEBRUARY OR MARCH)

To think that I was in Spain rather than at Formiæ, when you started to join Pompey! Oh that Appius Claudius had been on our side, or Gaius Curio on yours![1] It was my friendship for the latter that gradually edged me on to this infernal party—for I feel that my good sense was destroyed between anger and affection. You too—when, being on the point of starting for Ariminum,[2] I came at night to visit you—in the midst of your giving me messages for Cæsar about peace, and playing your rôle of fine citizen, you quite

[1] For Cælius's quarrel with Appius, see vol. ii., pp. 194, 195. He thinks that if Appius had been a Cæsarian that would have made him turn Pompeian. But the reading is doubtful.

[2] Reading *Ariminum* with Mueller. The MSS. have *Arimino;* Tyrrell and Purser read *Arpino.* But Cælius evidently refers to his going to join Cæsar, and though we do not know otherwise of his having done so at Ariminum, this best accounts for his having been early employed by Cæsar, as we know he was, vol. ii., p. 298. His visit to Cicero would then be in the first week of January, and he would probably start for Ariminum before the news had come of the crossing of the Rubicon.

forgot your duty as a friend and took no thought of my interests. And I am not saying this because I have lost confidence in this cause, but, believe me, I'd rather die than see these fellows here.[1] Why, if people were not afraid of your men being bloodthirsty, we should long ago have been driven out of Rome. For here, with the exception of a few money-lenders, there is not a man or a class that is not Pompeian. Personally, I have brought it about that the masses above all, and—what was formerly ours—the main body of citizens should be now on your side.[2] "Why did I do so?" quoth you. Nay, wait for what is to come: I'll *make* you conquer in spite of yourselves. You shall see me play the part of a second Cato.[3] You are asleep, and do not appear to me as yet to understand where we are open to attack, and what our weak point is. And I shall act thus from no hope of reward, but, what is ever the strongest motive with me, from indignation and a feeling of having been wronged. What are you doing over there? Are you waiting for a battle? That's Cæsar's strongest point. I don't know about your forces; ours have become thoroughly accustomed to fighting battles and making light of cold and hunger.[4]

[1] Trebonius and other Cæsarians.

[2] Cælius contrasts *plebs* and *populus*. Of course these terms no longer have the old political meaning; but *plebs* had come to be used as we use the "masses" for the lower orders generally; whereas *populus* was the whole body of the citizens as possessed of political power; and when contrasted with *plebs* may be taken to mean the whole body politic which formed the majority at the comitia—the mass of voters. Cælius tried to gain the latter by opposing the exaction of debts under arbitration, as arranged by Cæsar, and by proposing a suspension of house rents.

[3] The reading is very doubtful. The reference, perhaps, is to Gaius Cato, the turbulent tribune of B.C. 56.

[4] Cælius seems to insinuate that Pompey's wisest course would be to avoid an engagement and to make again for Italy, where the Cæsarians were weak. This is the last appearance of Cælius in the correspondence. The discontent with his position here indicated—founded on the fact that though he had been appointed prætor by Cæsar's influence, Trebonius was *prætor urbanus* and in a superior position to himself—presently led him to take up a position of violent opposition, especially in regard to Cæsar's financial arrangements, the result of which was that he was forcibly suspended from his functions by the consul Servilius Isauricus. Finally, under pretence of going to Cæsar at Alexandria,

CCCCVII (F IX, 9)

DOLABELLA TO CICERO (IN EPIRUS)

CÆSAR'S CAMP IN EPIRUS (MAY OR JUNE)

IF you are well, I am glad. I am quite well, and so is our dear Tullia. Terentia has been rather unwell, but I am assured that she has now recovered. In all other respects things are quite as they should be at your house. Though at no time did I deserve to be suspected by you of acting from party motives rather than from a regard to your interests, when I urged you either to join Cæsar and myself, or at least to retire from open war, especially since victory has already inclined in our favour, it is now not even possible that I should create any other impression than that of urging upon you what I could not, with due regard to my duty as your son-in-law, suppress. On your part, my dear Cicero, pray regard what follows—whether you accept or reject the advice—as both conceived and written with the best possible intention and the most complete devotion to yourself.

You observe that Pompey is not secured either by the glory of his name and achievements, or by the list of client kings and peoples, which he was frequently wont to parade: and that even what has been possible for the rank and file, is impossible for him,—to effect an honourable retreat: driven as he has been from Italy, the Spanish provinces lost, a veteran army captured, and now finally inclosed by his enemy's lines.[1] Such disasters I rather think have never

he attempted to join Milo in Apulia, who was trying to secure by force his own restoration, which had not been included in the revocation of other exiles. Milo, however, had already fallen; and when Cælius proceeded to raise forces on his own account, before he could do anything material, he was killed near Thurii by some foreign auxiliary soldiers, whom he attempted to win over. (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 20-22; Dio Cass. xlii. 21.)

[1] This refers to the lines, fifteen miles long, drawn by Cæsar round Pompey's position on the bay of Dyrrachium. They were not, however, completed at the southern extremity, and shortly afterwards

happened to a Roman general. Wherefore employ all your wisdom in considering what either he or you have to hope. For thus you will most easily adopt the policy which will be to your highest advantage. Yet I do beg this of you,—that, if Pompey succeeds in avoiding this danger and taking refuge with his fleet, you should consult for your own interests, and at length be your own friend rather than that of anyone else in the world. You have by this time satisfied the claims of duty or friendship, whichever you choose to call it: you have fulfilled all obligations to your party also, and to that constitution to which you are devoted. It remains to range ourselves with the constitution as now existing, rather than, while striving for the old one, to find ourselves with none at all. Wherefore my desire is, dearest Cicero, that, supposing Pompey to be driven from this district also and compelled to seek other quarters, you should betake yourself to Athens or any peaceful city you choose. If you decide to do so, pray write and tell me, that I may, if I possibly can, hurry to your side. Whatever marks of consideration for your rank have to be obtained from the commander-in-chief, such is Cæsar's kindness, that it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to obtain them from him yourself: nevertheless, I think that a petition from me also will not be without considerable weight with him. I trust to your honour and kindness also to see that the letter-carrier whom I send to you may be enabled to return to me, and bring me a letter from you.

CCCCVIII (F XIV, 8)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

POMPEY'S CAMP IN EPIRUS, 2 JUNE

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. Pray be very careful about your illness: for I have been informed by both

Pompey pierced them at this point, and inflicted a severe defeat upon Cæsar.

letter and messenger that you have suddenly contracted fever. I am much obliged for your prompt information as to Cæsar's despatch. Continue, pray, in future to inform me of any news I ought to know, whatever occurs. Take care of your health. Good-bye.

2 June.

CCCCIX (A XI, 3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

CAMP OF POMPEY IN EPIRUS, 13 JUNE

WHAT is going on here you will be able to ascertain from the bearer of your letter. I have detained him longer than I otherwise should, because I am in daily expectation of something happening, and even now I have, after all, no other motive for despatching him except the subject on which you asked for an answer from me, namely, my wish as to the 1st of July. Both courses are dangerous—either the risk of so large a sum of money at so critical a time, or the divorce, of which you speak, while the result of the campaign is still uncertain.[1] Wherefore, I leave this, as I do other things, as absolutely as possible to your care and kindness, and to her consideration and wishes, for whose interests—poor girl!—I should have consulted better, if I had formerly deliberated with you personally on our safety and property rather than by letter.

You say that in the common misfortune there is no danger threatening me more than anyone else. Well, there is some consolation certainly in that; yet there are also after all many circumstances peculiar to myself, which you must

[1] Dowries were paid in three instalments (*pensiones*). The second instalment was due to Tullia's husband, Dolabella, on the 1st of July. A divorce, however, was already under discussion. If that were effected Cicero would not have to pay. He is divided in mind. If he paid, and Pompey's side won, he would wish for the divorce, and yet would have difficulty in recovering the money. If Cæsar's side won, the rupture with the Cæsarian Dolabella might be dangerous.

certainly see to be very dangerous and such as I might very easily have avoided. However, they will be less grave, if, as is the case at present, they are mitigated by your management and activity. The money is lodged with Egnatius. There, as far as I am concerned, let it remain. The present state of things cannot, I think, last long: so that I shall presently be able to know what it is most necessary to do. I am, however, hard put to it for every kind of thing, because he with whom I am [1] is in straits too, and I have lent him a large sum of money, under the idea that, when things are settled, that measure will be to my honour also.[2]

Yes, please, as before, if there are any persons whom you think ought to have a letter from me, compose one yourself.[3] Remember me to your family. Take care of your health. First and foremost, as you say in your letter, by every means in your power be careful to see that nothing is wanting to her,[4] on whose account you know that I am most unhappy.

From the camp. 13 June.

CCCCX (F XIV, 21)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

POMPEY'S CAMP IN EPIRUS (JUNE)

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. Do your best to recover. As far as time and circumstance permit, provide for and conduct all necessary business, and as often as possible write to me on all points. Good-bye.

[1] Pompey.
[2] As well as to my profit.
[3] See vol. i., p. 164, and cp. *sup.* p. 4, for these vicarious letters.
[4] Tullia.

CCCCXI (A XI, 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

(DYRRACHIUM, JULY)

I HAVE received your letter by Isidorus, and two written subsequently. From the last in date I learn that the property did not sell. Pray, therefore, see that she[1] is supplied by you. As to the estate at Frusino,[2] always provided that I am destined to enjoy it, it will be a great convenience to me. You complain of not getting a letter from me. My difficulty is lack of matter: I have nothing worth putting into a letter, for I am not at all satisfied with anything that is happening or anything that is being done. Oh that I had originally talked the matter over with you, instead of writing![3] Your property here, as far as I can, I protect with these people. The rest Celer[4] will see to. Up to this time I have avoided every kind of function, the more so that it is impossible for anything to be done in a way suitable to my character and fortunes. You ask what fresh news there is.[5] You will be able to learn from Isidorus. What remains to be done does not appear more difficult. Yes, pray, as you say in your letter, continue to give your attention to what you know to be my greatest wish. I am overpowered with anxiety, the result of which is extreme physical weakness also. When that is removed I shall join the man who is conducting the business, and is in a most hopeful state of mind.[6] Brutus is friendly: he is

[1] Tullia. The property, perhaps, was assigned to her by way of dowry. See p. 3.

[2] From Letter CCCCXXVI, it appears that Cicero had sold property at Frusino (on the *via Latina*), retaining the right to repurchase, which he now wished to do. See p. 32.

[3] The question of leaving Italy to join Pompey.

[4] Atticus' father-in-law, Q. Pilius Celer. Of the property of Atticus in Epirus we have heard throughout the correspondence.

[5] Mueller and others regard this as a separate letter, earlier in date than the previous part.

[6] Pompey, whom however Cicero is careful not to name. This seems

extremely enthusiastic in the cause. This is as far as I can go on paper with prudence. Good-bye.

About the second instalment,[1] pray consider with every possible care what ought to be done, as I mentioned in the letter conveyed to you by Pollex.

CCCCXII (F XIV, 6)

TO TERENTIA

EPIRUS, 15 JULY

IT is not very often that there is anyone to whom I can entrust a letter, nor have I anything that I am willing to write. From your letter last received I understand that no estate has been able to find a purchaser. Wherefore pray consider how the person may be satisfied whose claims you know that I wish satisfied. As for the gratitude which our daughter expresses to you, I am not surprised that your services to her are such, that she is able to thank you on good grounds. If Pollex has not yet started, turn him out as soon as you can. Take care of your health.

15 July.

[There is now a break in the correspondence for more than three months, in the course of which the fate of the Republic was decided. On the 7th of July, Cæsar, after Pompey had pierced his lines and inflicted a defeat upon him, retreated into Thessaly. Pompey's exultant followers forced him to follow, and on the 9th of August the battle of Pharsalia drove Pompey to his retreat and death in Egypt, and made Cæsar master of the Empire. The fleet, indeed, still held out, and took those of the Pompeians who had not been in the battle or had escaped from it to Africa and Spain. But Cicero

to be written after the successful piercing of Cæsar's lines, during which Cicero, from ill-health, had left the camp for Dyrrachium.

[1] Of Tullia's dowry. See p. 8.

(who was with the fleet at Corcyra) refused to join in continuing the war, and after staying some time at Patræ, returned to Brundisium, having, it appears, received Cæsar's permission through Dolabella to do so. At Brundisium, however, he waited many months, not venturing to approach Rome till Cæsar's will was known. It is during his residence at Brundisium that the next thirty-three letters are written. The dates are according to the unreformed calendar—in advance of the true time as much perhaps as two months.]

CCCCXIII (F XIV, 12)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 4 NOVEMBER

YOU say that you are glad of my safe arrival in Italy. I only hope you may continue to be glad. But I am afraid that, disordered as I was by mental anguish and the signal injuries which I have received, I have taken a step involving complications which I may find some difficulty in unravelling.[1] Wherefore do your best to help me: yet what you can do I cannot think. It is no use your starting on a journey at such a time as this. The way is both long and unsafe; and I don't see what good you can do me if you do come. Good-bye.

Brundisium, 4 November.

[1] There is still a possibility of the ultimate success of the Pompeians, who are mustered in great force in Africa. Pompey's son Gnæus had threatened to kill Cicero at Corcyra, when he refused to go on with the war; and, if that party succeeded in the end, they would regard Cicero as having acted treasonably in returning to Italy. This was one of the "injuries"; another was the fact that his brother and nephew had turned against him, and, as he believed, were denouncing him to Cæsar.

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to be written after the successful piercing of Cæsar's lines, during which Cicero, from ill-health, had left the camp for Dyrrachium.

[1] Of Tullia's dowry. See p. 8.

stand from this letter that what I lacked was a subject to write about, not willingness to write. You ask about Vatinius.[1] I should not have wanted attentions from him nor from anyone else either, if they could have found any way to be of use to me. Quintus was completely alienated from me at Patræ. His son came thither also from Corcyra. From that place I presume that they have started with the rest.[2]

CCCCXV (F XIV, 19)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (27 NOVEMBER)

IN the midst of my terrible sorrows Tullia's ill-health causes me acute agony. But about that I need not write to you at any greater length; for you, I know well, are no less anxious than myself. You wish me to come nearer the city, and I see that I must do so. I would have done it even before, but many difficulties prevented me, which are not even now removed. However, I am expecting a letter from Pomponius: please see that it is conveyed to me as soon as possible. Be sure you take care of your health.

[1] Cicero's relations with P. Vatinius—though he had finally defended him at Pompey's request—had been so unfriendly, that Atticus had some reason for doubting how he would treat Cicero at Brundisium, where he was in command of some of Cæsar's ships. (Cæs. *B. Alex.* 47.)

[2] *I.e.*, to Asia or Alexandria, to make their peace with Cæsar.

CCCCXVI (A XI, 6)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 27 NOVEMBER

I PERCEIVE that you are anxious both for your own and for our common fortunes, and above all for me and my sorrow, which, so far from being lessened by the association of yours with it, is thereby actually increased. Assuredly your sagacity has led you to divine the exact consolation that gives me the greatest relief. For you express approval of my policy, and say that in the circumstances what I did was the best thing I could do. You also add—what is of smaller importance in my eyes than your own opinion, and yet is not unimportant—that everybody else, everybody that is that matters, approves the step I have taken. If I thought that to be the case, it would lessen my pain. "Believe me," you say. I believe you of course, but I know how anxious you are to soothe my pain. Of abandoning the war I have not repented for a moment. So bloodthirsty were their sentiments, so close their alliance with barbarous tribes, that a scheme of proscription was formed—not against individuals, but whole classes—and the conviction was universally entertained by them that the property of you all was the prize of his victory. I say "you" advisedly: for even as to you personally there were never any but the harshest ideas. Wherefore I shall never repent of my decision: what I do repent of is my plan of procedure. I could have wished that I had rather remained in some town until invited to Italy.[1] I should have exposed myself to less remark and have felt less pain; this particular regret would not have been wringing my heart. To lie idle at Brundisium is vexatious in every point of view. As to coming nearer the city, as you advise, how can I do so without the lictors

[1] Apparently the expression of Cæsar's wish to Dolabella, which he afterwards quotes in his own justification, does not seem to him sufficiently formal. See p. 19.

given me by the people? They cannot be taken from me as long as I am possessed of my civil rights. These lictors, as a temporary measure, when approaching the town, I caused to mingle with the crowd with only sticks in their hands, to prevent any attack on the part of the soldiery.[1] Since then I have confined myself to my house.[2] I wrote to ask Oppius and Balbus to turn over in their minds as to how they thought that I should approach Rome. I think they will advise my doing so. For they undertake that Cæsar will be anxious not only to preserve, but to enhance my position, and they exhort me to be of good courage, and to hope for the most distinguished treatment in all respects. This they pledge themselves to and affirm. Yet I should have felt more sure of it, if I had remained where I was. But I am harping upon what is past. Look therefore, I beg of you, to what remains to be done and investigate the case in conjunction with them; and if you think it necessary and they approve, let Trebonius and Pansa and anyone else be called into council, that Cæsar's approbation of my step may be the better secured as having been taken in accordance with the opinion of his own friends, and let them write and tell Cæsar that whatever I have done I have done in accordance with their judgment.

My dear Tullia's ill-health and weakness frightens me to death. I gather that you are shewing her great attention, for which I am deeply grateful.

I never had any doubt about what would be the end of Pompey. Such a complete despair of his success had taken possession of the minds of all the kings and nations, that I thought this would happen wherever he landed. I cannot but lament his fall: for I know him to have been honest, pure, and a man of principle.[3]

[1] Brundisium was in the hands of the Cæsarians under Vatinius with ships and men.

[2] The text of this sentence is very uncertain. I have followed Mueller's *reliquo tempore me domi tenui . . . ad Balbum scripsi.*

[3] Pompey was murdered on landing in Egypt on the 28th of September. The coldness of this reference does not accord well with Cicero's former warm expressions as to his "gratitude" to Pompey. But his language in regard to him is by no means uniformly that of admiration, often quite the reverse; and there had been much strained feeling between them in the camp in Epirus.

Am I to condole with you about Fannius?[1] He used to indulge in mischievous talk about your remaining at Rome: while L. Lentulus had promised himself Hortensius's town house,[2] Cæsar's suburban villa, and an estate at Baiæ. This sort of thing is going on upon this side in precisely the same way. The only difference is that in the former case there was no limit. For all who remained in Italy were held to be enemies. But I should like to talk over this some time or other when my mind is more at ease. I am told that my brother Quintus has started for Asia, to make his peace. About his son I have heard nothing. But ask Cæsar's freedman Diochares, who brought the letter you mention from Alexandria. I have not seen him. He is said to have seen Quintus on his way—or perhaps in Asia itself. I am expecting a letter from you, as the occasion demands. Pray take care to get it conveyed to me as soon as possible.

27 November.

CCCCXVII (F XIV, 9)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (17 DECEMBER)

SORROW for the illness both of Dolabella and Tullia is an addition to my other miseries. Every single thing goes wrong, and I don't know what to think or do about anything. Pray take care of your own and Tullia's health. Good-bye.

[1] C. Fannius, tribune in B.C. 59. He was sent to Sicily B.C. 49 (vol. ii., p. 252), but appears not to have gone, or at any rate he soon returned and joined Pompey in Epirus (*ib.* p. 308). Whether he fell at Pharsalia, or afterwards with Pompey, we have no other information.

[2] L. Cornelius Lentulus Crus, one of the consuls of the previous year. Hortensius—the famous orator—was noted for the splendour of his villas; his town house, in which Augustus afterwards lived, is described by Suetonius as a "moderate building" (*Aug.* ch. 72); but that was in view of the splendid buildings of the imperial age. It seems to have

CCCCXVIII (A XI, 7)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 17 DECEMBER

I AM much obliged for your letter, in which you have set forth with great care all that you thought had any bearing on my position. Is it the case then, as you say in your letter, that your friends think that I should retain my lictors on the ground that Sestius has been allowed to do so?[1] But in his case I don't consider that his own lictors have been allowed him, but that lictors have been given him by Cæsar himself.[2] For I am told that he refuses to acknowledge any decrees of the Senate passed after the withdrawal of the tribunes.[3] Wherefore he will be able without forfeiting his consistency to acknowledge my lictors. However, why should I talk about lictors, who am all but ordered to quit Italy? For Antony has sent me a copy of Cæsar's letter to him, in which he says that "he has been told that Cato and L. Metellus had come to Italy, with the intention of living openly at Rome: that he disapproved of that, for fear of its being the cause of disturbances: and that all are forbidden to come to Italy except those whose case he had

been conspicuous at this time. The right owner, the younger Hortensius, was serving Cæsar (vol. ii., pp. 392, 400).

[1] The text is corrupt. I venture to read: *arbitratus es. Itane est igitur, ut scribis, istis placere eisdem lictoribus me uti, quod concessum Sestio sit? Itane* may without much violence be extracted from *t ea*, and *factum* be an inserted explanation of *est*.

[2] To P. Sestius had been allotted the province of Cilicia in succession to Cicero, but this allotment had taken place after the expulsion of the Tribunes in January, B.C. 49; for we know that Curio had up to 10th December, B.C. 50, prevented any decree as to the provinces (vol. ii., p. 182). Therefore, Cicero argues, Cæsar, who would not acknowledge any Senatus Consultum after the expulsion of the Tribunes, if he allows of Sestius having *imperium*, must do so as an act of his own. But in Cicero's own case his *imperium* dated long before, and Cæsar could consistently acknowledge it.

[3] M. Antonius and Q. Cassius, vol. ii., p. 234.

himself investigated." And on this point the language of the despatch is very strong. Accordingly, Antony in his letter to me begged me to excuse him: "he could not but obey that letter." Then I sent L. Lamia to him, to point out that Cæsar had told Dolabella to write and bid me come to Italy at the first opportunity: that I had come in consequence of his letter.[1] Thereupon he made a special exception in his edict of myself and Lælius by name. I had much rather he had not done that; for the exception itself could have been made without mentioning names.[2] Oh, what endless, what formidable dangers! However, you are doing your best to mitigate them: and not without success,—the very fact that you take such pains to lessen my distress lessens it. Pray do not get tired of doing so as frequently as possible. Now, you will best succeed in your object, if you can persuade me to think that I have not entirely forfeited the good opinion of the loyalists. And yet what can you do in that regard? Nothing, of course. But if circumstances *do* give you any opportunity, that is what will best be able to console me. I see that at present this is impossible, but *if* any thing should turn up in the course of events, as in the present instance! It used to be said that I ought to have left the country with Pompey. His death has disarmed criticism on that sin of omission. But of all things the one most found wanting in me is that I have not gone to Africa. Now my view of the question was this,—I did not think that the constitution ought to be defended by foreign auxiliaries drawn from the most treacherous race, especially against an army that had been frequently victorious. They perhaps disapprove that view. For I hear that many loyalists have arrived in Africa, and I know that there were many there before. On this point I am much pressed. Here again I must trust to luck,—that some of them, or, if possible, all should be found to prefer their personal safety. For if they stick to their colours and

[1] Cicero repeats this assertion of Cæsar's invitation afterwards, in answer to Antony's remark that he spared him at Brundisium when he might have killed him. (2 *Phil.* § 5.)

[2] Cicero did not wish his name to be mentioned as specially favoured by Cæsar, for fear of being discredited with the Pompeians, should they eventually prevail. For Lælius, see p. 33.

prevail, you perceive what my position will be. You will say, "What about them, if they are beaten?" Such a blow is more creditable to them. These are the thoughts that torture me. You did not explain in your letter why you do not prefer Sulpicius's[1] policy to mine. Though it is not so reputable as that of Cato, yet it is free from danger and vexation. The last case is that of those who remain in Achaia. Even they are in a better position than I am, in two respects: there are many together in one place; and, when they *do* come to Italy, they will come straight back to Rome. Pray continue your present efforts to soften these difficulties and to secure the approbation of as many as possible. You apologize for not coming to me: I however am well acquainted with your reasons, and I also think it to my advantage that you should be where you are, if only to make to the proper people—as you are actually doing—the representations that have to be made in my behalf. Above all pray observe this. I believe that there are a number of people who have reported or will report to Cæsar either that I repent of the course I have adopted, or do not approve of what is now going on: and, though both statements are true, yet they are made by them from an unfriendly feeling to me, not because they have perceived them to be so. In regard to this everything depends on Balbus and Oppius supporting my cause, and on Cæsar's kind disposition towards me being confirmed by frequent letters from them. Pray do your utmost to secure that. A second reason for my not wishing you to leave Rome is that you mention in your letter that Tullia implores your help. What a misfortune! What am I to say? What can I wish? I will be brief: for a sudden flood of tears stops me. I leave it to you. Do as you think right. Only be careful that at such a crisis as this there may be no danger to her safety. Pardon me, I beseech you: I cannot dwell on this topic any longer for tears and grief. I will only say that nothing is more soothing to my feelings than your affection for her.

I am obliged to you for seeing to letters being sent to those to whom you think it necessary.[2] I have seen a man who

[1] Servius Sulpicius Rufus (see vol. ii., pp. 354, 361) retired to Samos after Pharsalia, and was soon afterwards employed by Cæsar to govern Greece. His son had been in Cæsar's army.

[2] *I.e.*, written in Cicero's name (see pp. 4, 9, 22).

says that he saw young Quintus at Samos, and his father at Sicyon. They will easily obtain their pardons. I only hope that, as they will have seen Cæsar first, they may choose to aid me with him as much as I should have wished to aid them, if I had had the power! You ask me not to be annoyed if there are any expressions in your letter likely to give me pain. Annoyed! Nay, I implore you to write everything to me with complete candour, as you do, and to do so as often as possible. Good-bye.

15 December.

CCCCXIX (F XIV, 17)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (25 DECEMBER)

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. If I had had anything to write to you about, I would have done so at greater length and more frequently. As it is, you see the state of my affairs. What the state of my feelings is you will be able to learn from Lepta and Trebatius. Be sure you take care of your own and Tullia's health. Good-bye.

CCCCXX (A XI, 8)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 25 DECEMBER

THOUGH you of course see for yourself with what heavy anxieties I am consumed, yet you will be enlightened on that point by Lepta and Trebatius. I am being severely punished for my rashness, which you wish me to consider prudence; and I do not wish to prevent your maintaining that view

and mentioning it in letters as often as possible. For your letter gives me sensible relief at such a time as this. You must exert yourself to the utmost by means of those who are favourably disposed to me and are influential with Cæsar, especially by means of Balbus and Oppius, to induce them to write on my behalf as zealously as possible. For I am being attacked, as I hear, both by certain persons who are with him and by letter. We must counteract them as vigorously as the importance of the matter demands. Fufius[1] is there, a very bitter enemy of mine. Quintus has sent his son not only to plead on his own behalf, but also to accuse me. He gives out that he is being assailed by me before Cæsar, though Cæsar himself and all his friends refute this. Indeed he never stops, wherever he is, heaping every kind of abuse upon me. Nothing has ever happened to me so much surpassing my worst expectations, nothing in these troubles that has given me so much pain. People who say that they heard them from his own lips, when he was publicly talking at Sicyon in the hearing of numerous persons, have reported some abominable things to me. You know his style, perhaps have even had personal experience of it:[2] well, it is all now turned upon me. But I increase my sorrow by mentioning it, and perhaps do the same to you. Wherefore I return to what I was saying: take care that Balbus sends someone expressly for this purpose. Pray have letters sent in my name to whom you choose. Good-bye.

25 December.

[1] Q. Fufius Calenus (see p. 35).

[2] The tendency of Quintus to indulge in violent language is often referred to (see especially vol. i., p. 128; vol. ii., pp. 149, 191).

CCCCXXI (A XI, 9)

Cicero remained till towards the end of September, B.C. 47, at Brundisium, while Cæsar was engaged in the Alexandrine and Pontic wars. The chief causes of anxiety and distress weighing upon him were the alienation of his brother, the uncertainty as to his own position, on the one hand with Cæsar, and on the other with the Pompeians, now gathered in great force in Africa, and lastly the unhappiness of Tullia, whose relations with her husband Dolabella were very unsatisfactory to him. The clouds lifted greatly in September, when Cæsar, returning to Italy, met Cicero between Tarentum and Brundisium, embraced him, and gave him free leave to live anywhere in Italy he chose. There was still the fear lest, if the Pompeians in Africa finally triumphed, he would be treated by them as a traitor. But he seems to have made up his mind that Cæsar's favour offered the greater security.

B.C. 47.
Dict. r. p. c., C. Iulius Cæsar, Mag. Eq., M. Antonius. Coss. (for three last months), Q. Fufius Calenus, P. Vatinius.

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 3 JANUARY

YES, it is quite as you say: I have acted both incautiously and in too great a hurry; nor have I any hope, seeing that I am only allowed to remain by special clauses of exemption in the edicts. If these had not been secured by your industry and kindness, I might have betaken myself to some lonely places. As it is, I can't even do that. For how does my having come before the new tribuneship help me, if my having come at all is of no service to me?[1] Or what am I to expect from a man who was never friendly to me,[2]

[1] The new tribunes, among whom was Dolabella, had, after coming into office, 10th December, B.C. 48, passed some law as to the Pompeians coming into Italy, about which we have no information. Atticus had remarked that Cicero would not be affected by it, as he had come before. He replies that that is small consolation, as his having come at all does not seem to have put him in any better position, *i.e.*, as to regaining his full rights and the power of coming to Rome.

[2] This has been variously supposed to refer to Cæsar, Antony, or Dolabella. Hardly Dolabella, I think. It seems most likely to mean Antony, who will, he is afraid, take advantage of the law to annoy him, though, as a fact, Antony had at present been very considerate to him.

when my ruin and humiliation are now secured by an actual law? Already Balbus's letters to me become daily less cordial, and a great number from many hands reach Cæsar, perhaps against me. I am perishing by my own fault. It is not chance that has caused me any misfortune, everything has been incurred by my own mistakes. The fact is that when I saw what sort of war it was going to be, and that universal unreadiness and feebleness were pitted against men in the highest state of preparation, I had made up my mind to a policy, not so much courageous, as one that I of all men was justified in adopting. I gave in to my relations, or rather, I obeyed them. What the real sentiments of one of them was—his whom you recommend to my forbearance[1]—you will learn from his own letters, which he has sent to you and others. I should never have opened them, had it not been for the following circumstance. The bundle was brought to me. I untied it to see whether there was any letter for me. There was none. There was one for Vatinius, and another for Ligurius.[2] I ordered them to be delivered to these persons. They immediately came to me boiling with indignation, loudly exclaiming against "the villain." They read me the letters full of every kind of abuse of me. Ligurius raved: said, that he knew that Quintus was detested by Cæsar, and yet that the latter had not only favoured him, but had also given him all that money out of compliment to me. Thus outraged I determined to ascertain what he had said in his letters to the rest. For I thought it would be fatal to Quintus himself if such a villainy on his part became generally known. I found that they were of the same kind. I am sending them to you, and if you think that it is for his interest that they should be delivered, please to deliver them. It won't do me any harm. For as to their having had their seals broken, Pomponia possesses his signet, I think.[3] When he displayed that exasperation at

[1] Quintus. Apparently Atticus had tried to soften Cicero's feelings in regard to his brother's unkindness.

[2] P. Vatinius was in command at Brundisium (see p. 14). Aulus Ligurius was a prominent Cæsarian, who was also friendly to Cicero.

[3] This treatment of his brother's letters addressed to others it is, of course, impossible to justify, and is indeed condemned by his own words as to the confidential nature of letters (2 *Phil.* § 7). He seems to have

the beginning of our voyage,[1] he grieved me so deeply that I was quite prostrate after it, and even now he is said to be working not so much for himself as against me. So I am hard pressed by every kind of misery, and can hardly bear up against it, or rather cannot do so at all. Of these miseries there is one which outweighs all the others—that I shall leave that poor girl deprived of patrimony and every kind of property. Wherefore pray see to that, according to your promise: for I have no one else to whom to commend her, since I have discovered that the same treatment is prepared for her mother as for me. But, in case you don't find me here when you come, still consider that she has been commended to you with due solemnity, and soften her uncle in regard to her as much as you can. I am writing this to you on my birthday: on which day would that I had never been born,[2] or that nothing had afterwards been born of the same mother! Tears prevent my writing more.

CCCCXXII (F XIV, 16)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 4 JANUARY

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. Though my circumstances are such that I have no motive for expecting a letter from you or anything to tell you myself, yet somehow or another I do look for letters from you all, and do write to you when I have anyone to convey it. Volumnia ought to have been more attentive to you than she has been, and even what she has done she might have done with greater zeal and caution. However, there are other things for us to

been inclined to treat Quintus's correspondence with some freedom, for he advised the young Quintus in his father's absence to open letters addressed to him. See vol. ii., p. 170.

[1] Apparently when they left the Pompeian fleet at Corcyra, and proceeded together to Patræ.

[2] Lit. "taken up," as it was the custom of the father to raise an infant from the floor in token that he wished it reared.

be more anxious about and vexed at. These latter distress me quite as much as was desired by those who forced me to act against my better judgment.[1] Take care of your health.

4 January.

CCCCXXIII (A XI, 10)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 19 JANUARY

MY distresses, already past calculation, have received an addition by the news brought to me of the elder and younger Quintus. My connexion Publius Terentius was employed as deputy master of his company in Asia in collecting the harbour dues and the pasture rents.[2] He saw the younger Quintus at Ephesus on the 8th of December, and entertained him warmly for the sake of our friendship, and on asking some questions about me, he tells me that Quintus replied that he was bitterly opposed to me, and shewed him a roll containing a speech which he intended to deliver against me before Cæsar.[3] Terentius says that he dissuaded him from such a senseless proceeding at great length; and that afterwards at Patræ the elder Quintus talked a great deal to him in a similar strain of treachery. The latter's furious state

[1] Like most irresolute men, Cicero is apt to lay the blame of any step which seems to be turning out badly upon the insidious advice of friends. It was his constant theme in his exile. In this case he is referring, not I think to his abandoning the Pompeian fleet, but to his coming to Italy instead of staying in Achaia. He said before (see p. 19) that this was in consequence of Dolabella writing to say that Cæsar wished it.

[2] See vol. ii., p. 44.

[3] It was not unusual, it appears, to deliver a set harangue from a written copy to a great man, though in an informal meeting. Suetonius says that Augustus always did so on important matters, even with his wife Livia (Suet. *Aug.* 84), and Dio has preserved a conversation of the sort between them (55, 15), and two speeches of Agrippa and Mæcenas of the same kind (52, 1, ff.). Tacitus (*Ann.* iv. 39) says that it was the common custom in the time of Tiberius.

of mind you have been able to gather from the letters which I sent on to you. I know these things are painful to you: they are positive torture to me, and the more so that I don't think I shall have the opportunity of even remonstrating with them.

As to the state of things in Africa,[1] my information is widely different from your letter. They say that nothing could be sounder or better organized. Added to that, there is Spain, an alienated Italy, a decline in the loyalty and the strength of the legions, total disorder in the city.[2] Where can I find any repose except in reading your letters? And they would certainly have been more frequent, had you had anything to say by which you thought that my distress might be relieved. But nevertheless I beg you not to omit writing to tell me whatever occurs; and, if you can't absolutely hate the men who have shewn themselves so cruelly hostile to me,[3] yet do rebuke them: not with the view of doing any good, but to make them feel that I am dear to you. I will write at greater length to you when you have answered my last. Good-bye.

19 January.

[1] Where Cato and the other Pompeian leaders were making great head.

[2] All these disorders make Cicero fear that, after all, Cæsar will fail, and his own position be worse than ever, as he has hopelessly offended the Pompeians. The military disorders were among the legions sent back to Italy after Pharsalia, who were discontented with their rewards. The disturbances in the city were caused by the contests between Dolabella and his fellow tribunes—Dolabella endeavouring to introduce an act for the relief of debtors, which gave rise to bloody faction fights in Rome, which Antony, Cæsar's Master of the Horse, vainly tried to suppress ([Cæsar] *Bell. Alex.* 65; Dio, 42, 29-32; App. *Bell. Civ.* ii. 92). For the trouble in Spain, see p. 30.

[3] Quintus, father and son, whom, as Atticus's brother-in-law and nephew, he would not cast off, however much he may have disapproved of their conduct.

CCCCXXIV (A XI, 11)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 8 MARCH

WORN out at length by the agony of my excessive sorrows, even if I had anything that I ought to say to you, I should not find it easy to write it; but as it is, I am still less able to do so because there is nothing worth the trouble of writing, especially as there is not even a gleam of hope of things being better. Accordingly, I no longer look forward to hearing even from you, though your letters always contain something that I like to hear. Therefore pray *do* go on writing, whenever you have a bearer at hand: though *I* have nothing to say in answer to your last, which nevertheless I received some time ago. For in the now long interval I can see that there has been a general change: that the right cause is strong; that I am being severely punished for my folly.[1] The thirty sestertia which I received from Gnæus Sallustius are to be paid to Publius Sallustius.[2] Please see that they are paid without delay. I have written on that subject to Terentia. Even this sum is now almost used up: therefore concert measures with her to get me money to go on with. I shall perhaps be able to raise some even here, if I am assured that I shall have something to my credit at Rome. But until I knew that I did not venture to raise a farthing. You see my position all round: there is no sort of misfortune which I am not both enduring and expecting. For this state of things my grief is the heavier in proportion as my fault is the greater. He in

[1] In coming to Italy, and so committing himself in the eyes of the Pompeians, who now seem likely to win.

[2] Gnæus Sallustius, a friend and client of Cicero's, has brought him the thirty sestertia (about £240) at Brundisium, having borrowed it from Publius Sallustius, whom Cicero now wishes to be paid.

Achaia[1] never ceases maligning me. Clearly your letter has done no good. Good-bye.

8 March.

CCCCXXV (A XI, 12)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 8 MARCH (EVENING)

CEPHALIO delivered me a letter from you in the evening of the 8th of March. Now on the morning of the same day I had already despatched the letter-carriers, to whom I had given a letter for you. However, after reading your letter I thought I must write something in answer, more especially as you shew that you are anxious as to what explanation I intend to offer Cæsar of my journey at the time that I left Italy. I have no need of any new explanation. For I have repeatedly written to him, and have charged various people to tell him, that I was unable, much as I wished it, to stand out against people's talk; and much more to the same effect. For there is nothing I should less like than that he should think that in a matter of such importance I did not act on my independent judgment.[2] I afterwards received a letter from Cornelius Balbus the younger, saying that Cæsar regarded my brother Quintus as having "sounded the signal" for my retreat—for that was his expression. I was not at the time aware of what Quintus had written about me to many; but he had spoken and acted to my face with great bitterness, in spite of which I yet wrote to Cæsar in these words:

[1] Quintus, who was at Sicyon or Patræ.

[2] There seems at first sight a contradiction, but Cicero means: "I did not wish Cæsar to think that I acted under pressure from friends (*e.g.*, Quintus), but that I came to the conclusion myself that I could not risk the severe remarks of the men of my party." If my view is right (see p. 1), that Cicero eventually resolved to go when it was believed that Cæsar had failed in Spain, no doubt the explanation to be given now was a delicate matter.

"I am no less anxious for my brother Quintus than for myself: but I do not venture in such a position as mine to recommend him to you. Yet this at least I will venture to ask of you—thus much I can do—I beg you not to think that he did anything to diminish the constancy of my service, or lessen my affection to you. Believe rather that he always advised our union; and was the companion, not the leader, of my journey. Wherefore in other matters pray give him all the credit that your own kindness and your mutual friendship demand. I earnestly and repeatedly entreat you not to let me stand in his light with you."

Wherefore if I ever do meet Cæsar—though I have no doubt of his being lenient to Quintus, and that he has already made his intention clear—I after all shall be consistent with myself. But, as far as I can see, my anxiety must be much more in regard to Africa, which, in fact, you say is growing daily stronger, though rather in a way to make one hope for conditions of peace than victory. Would to heaven it were so! But my view of the facts is far different, and I think that you yourself agree with me, but write in a different sense, not to deceive but to encourage me, especially now that Spain [1] is also joined to Africa. You advise me to write to Antony and the rest. If you think anything of the sort necessary, please do as you have often done: [2] for nothing occurs to me as needing to be written. You have been told that I am in better spirits—what can you think when you see added to my other causes of uneasiness these fine doings of my son-in-law.[3] However, don't cease doing what you can in that direction—namely,

[1] Cæsar had, after his Spanish victory of B.C. 49, left Q. Cassius Longinus (the tribune who had with Antony vetoed the proposal for his recall) as governor of Farther Spain, Bætica. His harsh and grasping administration had caused a rebellion. Though this was eventually put down in B.C. 47, he had been obliged to leave the country, which was thoroughly prepared to take the Pompeian side, as was soon shewn by the expulsion of the next Cæsarian governor, C. Trebonius. It is the news of this disturbance that makes Cicero speak of Spain, by which he means Southern Spain, as lost to Cæsar.

[2] Write in Cicero's name. As such letters were no doubt written by an amanuensis, there would be nothing to shew (except style!) that they were not dictated by Cicero himself. See pp. 4, 9, 20.

[3] Dolabella's extravagant proposals as tribune, and the consequent riots. See *ante*, p. 27.

writing to me, even if you have nothing to write about. For a letter from you always conveys something to me. I have accepted the inheritance of Galeo. I presume the form of acceptance was simple, as none has been sent me.[1]

CCCCXXVI (A XI, 13)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (APRIL)

I HAVE not received anything by way of a letter as yet from Muræna's freedman. Publius Siser delivered the one which I am now answering. You mention a letter from the elder Servius; also you say that certain persons announce the arrival of Quintus in Syria—neither is true. You want to know how the several persons who have arrived here are or have been disposed towards me: I have not found any of them ill-disposed; but I know, of course, that you are alive to the importance of this fact to me. For myself, while the whole position is intolerably painful, nothing is more so than the fact that what I have always wished not to happen now appears the only thing for my security.[2] They say that the elder Publius Lentulus is at Rhodes, the younger at Alexandria, and it is certain that Gaius Cassius has left Rhodes for Alexandria.[3] Quintus writes to me to apologize in language

[1] *Cretio* was the acceptance by an heir of an inheritance, with all its burdens. This had to be done within a certain number of days after the heir was notified of the fact. Sometimes there were special conditions attached, or the time allowed for acceptance was shortened by the clause being omitted, ordering the time for acceptance to be counted from the day the heir was notified. By *cretio simplex* Cicero seems to mean that everything was regular, so that there was no need to send him documents: though others explain *cretio simplex* to mean that there was only one heir.

[2] The success of the Cæsarians.

[3] P. Cornelius Lentulus (consul B.C. 57) was refused permission to land at Rhodes (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 29). Gaius Cassius Longinus—the future assassin of Cæsar—was in command of Phœnician and Cilician ships for Pompey off Sicily, when he heard of the battle of Pharsalia. He made

much more irritating than when he was accusing me most violently. For he says that he understands from your letter that you disapprove of his having written to many persons with severity about me, and that therefore he is sorry for having hurt your feelings, but that he had done so on good grounds. Then he sets down—but in most indecent terms —the reasons for his having so acted. But neither at the present juncture, nor before, would he have betrayed his hatred for me, had he not seen that I was a ruined man. And oh that I had come nearer to you, even if I had made the journeys by night, as you suggested! As it is, I cannot conceive either where or when I am likely to see you.

As to my co-heirs to the property of Fufidius, there was no occasion for you to write to me: for their demand is in itself equitable, and whatever arrangement you had made I should have regarded as right and proper. As to the re-purchase of the property at Frusino, you have for some time past been acquainted with my wishes. Although my affairs were then in a better position, and I was not expecting such a desperate situation, I am nevertheless in the same mind. Please see how it may be brought about. And I beg you to consider, to the best of your ability, whence I may raise the necessary funds. Such means as I had I transferred to Pompey at a time when it seemed a prudent thing to do.[1] At that time, therefore, I took up money from your steward as well as borrowing from other sources; the time when Quintus writes to complain that I never gave him a farthing—I who was never asked for it by him, or had myself set eyes on the money. But pray see what can be scraped together, and what advice you would give on all points. You know the ins and outs of it. Grief prevents my writing more. If there is anything you think ought to be written to anybody in my name, pray do as usual: and whenever you find anybody to whom you can intrust a letter for me, I beg you not to omit doing so. Good-bye.

for the Hellespont, intending, it is said, to get the help of Pharnaces, son of Mithradates. But when he met Cæsar, who was making his way through Asia, he immediately submitted, and, returning southward, met Cæsar again at Rhodes, who used some of his ships on his voyage to Alexandria (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 101; App. *B. Civ.* ii. 88-89; Dio, 42, 6).

[1] For Frusino and the loan to Pompey, see pp. 2, 10.

CCCCXXVII (A XI, 14)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (APRIL)

THE candour of your letter does not offend me, because you do not endeavour even tentatively to console me, as was your wont, under the weight of public and personal misfortunes, but acknowledge that that is now impossible. For things are not even as they were before, when, if nothing else, I thought that I had comrades and partners in my policy. For now all the petitioners in Achaia and in Asia also, who have received no pardon, and even those who have, are said to be about to sail into Africa.[1] So I have no one now except Lælius[2] to share my error: and even he is in a better position than I am in that he has been received back.[3] But about myself I have no doubt Cæsar has written to Balbus and to Oppius, by whom, if they had had anything pleasant to report, I should have been informed, and they would have spoken to you. Pray have some talk with them on this point, and write me word of their answer not that any security granted by Cæsar is likely to have any certainty, still one will be able to consider things and make some provision for the future. Though I shun the sight of all, especially with such a son-in-law as mine,[4] yet in such a state of misery I can't think of anything else to wish.

[1] To join Cato and the other Pompeians, from the belief that they were now in the ascendent.

[2] Decimus Lælius had blockaded Brundisium in B.C. 48, but had, with Cicero, been specifically excepted in Antony's edict forbidding Pompeians to come to Italy (see Letter CCCCXVIII, p. 19). He seems in some way to have kept on terms with the Pompeians (see p. 37). But he apparently played his cards well, and survived to be governor of Africa about B.C. 44 (Dio, 48, 21).

[3] *I.e.*, by the Pompeians.

[4] Referring, as before, to Dolabella's proceedings as tribune. See p. 27.

Quintus is going on in the old way,[1] as both Pansa and Hirtius have written to tell me—and he is also said to be making for Africa with the rest.

I will write to Minucius at Tarentum and send him your letter: I will write and tell you if I come to any settlement. I should have been surprised at your being able to find thirty sestertia, had there not been a good surplus from the sale of the Fufidian estates. But my eager desire now is for yourself, to see whom, if it is in any way possible (and circumstances make it desirable), I am very anxious. The last act is being played: what its nature is it is easy to estimate at Rome, more difficult here.[2]

CCCCXXVIII (A XI, 15)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 14 MAY

As you give me good and sufficient reasons why I cannot see you at this time, I beg you to tell me what I ought to do. For it seems to me that, though Cæsar is holding Alexandria, he is ashamed even to send a despatch on the operations there. Whereas these men in Africa seem to be on the point of coming over here: so, too, the Achæan refugees[3] seem to intend returning from Asia to join them, or to stay in some neutral place. What therefore do you think I ought to do? I quite see that it is difficult to advise. For I am the only one (or with one other[4]) for whom neither a return to the one party is possible, nor a gleam of hope visible from the other. But nevertheless I should like to

[1] Abusing me. It does not seem likely that Quintus was contemplating rejoining the Pompeians in Africa.

[2] The text is corrupt.

[3] The Pompeians, who, instead of keeping with the Pompeian fleet, had taken refuge in Patræ and Sicyon, and had then crossed to Asia in hopes of meeting Cæsar and obtaining pardon. See p. 14.

[4] Decimus Lælius See pp. 19, 33.

know what your opinion is, and that was the reason among others why I wished to see you, if it could be managed.

I wrote before to tell you that Minucius had only paid twelve sestertia: please see that the balance is provided.

Quintus wrote to me not only without any strong appeal for pardon, but in the most bitter style, while his son did so with astonishing malignity. No sorrow can be imagined with which I am not crushed. Yet everything is more bearable than the pain caused by my error: that is supreme and abiding. If I were destined to have the partners in that error that I expected, it would nevertheless be but a poor consolation. But the case of all the rest admits of some escape, mine of none. Some because they were taken prisoners, others because their way was barred, avoid having their loyalty called in question, all the more so, of course, now that they have extricated themselves and joined forces again. Why, even the very men who of their own free will went to Fufius[1] can merely be counted wanting in courage. Finally, there are many who will be taken back, in whatever way they return to that party. So you ought to be the less astonished that I cannot hold up against such violent grief. For I am the only one whose error cannot be repaired, except perhaps Lælius—but what alleviation is that to me? —for they say that even Gaius Cassius has changed his mind about going to Alexandria. I write this to you, not that you may be able to remove my anxiety, but to know whether you have any suggestion to make in regard to the distresses that are sapping my strength, to which are now added my son-in-law, and the rest that I am prevented by my tears from writing. Nay, even Æsop's son[2] wrings my heart. There is absolutely nothing wanting to make me the most unhappy of men. But to return to my first question— what do you think I ought to do? Should I remove secretly

[1] Q. Fufius Calenus, tribune in B.C. 61, and supporter of Clodius (vol. i., pp. 35, 109). One of Cæsar's legates in Gaul, he stuck to him in the Civil War (vol. ii., p. 318), and during B.C. 48 had been engaged in taking possession of Greek cities in Cæsar's interest, among others Patræ, and remained there in command of troops (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 56, 106; Dio. 42, 14). He was rewarded by the consulship for the last three months of B.C. 47. See *supra*, p. 22.

[2] The son of the famous actor, who was a great friend of Cicero's (vol. i., pp. 132, 258). The son appears to have been dissolute.

to some place nearer Rome, or should I cross the sea? For remaining here much longer is out of the question.

Why could no settlement be come to about the property of Fufidius? For the arrangement was one about which there is not usually any dispute, when the portion which is thought of the less value can be made up by putting the property up to auction among the heirs. I have a motive for asking the question: for I suspect that my co-heirs think that my position is doubtful, and therefore prefer allowing the matter to remain unsettled.[1] Good-bye.

15 May.

CCCCXXIX (A XI, 16)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 3 JUNE

IT is by no fault of mine this time—for I did commit an error formerly—that the letter you forward brings me no consolation. For it is written in a grudging spirit, and gives rise to strong suspicions of not really being from Cæsar, suspicions which I think have occurred to yourself. About going to meet him I will do as you advise. The fact is that there is no belief prevalent as to his coming, nor do those who arrive from Asia say that anything has been heard about a peace, the hope of which caused me to fall into this trap. I see no reason for entertaining hopes, especially in the present circumstances, when such disaster has been sustained in Asia, in Illyricum, in the Cassius affair, in Alexandria itself, in the city, in Italy.[2] In my opinion, even if he is

[1] Apparently he supposes that the other legatees thought it doubtful whether Cicero had not incurred confiscation of his property, and so, being disfranchised, would be unable to take his share: and therefore thought it better not to make a division. If that were once made they would have great difficulty in recovering the money.

[2] The various points are here enumerated in which things had gone against Cæsar's interests, and therefore in favour of the ultimate triumph of the Pompeian party in Africa. They are: (1) the defeat of Domitius

going to return (he is said to be still engaged in war) the business will be all settled before his return.

You say that a certain feeling of exultation on the part of the loyalists was roused on hearing of the receipt of this letter: you of course omit nothing in which you think that there is any consolation; but I cannot be induced to believe that any loyalist could think that any salvation has been of such value in my eyes, as to make me ask it of Cæsar—much less should I be likely to do so now that I have not a single partner even in this policy.[1] Those in Asia are waiting to see how things turn out. Those in Achaia also keep dangling before Fufius the hope that they will petition for pardon. These men had at first the same reason for fear as I had, and the same policy. The check at Alexandria has improved their position, it has ruined mine.[2] Wherefore I now make the same request to you as in my previous letter, that, if you can see in the midst of this desperate state of things what you think I ought to do, you would tell me of it. Supposing me to be received back by this party,[3] which you see is not the case, yet, as long as

Calvinus by Pharnaces in Asia; (2) the failure of Aulus Gabinius in Illyricum (App. *Illyr.* §12); (3) the insurrection in Bætica which had forced Q. Cassius to quit the province (he was drowned on the voyage home); (4) the difficulties Cæsar himself had met with at Alexandria; (5) the troubles in the city caused by the contest between the tribunes Trebellius and Dolabella; (6) the mutinous conduct of the legions in Italy. What Cicero did not know was the completeness with which Cæsar had overcome his difficulties in Egypt; nor could he foresee the rapidity with which he was to put down the war in Asia, for which he was on the point of starting. The troubles in Italy and Rome disappeared at once on his arrival, and in the next year (B.C. 46) the victory of Thapsus finally crushed the hopes of the Pompeians in Africa. The trouble in Bætica hung on for another year, and indeed lasted long after his death.

[1] Decimus Lælius appears to have returned in some way to his old Pompeian friends.

[2] Because neither those in Asia nor those in Achaia had as yet taken the final step of reconciling themselves to Cæsar, and yet would be able to do so, if necessary, as not having crossed to the Pompeians in Africa; whereas Cicero, by coming to Italy, had definitely separated himself from the Pompeians, and, if Cæsar failed, would suffer their vengeance. The others were safe in either event; he in neither, as he could not trust Cæsar, and yet was lost if Cæsar failed.

[3] All the commentators explain this to mean the Cæsarians, but I think it more likely that Cicero means the Pompeians, who just now are in high hopes. "Even suppose they would admit me as one of them-

there is war, I cannot think what to do or where to stay: still less, if I am rejected by them. Accordingly, I am anxious for a letter from you, and beg you to write to me without hesitation.

You advise me to write to Quintus about this letter of Cæsar's: I would have done so, if it had been in any way one agreeable to me; although I have received a letter from a certain person in these words: "Considering the evil state of things, I am pretty comfortable at Patræ: I should be still more so, if your brother spoke of you in terms suited to my feelings." You say that Quintus writes you word that I never answer his letters. I have only had one from him; to that I gave an answer to Cephalio, who, however, was kept back several months by bad weather. I have already told you that the young Quintus has written to me in the most offensive terms.

The last thing I have to say is to beg you, if you think it a right thing to do and what you can undertake, to communicate with Camillus and make a joint representation to Terentia about making a will. The state of the times is a warning to her to take measures for satisfying all just claims upon her. Philotimus tells me that she is acting in an unprincipled way.[1] I can scarcely believe it, but at any rate, if there is anything that can be done, measures should be taken in time. Pray write to me on every sort of subject, and especially what you think about her, in regard to whom I need your advice, even though you fail to hit upon any plan: I shall take that to mean that the case is desperate.

3 June.

selves again—which they don't—yet (being resolved against active war) where am I to go? I can't go to Africa, where there will be war, or stay here if they come in arms." He has used the same word (*recipere*) in the previous letters of the taking back by the Pompeians of those who deserted the fleet and went to Achaia or Asia.

[1] Philotimus was the freedman of Terentia, whose transactions in regard to Milo's property Cicero thought so suspicious. That he should now be listening to tales against his wife from this man shews how much the alienation had already grown. Cicero is anxious that she should make proper provision for her children.

CCCCXXX (A XI, 17)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 14 JUNE

I AM giving this letter to another man's letter-carriers, who are in a hurry to start; that, and the fact that I am about to send my own, accounts for its brevity. My daughter Tullia reached me on the 12th of June, and expatiated at great length on your attention and kindness to her, and gave me three letters. I, however, have not got the pleasure from her own virtue, gentleness, and affection which I ought to get from a matchless daughter, but have even been overwhelmed with extraordinary sorrow, to think that a character like hers should be involved in circumstances of such distress,[1] and that that should occur from no fault of hers, but from my own consummate folly. Accordingly, I am not expecting from you now either consolation, which I see you desire to offer, or advice, which is impossible of adoption; and I understand on many occasions from your previous, as well as from your last letters, that you have tried everything practicable.

I am thinking of sending my son with Sallustius[2] to Cæsar. As for Tullia, I see no motive for keeping her with me any longer in such a sad state of mutual sorrow. Accordingly, I am going to send her back to her mother as soon as she will herself consent to go. In return for the letter which you wrote in the consolatory style, pray consider that I have made the only answer which you will

[1] According to Plutarch (*Cic.* 41) Terentia had allowed Tullia to undertake this journey without proper provision or escort. See also p. 41.

[2] Whose arrival at Brundisium we heard of, p. 28. Mueller begins a fresh letter with this sentence. It seems likely that he is right. Yet it is practically a continuation of the former hasty note.

yourself understand to have been possible.[1] You say that Oppius has had some talk with you: what he said does not at all disagree with my suspicion about it. But I have no doubt that it would be impossible to persuade that party[2] that their proceedings could have my approval, whatever language I were to hold. However, I will be as moderate as I can. Although what it should matter to me that I incur their odium I don't understand. I perceive that you are prevented by a good reason from coming to see us, and that is a matter of great regret to me. There is no news of Cæsar having left Alexandria; but all agree that no one has come from there either since the 15th of March, and that he has written no letters since the 13th of December. This shews you that there was nothing genuine about that letter of the 9th of February[3]—which would have been quite unimportant, even if it had been genuine. I am informed that L. Terentius has left Africa and come to Pæstum. What his mission is, or how he got out of the country, or what is going on in Africa, I should like to know. For he is said to have been passed out by means of Nasidius. What it all means pray write me word if you discover it. I will do as you say about the ten sestertia. Good-bye.

14 June.

CCCCXXXI (F XIV, 11)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 14 JUNE

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. Our dear Tullia reached me on the 12th of June, by whose perfect excel-

[1] Mueller quite alters the complexion of this sentence, reading *Pæto* for *pro ea*, and *quem ad modum consulenti* for *quam ad modum consolanti*. But there seems no point in a reference to Pætus.

[2] The Cæsarians in Rome.

[3] See p. 36. *Illud de litteris*, lit. "the assertion about the letter": it is almost a periphrasis for *litteras*.

lence and unsurpassed gentleness I felt my sorrow even heavier than before, to think that my want of prudence was the cause of her being in a position far removed from that which her dutiful affection and high character might claim.[1] It is in my mind to send our son to Cæsar, and Gnæus Sallustius with him. If he starts I will let you know. Take great care of your health. Good-bye.

14 June.

CCCCXXXII (A XI, 18)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 19 JUNE

ABOUT Cæsar's departure from Alexandria there is as yet no rumour, and, on the contrary, there is an opinion that he is in serious difficulties. Accordingly, I shall not send my son, as I had intended, and I beg you to get me out of this place. For any punishment is less galling than a continuance here. On this subject I have written both to Antony and to Balbus and Oppius. For whether there is to be war in Italy, or whether he will employ his fleet, in either case this is the last place for me. Perhaps it will be both: certainly there will be one or the other. I understood clearly from Oppius's remarks, which you reported to me, what the anger of that party against me is: but I beg you to divert it. I expect nothing at all now that is not unhappy. But nothing can be more abominable than the place in which I now am. Wherefore I would like you to speak both to Antony and to the Cæsarians with you, and get the matter through for me as well as you can, and write to me on all subjects as soon as possible. Good-bye.

19 June.

[1] Tullia's dowry had not been fully paid, and the instalments paid had been squandered. See pp. 39, 44, etc.

CCCCXXXIII (F XIV, 15)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 19 JUNE

IF you are well, I am glad. I had resolved, as I told you in a previous letter, to send our son to meet Cæsar, but I have changed my mind, because I hear nothing of his coming. On other matters, though there is nothing new, yet you will be able to learn from Sicca what my wishes are, and what I think necessary at such a time as this. I am still keeping Tullia with me. Take great care of your health. Good-bye.

19 June.

CCCCXXXIV (A XI, 25)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 5 JULY

I HAVE no difficulty in agreeing with your letter, in which you point out at considerable length that there is no advice by which I can be aided by you. At least there is no consolation capable of relieving my sorrow. For nothing has been brought upon me by chance—for that would have been endurable—but I have created it all by those mistakes and miserable conditions of mind and body, to which I only wish those nearest and dearest to me had preferred to apply remedies! Therefore, since I have no ray of hope either of advice from you or of any consolation, I will not ask you for them in future. I would only ask one thing of you—that you should not omit writing to me whatever comes into your mind, whenever you have anyone to whom you can give a letter, and as long as there shall be anyone

to whom to write, which won't be very long. There is a rumour of a doubtful sort that Cæsar has quitted Alexandria. It arose from a letter from Sulpicius,[1] which all subsequent messengers have confirmed. Since it makes no difference to me, I don't know whether I should prefer this news being true or false. As to what I said some time ago to you about Terentia's will, I should like it preserved in the custody of the Vestals.[2]

I am worn out and harassed to death by the folly of this most unhappy girl.[3] I don't think there was ever such a creature born. If any measure of mine can do her any good, I should like you to tell me of it. I can see that you will have the same difficulty as you had before in giving me advice—but this is a matter that causes me more anxiety than everything else. I was blind to pay the second instalment. I wish I had done otherwise: but that's past and done with. I beg of you that, considering the ruinous state of affairs, if any money can be collected or got together and put in safe hands, from sale of plate and the fairly abundant furniture, you would take steps to do so.[4] For I think that the worst is hard upon us, that there will be no making of peace, and that the present *régime* will collapse even without an opponent. Speak to Terentia also on this subject, if you think it right, at some convenient opportunity. I can't write all I have to say. Good-bye.

5 July.

[1] The son of Servius Sulpicius Rufus was with Cæsar. See vol. ii., pp. 356, 361.

[2] The MS. reading is *apud epistolas velim ut possim adversas*. I venture to write—as no satisfactory suggestion has been made—*apud Vestales velim depositum adservari*. The Vestals were frequently the holders of wills (see Suet. *Iul.* 83; *Aug.* 101; Tac. *Ann.* i. 8; Plutarch, *Ant.* 58), and Terentia had a half-sister a Vestal virgin, or perhaps *apud* ἀσφαλεῖς might be suggested from p. 47.

[3] If the reading *fatuitate* is right—which is very doubtful—Cicero apparently has found Tullia infatuated with her dissolute husband Dolabella, and unwilling to divorce him, though reduced to great straits by his extravagance. The "second instalment" refers to Tullia's dowry. See pp. 39, 41.

[4] Comparing pp. 44, 48, I think this must be taken to refer to movables belonging to Tullia, not Cicero. He wishes them to be sold and the money deposited in safe hands, in case of her husband repudiating her, or being himself ruined.

CCCCXXXV (A XI, 23)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 9 JULY

ON the subject on which I wrote to ask you to consult with Camillus, he has himself written to say that you have spoken to him.[1] I am waiting for a letter from you—but I do not see how it can be changed if it is other than it should be. But having received a letter from him, I wanted one from you, though I think that you have not been informed on the subject. I only hope that you are well! For you mentioned that you were suffering from a sort of illness. A certain Agusius arrived from Rhodes on the 8th of July. He brings word that young Quintus started to join Cæsar on the 29th of May, that Philotimus arrived at Rhodes on the day previous, and had a letter for me. You will hear what Agusius himself has to say: but he is travelling rather slowly. Therefore I have contrived to give this to some one who goes quickly. I don't know what that letter contains, but my brother Quintus offers me cordial congratulations. For my part, considering my egregious blunder, I cannot even imagine anything happening that can be endurable to me.

I beg you to think about my poor girl, and about what I wrote to you in my last—that some money should be got together to avert destitution, and about the will itself. The other thing also I could have wished that I had done before, but I was afraid of taking any step. The best alternative in a very bad business was a divorce. I should then have behaved something like a man—on the ground either of his proposals for abolition of debts, or his night assaults on houses, or his relations with Metella, or his ill conduct generally: and then I should not have lost the money, and should have shewn myself to possess some manly indignation. I quite remember your letter, but I also remember

[1] See p. 38.

the circumstance of the time: yet anything would have been better. As it is, indeed, he seems to intend to divorce her: for I am told about the statue of Clodius.[1] To think that a son-in-law of mine, of all people in the world, should do that, or propose the abolition of debts! I am of opinion, therefore, and so are you, that a notice of divorce should be sent by her. He will perhaps claim the third instalment. Consider, therefore, whether the divorce should be allowed to originate with him, or whether we should anticipate him.[2] If I can do so by any means, even by travelling at night, I will try to see you. Meanwhile, pray write to me about these matters, and anything else which it may be my interest to know. Good-bye.

CCCCXXXVI (F XIV, 10)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 9 JULY

I WROTE my wishes to Pomponius later than I ought to have done. If you will have a talk with him, you will learn what they are. There is no need of being more explicit, seeing that I have written to him. On that business and on all others pray let me have a letter from you. Take good care of your health. Good-bye.

9 July.

[1] *De statua Clodi*, the reading proposed by Tyrrell and Purser for the corrupt words of the MS. No better has been proposed. We have to assume that Dolabella had in some way countenanced a statue of Clodius being put up. The fact is not otherwise known. Schütz reads *de statu rei publicæ*.

[2] If the divorce originated with Dolabella, he would have no claim to the third instalment of the dowry, and would have to refund the other instalments—though in his circumstances Cicero despairs of getting them, as it would seem; but if the divorce originated with Tullia, unless she could shew misconduct on his part, the dowry would remain, in part at any rate, with Dolabella. I have followed Schütz in interpreting this passage; Tyrrell and Purser refer *cum ab ipso nascetur* to the demand for the payment of the third instalment, not to the divorce itself. But see p. 46.

CCCCXXXVII (F XIV, 13)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 10 JULY

IN reference to what I said to you in my last about divorcing Tullia's husband, I don't know what force he has at his back at such a time as this, or what power of stirring up the populace. If he can be dangerous when roused to anger, do nothing. But yet it is possible that he will take the first step.[1] But you must judge after a review of the whole business, and do what you think least distressing in a most distressing business. Good-bye.

10 July.

CCCCXXXVIII (A XI, 19)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 22 JULY

As I had the opportunity of giving a letter to your servants I would not pass it by, though I have nothing to say. You yourself write to me more rarely than you used, and more briefly: I suppose because you have nothing to say which you suppose that I can read or hear with pleasure. But indeed I would have you write, whatever and of what kind soever it may be. The fact is that there is only one thing capable of exciting a wish in me—the chance of negociation for peace: and of that I have absolutely no hope. But

[1] Cicero, as usual, is distracted by seeing acutely the dangers on both sides. He wishes for the divorce, but can Dolabella make it unpleasant for them if it comes from their side? If so, best not to do anything. But on the other hand, if they don't move, perhaps he will, and that would be safer for them, but less dignified.

because from time to time you hint faintly at it, you compel me to hope for what hardly admits of a wish.

Philotimus is announced for the 13th of August.[1] I have no farther information about him. Please let me have an answer to my previous letter to you. All the time I need is just enough to allow of my taking some precautions—I who never took any. Good-bye.

22 July.

CCCCXXXIX (A XI, 24)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 6 AUGUST

WHAT you said some time ago in a letter to me, and about me to Tullia—with a view of its reaching me also—I feel to be true. It adds to my misery, though I thought no addition possible, that, when most flagrantly wronged, I cannot with impunity shew, not only any anger, but even vexation. Let me, therefore, put up with *that*. But when I have swallowed it, I shall yet have to endure the very things which you warn me to be on my guard against. For the blunder I have committed is such, that, whatever the final settlement and the sentiments of the people may be, its result seems likely to be the same.

Here I take the pen into my own hands; for what follows must be treated more confidentially. See, I beg you, even now to the will, which was made at the time when she began to be in difficulties. She did not trouble you, for she never asked you even a question, nor me either. But assuming this to be the case, you will be able—as you have now got to the point of speaking about it—to suggest to her to deposit it with some one, whose position is not affected by

[1] Philotimus was supposed to be bringing a letter from Cæsar to Cicero, which he thinks may be decisive as to his farther residence at Brundisium. So he must make preparation as to where to go if obliged to leave Italy.

the result of this war. For my part, I should prefer you to everybody, if she agreed in wishing it. But the fact is, I keep the poor woman in the dark as to this particular fear of mine.[1]

About my other suggestion,[2] I know, of course, that nothing can be sold at present: but they might be stowed away and concealed, so as to be out of reach of the impending crash. For as to what you say about my fortune and yours being at Tullia's service—I have no doubt as to yours, but what can there be of mine?

Again, about Terentia—I omit innumerable other points—what can go beyond this? You wrote to her to send me a bill of twelve sestertia (about £94), saying that that was the balance of the money. She sent me ten, with a note declaring that to be the balance. When she has deducted such a petty sum from so trifling a total, you can feel pretty sure what she has done in the case of a very large transaction. Philotimus not only does not come himself, but does not inform me even by letter or messenger what he has done. People coming from Ephesus bring word that they saw him there going into court on some private suits of his own, which are themselves perhaps—for so it seems likely—being postponed till the arrival of Cæsar. Accordingly, I presume either that he has nothing which he considers that there need be any hurry about conveying to me, or that I am such an object of contempt in my misfortunes, that, even if he has anything, he does not trouble himself about conveying it until he has settled all his own concerns. This annoys me very much, but not so much as I think it ought. For I consider that nothing matters less to me than the nature of any communication from *that* quarter. I feel sure you understand why I say that. You advise me to accommodate my looks and words to the circumstances of the time. It is difficult to do so, yet I would have put that restraint upon myself, had I thought that it was of any importance to me.

You say that you think that the African affair may be

[1] Terentia's will (pp. 38, 43). Cicero's fear is that Terentia's property would be confiscated, like his own. In that case obligations acknowledged in her will would be payable out of it.

[2] As to the sale of plate and furniture. See pp. 43, 44.

patched up. I wish you had told me why you think so: for my part, nothing occurs to my mind to make me think it possible. However, pray write and tell me if there is anything to suggest any consolation: but if, as I am clear, there is nothing of that nature, write and tell me even that fact. I, on my side, will write you word of anything which reaches me first. Good-bye.

6 August.

CCCCXL (F XIV, 24)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 11 AUGUST

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. Neither about Cæsar's coming nor of the letter, of which Philotimus is said to be the bearer, have I as yet any certain intelligence. If I do get any such, I will inform you promptly. Be sure you take good care of your health. Good-bye.

11 August.

CCCCXLI (F XIV, 23)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 12 AUGUST

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. At last I have Cæsar's letter, and a kind enough one it is. He himself is said to be coming quicker than was thought. When I have made up my mind whether to go to meet him or await him here, I will let you know. I should like you to send letter-carriers at the first opportunity. Take good care of your health. Good-bye.

12 August.

CCCCXLII (A XI, 20)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 15 AUGUST

ON the 14th of August Gaius Trebonius arrived from Seleucia Pieria[1] after twenty-seven days' journey, to tell me that at Antioch he saw the younger Quintus in Cæsar's company along with Hirtius: that they had got all they wanted in regard to the elder Quintus, and that without any trouble. I should have been more rejoiced at this if the concessions to myself[2] conveyed any certainty of hope. But, in the first place, there are others, and among them Quintus, father and son, from whom I have reason to entertain other fears; and, in the next place, grants made by Cæsar himself as absolute master are again within his power to revoke. He has pardoned even Sallustius: he is said to refuse absolutely no one. This in itself suggests the suspicion that judicial investigation is held over for another time. M. Gallius, son of Quintus, has restored Sallustius his slaves. He came to transport the legions to Sicily: he said that Cæsar intends to go thither straight from Patræ.[3] If he does that I shall come to some place nearer Rome, which I could wish I had done before. I am eagerly waiting for your answer to my last letter, in which I asked for your advice.[4] Good-bye.

15 August.

[1] The port of Antioch. Schmidt reads *C. Treboni libertus.* It does seem unlikely that Trebonius should have gone to Asia between the end of his prætorship (B.C. 48) and the beginning of his proconsulship in Bætica some time late in B.C. 47, yet it is not impossible, for he was only sent there when Cæsar heard of the misconduct and failure of Cassius (*B. Alex.* 64).

[2] Those contained in the courteous letter of Cæsar, which yet did not convey a formal pardon.

[3] *I.e.*, instead of coming to Italy. Sicily would be the point of departure for attacking the Pompeians in Africa.

[4] The last letter to Atticus does not ask for advice on this situation, and none exists giving an account of Cæsar's letter. Therefore it has

CCCCXLIII (A XI, 21)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 25 AUGUST

ON the 25th of August I received a letter from you dated the 19th, and I experienced on reading his epistle a very painful renewal of the sorrow which had been long ago caused me by Quintus's misconduct, but which I had by this time shaken off. Though it was impossible for you not to send me that letter, yet I should have preferred that it had not been sent.

In regard to what you say about the will, please consider what should be done and how. In regard to the money, she has herself written in the sense of my previous letter to you, and, if it is necessary, I will draw on the sum you mention.

Cæsar does not seem likely to be at Athens by the 1st of September. Many things are said to detain him in Asia, above all Pharnaces.[1] The 12th legion, which Sulla[2] visited first, is said to have driven him off with a shower of stones. It is thought that none of the legions will stir. Cæsar, people think, will go straight to Sicily from Patræ.[3] But if that is so, he must necessarily come here.[4] Yet I should

reasonably been suggested that a letter, dated as that to Terentia on the 12th, has been lost.

[1] Pharnaces, son of Mithradates, left by Pompey king of part of his father's dominions, was trying to recover Pontus, now part of a Roman province. He had already defeated Domitius Calvinus (*pro Deiot.* § 14). He was beaten by Cæsar at Zela on the 2nd of August—the *veni, vidi, vici* battle.

[2] P. Cornelius Sulla, a nephew of the dictator, whom Cicero defended in B.C. 62 on a charge of complicity with Catiline's conspiracy. He had fought at Pharsalia on the side of Cæsar, and was now sent over to Italy to conduct legions to Sicily for the war against the Pompeians in Africa. The mutiny of the soldiers was for the rewards promised them in the campaign of B.C. 48. See next letter.

[3] Cæsar, however, came to Italy from Asia, landing at Tarentum.

[4] He would touch at Brundisium as he was coasting down the south-eastern shores of Italy.

have preferred his going from there; for in that case I should have got away somehow or other. As it is, I fear I must wait for him, and, among other misfortunes, my poor Tullia must also endure the unhealthy climate of the place. You advise me to make my actions square with the time: I would have done so, had circumstances allowed of it, and had it been in any way possible. But in view of the prodigious blunders made by myself, and the wrongs inflicted upon me by my relations, there is no possibility of doing anything or keeping up any pretext worthy of my character. You compare the Sullan period: but, if we regard the principle of that movement, it was everything that was most eminent; where it failed was in a want of moderation in its execution. The present movement, on the other hand, is of such a character, that I forget my own position, and much prefer the general advantage to that of the party, with whose interests I have identified my own.[1] Nevertheless pray write to me as often as possible, and the more so that no one else writes; and yet, if everybody did, I should still look forward to your letters most. You say that Cæsar will be more kindly disposed to Quintus thanks to me: I have already told you that he at once granted everything to the younger Quintus and said never a word about me. Goodbye.

CCCCXLIV (A XI, 22)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (LATE IN AUGUST)

BALBUS'S letter-carrier delivered me the packet with all promptness. I say this because I have a letter from you in which you seem to fear that I have not received those letters,[2] which in fact I could wish had never been delivered

[1] Though it would now be bad for me, I sometimes forget that, and still wish my old friends, the Pompeians, to triumph. I have adopted Mueller's text, *quam quod iis ad quorum utilitatem*, etc.

[2] From Quintus and others inclosed by Atticus. See p. 51.

to me. For they increased my misery, and, if they had fallen into anyone else's hands, they would not have inflicted any fresh harm upon me. For what can be more universally notorious than his rage against me and the sort of letter he writes?—a kind of letter which even Cæsar appears to have sent to his friends at Rome, not because he was shocked at his unprincipled conduct, but, I believe, to make my miserable position better known. You say that you are afraid that they will do Quintus harm, and that you are trying to remedy the mischief. Why! Cæsar did not even wait to be asked about him. I don't mind that; but what I mind more is that the favours granted to myself have no stability.

Sulla, I believe, will be here to-morrow with Messalla. They are hurrying to Cæsar after being driven away by the soldiers, who say that they will go nowhere until they have got what was promised them.[1] Therefore he will come here, though slowly: for, though he is keeping on the move, he devotes many days to the several towns.[2] Moreover, Pharnaces, whatever course he takes, must cause him delay.[3] What, then, do you think I should do? For by this time I am scarcely strong enough physically to endure the unhealthiness of this climate, because it adds bodily suffering to mental pain. Should I commission these two who are going to him, to make my excuses, and myself go nearer Rome? I beg you to consider it, and as hitherto, in spite of frequent requests, you have declined to do, aid me by your advice. I know that it is a difficult question; but it is a choice of evils, and it is of great importance to me that I should see you. If that could be brought about, I should certainly make some advance. As to the will,[4] as you say, pray attend to it.

[1] See p. 51. Messalla is M. Valerius Messalla, consul B.C. 53, afterwards condemned for *sodalitium* (vol. ii., pp. 22, 40). He had been recalled, it seems, with others by Antony, under Cæsar's orders.

[2] *In oppidum*, "town by town," may possibly be justified by analogy with such a phrase as *in diem vivere*: but it is certainly very difficult. Schmidt writes *in oppido uno*.

[3] As a matter of fact, while Cicero wrote this, Cæsar had already overcome all difficulties in Asia with marvellous rapidity. See p. 51.

[4] Terentia's will. See pp. 38, 51.

CCCCXLV (F XIV, 22)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM, 1 SEPTEMBER

IF you are well, I am glad. I am well. I am expecting my letter-carriers any time to-day. If they come, I shall perhaps learn what I shall have to do, and will at once let you know. Take good care of your health. Good-bye.

1 September.

CCCCXLVI (F XV, 15)

TO GAIUS CASSIUS (IN ASIA?)

BRUNDISIUM (AUGUST OR EARLY SEPTEMBER)

ALTHOUGH both of us, from a hope of peace and a loathing for civil bloodshed, desired to hold aloof from an obstinate prosecution of war, nevertheless, since I think I was the first to adopt that policy, I am perhaps more bound to give you satisfaction on that point, than to expect it from you. Although, as I am often wont to recall in my own mind, my intimate talk with you and yours with me led us both to the conclusion that it was reasonable that, if not the cause as a whole, yet at least our judgment should be decided by the result of one battle. Nor does anyone ever sincerely criticise this opinion of ours, except those who think it better that the constitution should be utterly destroyed, rather than remain in a maimed and weakened state. I, on the contrary, saw of course no personal hope from its destruction, much from its surviving fragments. But a state of things has followed which makes it more surprising that

those events were possible, than that we did not foresee what was going to happen, and were unable with our merely human faculties to prophesy it. For my part, I confess that my view was that, when that battle had been fought, which seemed as it were to be the last word of fate, the conquerors would desire measures to be taken for the safety of the community at large, the conquered for their own. But both of these policies I regarded as depending on the promptness of the victor. If that promptness had been displayed, Africa would have experienced the same indulgence which Asia and Achaia too have witnessed,[1] you yourself, as I think, acting as agent and intercessor.[2] But the hours having been allowed to slip away—always most precious, and never more so than in civil wars—the year that intervened induced some to hope for victory, others to think lightly of the defeat itself. And the blame for all this mischief is on the shoulders of fortune. For who would have thought such a serious delay as that of the Alexandrian war was going to be added to the war already fought, or that a princeling like that Pharnaces of yours was going to cause a panic in Asia.

For ourselves, however, though our policy was the same, our fortune has been different. For you have adopted the *rôle* of taking an active part in his councils, and of thus keeping yourself in a position to foresee what was going to happen, which more than anything else relieves one's anxiety.[3] I, who was in a hurry to see Cæsar in Italy—for that is what I thought would happen—and, when he returned after sparing many of the most honourable men, to "spur the willing horse" (as the phrase goes) in the direction of peace, am now most widely separated from him, and have been so all along. Moreover, I am living in the

[1] That is, the members of the defeated party who had taken up their abode in Asia and Achaia, and the numerous adherents who had gathered in Africa.

[2] Cassius had joined Cæsar early with his fleet. See p. 31.

[3] Cassius does not appear to have been in Egypt with Cæsar, but to have remained at Rhodes or on the coast of Cilicia with his ships. When Cæsar crossed from Alexandria to Cilicia in this year, Cassius met him at the mouth of the Cydnus, and, according to a later assertion of Cicero's (2 *Phil.* § 26), contemplated turning against him and destroying him. This is not mentioned by anyone else.

hearing of the groans of Italy and the most heartrending complaints in Rome: to which we might perhaps have contributed some alleviation, I in my way, you in yours, and everyone in his own, if only the chief man had been there. Wherefore I would have you, in view of your unbroken affection for me, write and tell me what you know, what you feel, and what you think I am to expect or ought to do. A letter from you will be of great value in my eyes, and would that I had obeyed that first one, which you sent me from Luceria! For I should then have retained my position without any of this distress.[1]

[Between the date of the last letter to Terentia (1 September) and that of the next (1 October) Cæsar had landed at Tarentum, and, meeting Cicero, who was coming to greet him, alighted from his carriage, embraced him, had a long conversation with him on the road, and gave him free leave to live where he chose. Cicero seems to have at once started for his favourite round of visits to his villas, and then gone to Rome. This is the end, then, of the episode in his life connected with the Civil War. Henceforth, till Cæsar's assassination, he lives a comparatively retired and literary life, seldom appearing in the senate or as an advocate.]

CCCCXLVII (F XIV, 20)

TO TERENTIA (AT ROME)

VENUSIA, 1 OCTOBER

I THINK I shall arrive at my house at Tusculum either on the 7th or the day after. See that everything is ready there. For there will perhaps be several others with me, and we shall stay there a considerable time, I think. If there is

[1] We know nothing of this letter from Cassius. He seems to have advised Cicero not to leave Italy.

no basin in the bath, have one put in: and so with everything necessary for supporting life and health. Good-bye.[1]

1 October, from Venusia.

CCCCXLVIII (F XV, 21)

TO GAIUS TREBONIUS (IN SPAIN)

ROME (DECEMBER?)

I FOUND pleasure in reading your letter, and a very great one in reading your book: yet in the midst of that pleasure I experienced this sorrow, that, after having inflamed my desire of increasing the closeness of our intercourse—for as far as affection goes no addition was possible—you at once quit us, and inspire me with such deep regret, as to leave me but one consolation, namely, that our mutual regret for each other's absence may be softened by long and frequent letters.[2] This I can guarantee not only from myself to you, but also from you to me. For you left no doubt in my mind as to how much you were attached to me. I will pass over what you did in the sight of the whole state, when you took upon you a share of my quarrels, when you de-

[1] This, the last letter to Terentia, is as cold and abrupt as all those which he wrote from Brundisium. What must have been especially galling to her was being referred to Atticus for all information, while receiving such barren notelets herself. The divorce followed shortly.

[2] Gaius Trebonius had been all along a strong Cæsarian. In his tribuneship (Dec. B.C. 56-Dec. B.C. 55) he proposed the law for the extension of Cæsar's governorship. From B.C. 54 he was his *legatus* in Gaul. He helped to conduct the siege of Marseilles B.C. 49. He was *prætor urbanus* in the year B.C. 48, and maintained Cæsar's financial enactments against Cælius. Some time in B.C. 47 he was sent to southern Spain as proconsul in place of Cassius. He seems to have been an admirer of Cicero, in spite of politics, and to have made a collection of his *bons mots*. He did not succeed in Bætica, and though afterwards nominated by Cæsar to the province of Asia, he was one of his assassins. Of his own miserable death we shall hear later on. He had some tincture of letters, and wrote verses on the model of Lucilius.

fended me in your public speeches, when as quæstor you stood by the consuls in what was at once my cause and that of the constitution, when as quæstor again you refused to submit to the tribune,[1] and that though your colleague was for obeying him. Yet, to forget your recent services (which I shall always remember), what anxiety for me did you shew during the war, what joy at my return, what anxiety, what pain, when my anxieties and sorrows were reported to you! Lastly, the fact that you had meant to come to Brundisium to see me had you not been suddenly sent to Spain—to omit, I say, all this, which in my eyes must be as precious as my own life and safety, what a strong profession of affection does the book which you have sent me convey! First, because you think any utterance of mine to be witty, though others perhaps do not: and, secondly, because those *mots*, whether witty or the reverse, become extraordinarily attractive as you tell them. In fact, even before they come to me, your readers have all but exhausted their power of laughter. But if in making this compilation there was no more compliment than the inevitable fact of your having thought for so long a time exclusively about me, I should be hard-hearted indeed if I did not love you. Seeing, however, that what you have taken the trouble to write you could never have planned without a very strong affection, I cannot deem that anyone is dearer to himself than I am to you: to which affection would that I could respond in other ways! I will at least do so in affection on my part: with which, after all, I feel certain you will be fully satisfied.

Now I come to your letter, which, though written in full and gratifying terms, there is no reason why I should answer at great length. For, in the first place, I did not send that letter to Calvus,[2] any more than the one you are now reading, with an idea of its getting abroad. For I write in one

[1] As quæstor, B.C. 60, Trebonius had opposed the passing of the law allowing Clodius's adoption into a plebeian gens.

[2] Trebonius seems to have remonstrated on some laudatory expressions in a letter to Calvus, which he had seen. C. Licinius Calvus, son of the annalist Licinius Macer, was born B.C. 82. He was a poet and orator. In the latter capacity Cicero elsewhere (*Brut.* § 283) speaks of him as being learned and accurate, but too much enslaved to the model of the Attic style, which he had set himself to imitate. That is the "certain definite style" of which he here speaks.

style what I expect that the persons addressed only, in another what I expect that many, will read. In the next place, I praised his genius in higher terms than you think could have been done with sincerity. To begin with, it was because that was my real opinion. He had a subtle and active mind: he adhered to a certain definite style, in which, though his judgment was at fault—generally his strong point—he yet attained his aim. He had great and uncommon learning: force he had not. It was in that direction, therefore, that I tried to rouse his energies. Now, in stimulating and whetting a man's intellect nothing is more efficacious than to mingle praise with exhortation. That is my judgment on Calvus, and the motive of my letter: motive, in that I praised in order to stimulate him; judgment, in that I thought very highly of his ability.

It only remains to follow your journey with affectionate interest, to look forward to your return with hope, to cherish you while absent in memory, and to alleviate our regret by an interchange of letters. I should wish you often to recall your kindnesses and good services to me; for while you may, and I may not, forget them without positive crime, you will have reason, not only to think me an honest man, but also to believe that you are deeply loved by me.

CCCCXLIX (F XIII, 10)

Cicero, having returned to Rome in the autumn of the previous year, spends this one in comparative peace, and in something like his old manner of life. Any uneasiness he may still have felt as to his political position ceased after Cæsar's victory over the Pompeians at Thapsus in April. He, however, seems to have lived in retirement, and to have devoted himself to literary work, producing two oratorical treatises—*Partitiones Oratoriæ*, *Orator* ad M. Brutum. After Cæsar's return to Rome (26 July) he twice came out of his retirement: once to deliver a speech (*pro Marcello*) in the senate thanking Cæsar for recalling M. Claudius Marcellus, the consul of B.C. 51, and again to defend Q. Ligarius, accused of *vis*, for his conduct in Africa in B.C. 49. His discontent with the "tyranny" is only cautiously expressed in his letters, but his panegyric on *Cato* called out a reply from Cæsar himself. Some

B.C. 46. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar III., M. Æmilius Lepidus.
Dictator C. Iulius Cæsar III.
Magister Equitum, M. Æmilius Lepidus.

time in this year his dissatisfaction with Terentia culminated in a divorce, and he married a young and rich wife, Publilia. This year consisted of 444 days, 90 days being intercalated to correct the Kalendar, under Cæsar's directions. The letters, though often touching on politics generally, do not contain sufficiently clear indications of contemporary events to allow of their being exactly dated, and the order of their succession is not often clear.

TO M. IUNIUS BRUTUS (IN CISALPINE GAUL)

ROME (? JANUARY)

As Marcus Varro was starting to join you as your quæstor, I did not think that he stood in need of any recommendation: for I thought him sufficiently recommended to you by the custom of our ancestors, which ordained—as you are doubtless aware—that this connexion of a quæstor with his chief should be as nearly as possible that of sons to their father. But as he has convinced himself that a letter from me, carefully expressed in regard to him, would be likely to have great weight with you, and as he pressed me warmly to write as fully as possible, I preferred to do what an intimate friend thought to be of so much importance to himself.

I will shew you, then, that I am bound to act thus. From his first entrance into public life M. Terentius attached himself to me. Presently, when he had established his position, two additional reasons appeared to increase my warm feelings towards him: one was the fact that he was engaged in the same pursuit as myself, that which still forms my greatest delight, displaying, as you are aware, both genius and no lack of industry; the second was that he early embarked on the companies of *publicani*—unfortunately, as it turned out, for he suffered very heavy losses: still, the interests of an order to which I was very closely bound being thus shared by us both made our friendship all the stronger.

Once more, after an honourable and creditable career on both benches,[1] just before the recent revolution he became

[1] That is, I think, as accusing or defending men on their trial. The counsel for the prosecution and defence occupied different benches (see vol. ii., p. 219; *pro Flacc.* § 22; *in Verr.* 2, § 73). I do not think it can

a candidate for office, and looked upon that as the most honourable fruit of his toil.

Again, in the late crisis he went from my house at Brundisium with a message and letter for Cæsar: in which affair I had clear proof of his affection in undertaking the business, and of his good faith in carrying it through and bringing me back an answer. I had intended to speak separately as to his uprightness and high character, but it seems to me that in thus beginning with a statement of the reason for my loving him, I have in that statement already said enough about his uprightness. Nevertheless, I do promise as a separate thing, and pledge my word, that he will be at once delightful and useful to you. For you will find him a steady, sensible man, as far removed as possible from any self-seeking, and, moreover, a man of the most laborious and industrious character.

Now it is no business of mine to promise what you must form your own judgment upon, when you have become well acquainted with him: yet, after all, in forming new connexions the first approach is always of consequence, and by what kind of introduction the door of friendship, so to speak, is opened. This is what I wished to effect by the present letter: though the tie between a quæstor and his chief ought in itself to have effected it. Yet it will not, after all, be any the weaker by this addition. Be careful, therefore, if you value me as highly as Varro thinks, and I feel that you do, to let me know as soon as possible that my recommendation has done him as much service as he himself hoped, and I had no doubt, that it would.[1]

be explained as "advocate and juryman," for the use of *subsellia* for the seats of the jury is doubtful, and for the prætor (in a civil suit) it would be "tribunal."

[1] The person here recommended is M. Terentius Varro Gibba.

CCCCL (F XIII, 11)

TO M. IUNIUS BRUTUS (IN CISALPINE GAUL[1])

ROME (?)

I HAVE observed that you take great pains to allow nothing which concerns me to be unknown to you; I therefore feel no doubt that you know not only to what *municipium* I belong, but also how careful I am to defend the interests of my fellow townsmen of Arpinum. Now their entire income and resources, which enable them to keep their temples and other public buildings in repair, depend upon the rents which they own in the province of Gallia. To visit these estates, to collect the moneys owed by the tenants, and generally to investigate and provide for the management of the whole property, we are sending a commission of Roman knights, Quintus Fufidius, son of Quintus, Marcus Faucius, son of Marcus, Quintus Mamercius, son of Quintus.

I beg you with more than common earnestness, in the name of our friendship, that you would have an eye to this affair, and take pains that as far as you are concerned the business of the *municipium* may be transacted with as little difficulty, and finished as promptly, as possible; and that you would treat the persons themselves, whose names I have given, with all the honour and kindness which characterize you. By doing so you will have attached men of honour to your person, and have put a most grateful *municipium* under an obligation to you for your kind service. For myself, you will have done me a more than common favour, because, while it has been my invariable custom to protect my fellow townsmen's interests, this particular year has a special claim upon my attention and service to them. For this year I

[1] Marcus Brutus had not only been pardoned by Cæsar for his part in the Civil War, but made governor of Cisalpine Gaul, *i.e.*, North Italy, which was still treated as a province, though its inhabitants were full citizens, and continued to be so treated till the time of Augustus. An analogy in some respects would be the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

have, for the sake of settling the affairs of the *municipium*, consented that my son, and nephew, and M. Cæsius—a very intimate friend of mine—should be ædiles; for that and no other is the magistrate customarily elected in our *municipium*.[1] You will have contributed to the reputation of these last, if the public business of the *municipium* should, thanks to your kindness and attention, turn out to have been well managed. I beg you warmly and repeatedly to do this.

CCCCLI (F XIII, 12)

TO M. IUNIUS BRUTUS (IN CISALPINE GAUL)

ROME (?)

IN another letter I have commended our commissioners from Arpinum in a body as earnestly as I could. In this with still greater earnestness I commend Q. Fufidius to you separately—with whom I have ties of all kinds—not to detract at all from the former commendation, but to put in this one in addition. He has two special claims on me: he is a stepson of M. Cæsius, who is a very intimate friend and close connexion of mine; and he served under me in Cilicia as a military tribune, in which office he conducted himself in such a way as to make me feel that I had received a kindness from him, rather than conferred one. He is besides—which is of very great weight with you—by no means without taste for our favourite studies. Wherefore I would have you admit him to your society without the least reserve, and take pains to make his labour on this commission—which he has undertaken to his own inconvenience and at my instigation—as complete a success as possible. For he wishes, as the best men naturally do, to earn the utmost possible credit both

[1] Confirmed by an inscription, C. I. L. i. 1178. In this inscription the name of Fufidius occurs among the three ædiles, shewing that the Fufidii were a family of Arpinum. From one of them Quintus Cicero bought a property. See vol. i., p. 292.

from me, who urged him to undertake it, and from the *municipium*. This he will succeed in doing, if by this recommendation of mine he secures your good services.

CCCCLII (F XIII, 3)

TO M. IUNIUS BRUTUS (IN CISALPINE GAUL)

ROME (?)

L. CASTRONIUS PÆTUS, a long way the most important citizen of the *municipium* of Luca, is honourable, high-minded, very obliging, and, in short, a really good man, adorned with excellent qualities, and, if that is at all to the point, with ample means to boot. He is, moreover, very intimate with me; so much so, that there is no one in the senate to whom he is more attentive than myself. Anything you do to oblige him will be a source of pleasure to yourself, and at any rate will be gratefully received by me.

CCCCLIII (F XIII, 14)

TO M. IUNIUS BRUTUS (IN CISALPINE GAUL)

ROME (?)

I AM very intimate with L. Titius Strabo, one of the most honourable and accomplished of the Roman knights. Services of every sort which belong to the closest intimacy have been interchanged between myself and him. P. Cornelius in your province owes him a sum of money. That case has been referred by Volcatius, the *prætor urbanus*, for trial in Gaul. I beg you more earnestly than if it were business of mine—in proportion as it is more honourable to take trouble about one's friends' money than one's own—to

see to the matter being concluded. Take it in hand personally, settle it, and do your best—so far as it shall appear to you to be fair and right—that Strabo's freedman, who has been sent to represent him, may bring the matter to a conclusion on the most favourable terms possible and get at the money. You will thus be doing me a very great favour, and at the same time will yourself have reason to know that L. Titius is in the highest degree worthy of your friendship. That you may bestow attention upon this, as you usually do on everything which you know me to wish, I warmly and repeatedly entreat you.[1]

CCCCLIV (F IX, 1)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO[2]

ROME (?)

FROM a letter of yours, which Atticus read to me, I learnt what you were doing and where you were; but when we were likely to see you, I could gain no idea at all from the letter. However, I am beginning to hope that your arrival is not far off. I wish it could be any consolation to me! But the fact is, I am overwhelmed by so many and such grave anxieties, that no one but the most utter fool

[1] We have seen before how these private letters were sent to provincial governors on matters upon which they had to act judicially (see vol. ii., pp. 121, 122). They would be thought highly improper now. But we must remember that Cicero did not expect such formal letters to be very much attended to. See vol. i., pp. 208, 241.

There is no means of dating these letters of introduction to Brutus.

[2] Varro, the "most learned of the Romans," and author, it is said, of 490 books (two only of which remain even partially), had been one of Pompey's legates in Spain in B.C. 49, where he had to surrender his legions to Cæsar. He, however, joined Pompey in Epirus. Whilst Cæsar was at Alexandria, Antony seized Varro's villa at Casinum (2 *Phil.* § 103), but on his return Cæsar restored him to his property and civil position, and indeed employed his services in the collection of the public library. He was the oldest of the leading men of this period, yet survived them all. He was born B.C. 116, and died B.C. 28.

ought to expect any alleviation: yet, after all, perhaps you can give me some kind of help, or I you. For allow me to tell you that, since my arrival in the city, I have effected a reconciliation with my old friends, I mean my books: though the truth is that I had not abandoned their society because I had fallen out with them, but because I was half ashamed to look them in the face. For I thought, when I plunged into the maelstrom of civil strife, with allies whom I had the worst possible reason for trusting, that I had not shewn proper respect for their precepts. They pardon me: they recall me to our old intimacy, and you, they say, have been wiser than I for never having left it. Wherefore, since I find them reconciled, I seem bound to hope, if I once see you, that I shall pass through with ease both what is weighing me down now, and what is threatening. Therefore in your company, whether you choose it to be in your Tusculan or Cuman villa, or, which I should like least, at Rome, so long only as we are together, I will certainly contrive that both of us shall think it the most agreeable place possible.

CCCCLV (F XIII, 29)

TO L. MUNATIUS PLANCUS[1] (IN AFRICA)

ROME (?)

I HAVE no doubt of your knowing that, among the connexions bequeathed to you by your father, there was no one more closely united to you than myself, not only for the

[1] Plancus had been Cæsar's *legatus* in Gaul, and was with him in Africa. He lived through the period of the Civil Wars, surviving Antony—whom he betrayed—and settling down to enjoy the wealth that his extortions had gained him, as a courtier in the train of Augustus. Velleius Paterculus gives the blackest account of him (ii. 83) as an ingrained traitor (*morbo proditor*) and profligate. Horace, however, seems to have regarded him with some affection (*Od.* i. 7). We shall hereafter see something of his shifty policy following the murder of Cæsar.

reasons which give an appearance of close attachment, but also for those which are kept in operation by actual intimacy and association, which you know to have existed between me and your father in the highest degree and with the greatest mutual gratification. Starting from that origin my personal affection enhanced the ancestral friendship, and the more so that I perceived, as soon as your time of life admitted of your forming an independent judgment as to the value you should attach to this or that person, that I at once began to receive from you marks of respect, regard, and affection. To this was added the bond—in itself no slight one—of common studies, and of such studies and accomplishments as, in their very nature, serve to bind together men who have the same tastes in close ties of intimacy also.

I imagine you must be waiting to see to what this elaborate prelude is tending. To begin with, let me assure you that this *résumé* of facts has not been made by me without good and sufficient reason. I am exceedingly intimate with C. Ateius Capito. You know what the ups and downs of my fortunes have been. In every position of honour or of difficulty of mine, Capito's courage, active assistance, influence, and even money were ever at my service, supplied my occasions, and were ready for every crisis. He had a relation named Titus Antistius. While this man was serving in Macedonia as quæstor, according to the lot, and had had no successor appointed,[1] Pompey arrived in that province at the head of an army. Antistius could do nothing. For if he had had things his own way, there is nothing he would have preferred to going back to Capito, for whom he had a filial affection, especially as he knew how much he valued Cæsar and had always done so. But, being taken by surprise, he only engaged in the business so far as he was unable to refuse. When money was being coined at Apollonia, I cannot say that he presided at the mint, nor can I deny that he was engaged in it; but it was not for more than two or three months. After that he held aloof from the camp: he avoided official employment of

[1] That is, he was staying over his year because the allotment of provinces at the end of B.C. 50 had been vetoed.

every sort. I would have you believe me on this point as an eye-witness: for he used to see my melancholy during that campaign, he used to talk things over with me without reserve. Accordingly, he withdrew into hiding in central Macedonia at as great a distance as he could from the camp, so as to avoid not only taking command in any department, but even being on the spot. After the battle he retired to Bithynia to a friend's house named Aulus Plautius. When Cæsar saw him there he did not say a single rough or angry word to him; and bade him come to Rome. Immediately after that he had an illness from which he never recovered. He arrived at Corcyra ill, and there died. By a will which he had made at Rome in the consulship of Paulus and Marcellus,[1] Capito was made his heir to five-sixths of his estate: as regards the other sixth, the heirs were men whose share may be confiscated without a word of complaint from anyone. That amounts to thirty sestertia.[2] This is a matter for Cæsar to consider. But in the name of our ancestral friendship, in the name of our mutual affection, in the name of our common studies and the close identity in the whole current of our existence, I do ask and entreat you, my dear Plancus, with an anxiety and warmth beyond which I cannot go in any matter, to exert yourself, to put out your best energies, and to secure that by my recommendation, your own zeal, and Cæsar's indulgence, Capito may obtain possession of his kinsman's legacy. Everything that I could possibly have got from you in this your hour of highest favour and influence, I shall regard you as having voluntarily bestowed upon me, if I obtain this object. There is a circumstance, of which Cæsar has the best means of judging, which I hope will assist you—Capito always shewed respect and affection for Cæsar. But Cæsar can himself bear witness to this: I know the excellence of his memory: so I don't give you any instructions. Do not pledge yourself to Cæsar on Capito's behalf, any farther than you shall perceive that he remembers. For my part, I will submit to you what I have been able to put to the test in my own case: you must judge of its importance for yourself. You are not ignorant of the side and the

[1] B.C. 50. [2] About £240.

cause which I have supported in politics, by the aid of what individuals and orders I have maintained myself, and by whom I have been fortified. Believe me when I say this: if I have done anything in the late war itself which was not quite to Cæsar's taste—though I am well aware that Cæsar knows me to have done so quite against my will—I have done it by the advice, instigation, and influence of others. But in so far as I have been more moderate and reasonable than anyone else of that party, I have been so by the influence of Capito more than anyone else: and if my other connexions had been like him, I should perhaps have done the state some good, certainly I should have done a great deal to myself. If you accomplish this object, my dear Plancus, you will confirm my expectations as to your kind feeling towards myself, and you will by your eminent service have bound Capito himself to you as a friend—a man of the most grateful and obliging disposition, and of the most excellent character.

CCCCLVI (F V, 21)

TO L. MESCINIUS RUFUS[1]

ROME, APRIL

I WAS gratified by your letter which told me, what I thought to be the case even without any letter, that you were inspired with a very eager desire to see me. I gladly accept the compliment, but I do not yield to you in the strength of the wish: for may I have all my heart's desire, as I ardently long to be with you! Even at the time when I had a greater wealth of good citizens, agreeable men, and attached friends about me, there was yet no one whose society I enjoyed more than yours, and few whose I enjoyed as much. But at the present time, since some have died, others are away, and others changed in feeling, upon my

[1] Cicero's quæstor in Cilicia, of whom he elsewhere expresses no good opinion. See vol. ii., pp. 167, 178, 235.

honour, a single day devoted to you will bring a richer return of pleasure than all this time given to most of those with whom I am forced to live. For do not imagine that solitude—and even that, after all, I am not allowed to enjoy—is not pleasanter than the talk of those who crowd my house, with one or at most two exceptions.[1] Accordingly, I fly to that refuge, which I think you should also seek—my darling studies: and, in addition to them, the consciousness of the principles I have maintained. For I am a man, as you will have no difficulty in conceiving, who have never acted for my own interests in preference to those of my fellow citizens: a man of whom, if he whom you never loved —for you loved me—had not been jealous, he would now have been in prosperity, and so would all the loyalists. I am he whose wish was that no man's brute force should be preferred to peace with honour. And again, when I perceived that the very appeal to arms, which I had always dreaded, was to influence the result more than that union of all loyalists (of which I again was the author), I preferred accepting a peace on any terms whatever that were safe to a combat with the stronger. But all this and much else when we meet, as we soon shall. For after all there is nothing to keep me at Rome except the expectation of news from Africa: for the campaign there seems to me to have come to a point when the decisive stroke cannot be far off. Now whatever that news may be, I suppose it is of some importance to me that I should not be out of the way of consulting my friends: I don't, indeed, see clearly what the precise importance is, but nevertheless it must be of some. In fact, it has come to this, that though there is a wide difference between the merits of the two contending sides, I should imagine there will not be much difference between the way they will use their victory. But my courage, which has perhaps been somewhat weak while the result was undecided, now that all is lost, has greatly recovered its tone. You, too, did much to strengthen it by your previous letter, from which I learnt how bravely you were bearing your injurious treatment: and it was helpful to me to find that

[1] For Cicero's feelings as to his solitude in a crowd, see vol. i., pp. 49-50.

your lofty character, as well as your literary studies, had stood you in good stead. For I will be candid: I *used* to think you somewhat lacking in spirit, as indeed most of us were, who have lived the life of free men in a state that was itself wealthy and free. But as we were moderate in the old prosperity, so ought we to endure now with courage what is not a mere reverse of fortune, but a total loss of it: to the end that we may get this amount of good at least in the midst of the gravest ills, that, while even in prosperity we were bound to disregard death (seeing that it will bring with it an absence of all sensation [1]), at this time and with these distresses we ought not only to disregard, but even to wish for it. If you have any regard for me, continue to enjoy your leisure and convince yourself that, except misconduct and crime—of which you have been and always will be clear—nothing can happen to a man that can soil his honour or should rouse his fear. For my part, if it shall seem feasible, I will come to see you before long: if anything happens to make a change in my plans necessary, I will at once let you know. Don't allow your eagerness to see me induce you to move in your present weak state of health, without first asking me by letter what I want you to do. Pray go on loving me as before, and devote yourself to your health and peace of mind.

CCCCLVII (A XII, 2)

TO ATTICUS (IN THE COUNTRY)

ROME (APRIL)

WELL, all the same, there are reports here that Statius Murcus [2] has been lost at sea, that Asinius [3] reached land

[1] The other alternatives are discussed in the *de Senectute*.

[2] L. Statius Murcus had been Cæsar's *legatus* in B.C. 48, and seems still to be with him in Africa; he was prætor in B.C. 45 and proconsul of Syria in B.C. 44. He then joined the party of the assassins, but was put to death in B.C. 42 by the order or connivance of Sextus Pompeius.

[3] C. Asinius Pollio, the celebrated orator, poet, and historian

to fall into the hands of the soldiers, that fifty ships have been carried ashore at Utica by the contrary wind now prevailing, that Pompeius[1] is nowhere to be seen and has not been in the Balearic isles at all, as Paciæcus[2] asserts. But there is absolutely no confirmation of any single thing. I have told you what people have been saying in your absence. Meanwhile, there are games at Præneste. Hirtius[3] and all that set were there. Indeed, the games lasted eight days. What dinners! what gaiety! Meantime, perhaps the great question has been settled. What astonishing people! But —you say—Balbus is actually building;[4] for what does he care? But, if you ask my opinion, is not life all over with a man who makes only pleasure, and not right, his aim? You meanwhile slumber on. The time has come to solve the problem, if you mean to do anything. If you want to know what I think—I think "enjoy while you can."[5] But why run on? I shall see you soon, and indeed I hope you will come straight to me when you get back. For I will arrange a day for Tyrannio[6] at the same time, and anything else suitable.

(Horace, *Od.* ii. 1). He had been with Cæsar from the first. In B.C. 47, while Cæsar was at Alexandria, he was tribune, but was now again with him in Africa.

[1] Gnæus Pompeius, the elder son of Pompeius Magnus.

[2] L. Iunius (or according to some Vibius) Paciæcus appears to be in Bætica, as he was in the following year.

[3] Aulus Hirtius, destined to fall at Mutina in his consulship, B.C. 43, had been Cæsar's *legatus*, and was probably the author of the eighth book of the Gallic war. He was presently employed to write a pamphlet against Cato.

[4] As though it didn't matter which party won at Thapsus.

[5] *Fructum;* but the word is probably corrupt. The sentiment is repeated in a letter to Pætus (Letter CCCCLXXVIII, p. 104), when speaking of the danger of his property at Tusculum being confiscated—"I am not at all afraid, I enjoy it while I may"—*fruor dum licet.* Cp. also *Att.* 2, 4 (vol. i., p. 89), *fructum palæstræ Palatinæ.* We might, perhaps, read *fruendum*, or regard *fructum* as the first word of some proverbial sentence. Tyrrell and Purser propose *πέπραχθαι actum esse —c'est fini.*

[6] The learned freedman who arranged Cicero's library (vol. i., p. 224). He had written a book which Cicero wants to hear read with Atticus. See A XII, 9.

CCCCLVIII (F IX, 3)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (ABOUT THE 18TH OF APRIL)

THOUGH I have nothing to say to you, yet I could not let Caninius go to you without taking anything from me. What, then, shall I say for choice? What I think you wish, that I am coming to you very soon. Yet pray consider whether it is quite right for us to be in a place like that[1] when public affairs are in such a blaze. We shall be giving those persons an excuse for talking, who don't know that, wherever we are, we keep the same style and the same manner of life. But what does it matter? Anyhow, we shall give rise to gossip. We ought, forsooth, to take great pains, at a time when society at large is wallowing in every kind of immorality and abomination, to prevent our abstention from active life, whether indulged in alone or together, from being unfavourably remarked upon! For my part, I shall join you, and snap my fingers at the ignorance of these Philistines. For, however miserable the present state of affairs—and nothing can be more so—yet, after all, our studies seem in a way to produce a richer harvest now than of old, whether it is because we can now find relief in nothing else, or because the severity of the disease makes the need of medicine felt, and its virtue is now manifested, which we used not to feel while we were in good health. But why these words of wisdom to you now, who have them at hand home-grown—"an owl to Athens?"[2] Only, of course, to get you to write me an answer, and wait for my coming. Pray do so therefore.

[1] That is, Baiæ, a holiday resort full of amusement and gay company. Varro had apparently suggested going there.

[2] Our "coals to Newcastle." See vol. i., p. 290.

CCCCLIX (F IX, 2)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (APRIL, AFTER THE 20TH OF APRIL)

CANINIUS, our common friend, having called upon me very late in the evening, and having told me that he was starting to join you in the morning, I told him that I would have something for him to take, and begged him to call for it in the morning. I finished my letter in the night, but he never came: I supposed that he had forgotten. Nevertheless, I should have sent you the letter itself by my own letter-carriers, had I not heard from the same friend next day that you were starting from your Tusculan villa in the morning. But now look at this! All on a sudden a few days later, when I wasn't in the least expecting it, Caninius called on me in the morning, and said that he was starting to join you at once. Though that letter was now stale, especially considering the importance of the news that have since arrived,[1] yet I was unwilling that my night's work should be thrown away, and gave it as it was to Caninius: but I spoke to him as to a man of learning and one warmly attached to you, and I presume that he has conveyed my words to you.

However, I give you the same counsel that I give myself —to avoid men's eyes, if we find it difficult to avoid their tongues. For those who give themselves airs about the victory regard us in the light of defeated enemies: while those who are vexed at our friends' defeat regret that we remain alive. You will ask perhaps why, this being the state of things in the city, I have not left town like yourself? You, I presume, you, who surpass both me and others in the clearness of your perceptions, divined it all! Nothing of course escaped you! Why, who is so much of a Lynceus

[1] The battle of Thapsus was fought on the 6th of April, according to the unrevised calendar. The news reached Rome on the evening of the 20th (Dio, 43, 42).

as, in such pitchy darkness, never to stumble on anything, never to blunder against anything anywhere? For my part, it long ago occurred to my mind how pleasant a thing it would be to go out of town somewhere, so as to avoid seeing and hearing what is being done and said here. But I had certain misgivings: my idea was that everyone who met me on the road would, as it suited his particular point of view, suspect, or, even if he did not suspect it, would say: "This fellow is either frightened, and therefore is running away, or he is meditating some move and has a ship ready prepared." In fact, even the man whose suspicion was the least malicious, and who perhaps knew me best, would have thought my motive for going was that my eyes could not endure the sight of certain persons. From some such misgivings as these I am as yet staying on at Rome, and after all, long habit has insensibly covered over the wound and deadened my indignation.

That is the explanation of my policy. For yourself, then, what I think you should do is this: remain in retirement where you are until such time as this exultation is past boiling point, and at the same time till we hear particulars of the decisive struggle: for decisive I think it was. But it will make all the difference what the feeling of the conqueror is, and how the campaign has ended. Though I am able to make a shrewd guess, still I wait, after all, for information. Nor, indeed, would I have you starting for Baiæ until rumour has shouted itself hoarse. For it will be more to our credit, even when we do quit the city, to be thought to have come to that neighbourhood rather to weep than to swim. But you know all this better than I. Only let us abide by our resolve to live together in pursuit of those studies of ours, from which we formerly sought only pleasure, but now seek also the preservation of our lives. And if anyone wishes for our services—not merely as architects, but also as workmen to build up the constitution—let us not refuse to assist, but rather hasten with enthusiasm to the task. And if, on the other hand, no one will employ us, let us compose and read "Republics." And if we cannot do so in the senate-house and forum, yet at least (after the example of the most learned of the ancients) on paper and in books let us govern the state, and investigate its customs

and laws. These are my views. You will very much oblige me if you will write and tell me what you mean to do and what your opinion is.

CCCCLX (F IX, 7)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (MAY)

I WAS dining with Seius when a letter was delivered to each of us from you. Yes, I really think it is high time. For as to the personal motive in what I said before, I will own the cunning of my heart—I wanted you to be somewhere near in case of anything good turning up: "two heads,"[1] you know. At present, seeing that it is all over and done, we should not hesitate to go over, horse, foot, and artillery! For when I heard about L. Cæsar the younger, I said to myself:

"What will he do for me, his sire?"[2]

Accordingly, I do not cease dining out with the members of the party now in power. What else should I do? One must go with the times. But a truce to jesting, especially as we have nothing to laugh at:

"With fearsome tumult shakes wild Afric's shore."[3]

Accordingly, there is nothing "undesirable"[4] which I do not

[1] For this quotation from *Iliad*, x. 224, see vol. ii., p. 322. *σύν τε δύ' ἐρχομένω καί τε πρὸ ὅ τοῦ ἐνόησεν*, "when two go together one hits one thing first and the other another." "Two heads are better than one." Cicero expects the learned Varro, as he did Atticus, to fill up the quotation.

[2] Terence, *Andr.* 112. The old father, seeing his son weep at a funeral of a comparative stranger, says, "I liked that: I thought to myself, what will he do for me, his father?" So, Cicero means, "If Cæsar pardoned his bitter enemy, young Lucius Cæsar, what must he do to me, his old friend?" L. Cæsar is the man who brought the messages to and from Pompey (vol. ii., pp. 249, 250, 255).

[3] A fragment of Ennius.

[4] *ἀποπροηγμένον*, a technical word of the Stoics. Nothing is good

fear. But, in answer to your question as to when, by what road, and whither[1]—I as yet know nothing. You suggest Baiæ—but some doubt whether he will not come by way of Sardinia.[2] For that particular one of his estates he has not inspected as yet. It is the worst of them all,[3] nevertheless he does not despise it. For my part, I am on the whole more inclined to think that he will come through Sicily to Velia: but we shall know directly; for Dolabella is on his way home: he, I suppose, will be our instructor:

"Scholars are often wiser than their teachers."[4]

But nevertheless, if I can ascertain what you have settled, I will accommodate my policy to yours before anyone else's. Wherefore I am anxious for a letter from you.

CCCCLXI (F IX, 5)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (LATE IN MAY)

YES, I think the 5th of next month will be in very good time, both in consideration of the state of public affairs and of the season of the year.[5] Wherefore I approve of that day: and will myself accordingly aim at the same. I should

or bad but virtue and vice; but among other things which are strictly neither good nor bad some are to be preferred (*προηγμένα*), some not (*ἀποπροηγμένα*). Cicero uses the word jestingly for what *he* considers very bad.

[1] *I.e.*, to meet Cæsar.

[2] Cæsar did come by Sardinia, and therefore sailed straight to Ostia, not to Puteoli (Dio, 43, 14).

[3] Because of its unhealthiness. Vol. i., p. 217.

[4] *πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων*, a line of which the author is unknown. He refers to his instructing Dolabella in oratory.

[5] For starting to meet Cæsar. We must remember that, in spite of an intercalary month inserted after the 23rd of February, the calendar this year was two months in advance, and was not rectified till the autumn. Therefore the 5th of June is really about the 5th of April, and that was full early for Cæsar to embark on a voyage from Africa.

not have thought that we ought to repent of our policy, even if those who did not adopt it were not now repentant. For our guiding star was not advantage, but duty: and what we abandoned was not duty, but a hopeless task. So we shewed greater sensitiveness to honour than those who never stirred from home, and greater reasonableness than those who did not return home when all was lost. But nothing irritates me so much as the severe criticism of the do-nothings, and I am more inclined to feel scrupulous about those who fell in the war, than to trouble myself about those who are angry with us for being alive. If I find a spare moment for coming to Tusculum before the 5th, I will see you there: if not, I will follow you to your Cuman villa, and give you notice beforehand, that the bath may be got ready.

CCCCLXII (F VII, 3)

TO M. MARIUS (AT POMPEII)

ROME (LATE IN MAY)

VERY often, as I reflect upon the miseries in which we have all alike been living these many years past, and, as far as I can see, are likely to be living, I am wont to recall that time when we last met: nay, I remember the exact day. Having arrived at my Pompeian villa on the evening of the 12th of May, in the consulship of Lentulus and Marcellus,[1] you came to see me in a state of anxiety. What was making you uneasy was your reflexion both on my duty and my danger. If I remained in Italy, you feared my being wanting to my duty: if I set out to the camp, you were agitated by the thought of my danger. At that time you certainly found me so unnerved as to be unable to unravel the tangle and see what was best to be done. Nevertheless, I preferred to be ruled by honour and reputation, rather than to consider the safety of my life. Of this decision I afterwards repented,

[1] B.C. 49. This apology for his conduct is somewhat like that addressed to Lentulus, vol. i., p. 310.

not so much on account of the danger I incurred, as because of the many fatal weaknesses which I found on arrival at my destination. In the first place, troops neither numerous nor on a proper war footing; in the second place, beyond the general and a few others—I am speaking of the men of rank—the rest, to begin with, greedy for plunder in conducting the war itself, and moreover so bloodthirsty in their talk, that I shuddered at the idea of victory itself: and, lastly, immense indebtedness on the part of the men of the highest position. In short, there was nothing good except the cause.

Despairing of victory when I saw these things, I first began advising a peace, which had always been my policy; next, finding Pompey vehemently opposed to that idea, I proceeded to advise him to protract the war. Of this he at times expressed approval, and seemed likely to adopt the suggestion; and he perhaps would have done so, had it not been that as a result of a certain engagement[1] he began to feel confidence in his soldiers. From that day forth that eminent man ceased to be anything of a general. He accepted battle against the most highly seasoned legions with an army of raw recruits and hastily collected men. Having been shamefully beaten, with the loss also of his camp, he fled alone.

This I regarded as the end of the war, as far as I was concerned, nor did I imagine that, having been found unequal to the struggle while still unbeaten, we should have the upper hand after a crushing defeat. I abandoned a war in which the alternatives were to fall on the field of battle, or to fall into some ambush, or to come into the conqueror's hands, or to take refuge with Iuba, or to select some place of residence as practically an exile, or to die by one's own hand. At least there was no other alternative, if you had neither the will nor the courage to trust yourself to the victor. Now, of all these alternatives I have mentioned, none is more endurable than exile, especially to a man with clean hands, when no dishonour attaches to it: and I may also add, when you lose a city, in which there is nothing that you can look at without pain. For my part, I preferred to remain with my own family—if a man may nowadays call anything

[1] When Pompey pierced Cæsar's lines and defeated him. See pp. 6-7.

s own—and also on my own property. What actually appened I foretold in every particular. I came home, not ecause that offered the best condition of life, but that after ll, if some form of a constitution remained, I might be there as though in my own country, and if not, as though in exile. For inflicting death on myself there seemed no adequate reason: many reasons why I should wish for it. For it is an old saying, "When you cease to be what once you were, there is no reason why you should wish to live." But after all it is a great consolation to be free of blame, especially as I have two things upon which to rely for support—acquaintance with the noblest kind of learning and the glory of the most brilliant achievements: of which the former will never be torn from me while I live, the latter not even after my death.

I have written these things to you somewhat fully, and have bored you with them, because I knew you to be most devoted both to myself and to the Republic. I wished you to be acquainted with my entire views, that in the first place you might know that it was never a wish of mine that any one individual should have more power than the Republic as a whole; but that, when by some one's fault a particular person did become so powerful as to make resistance to him impossible, I was for peace: that when the army was lost, as well as the leader in whom alone our hopes had been fixed, I wished to put an end to the war for the rest of the party also: and, when that proved impossible, that I did so for myself. But that now, if our state exists, I am a citizen of it; if it does not, that I am an exile in a place quite as suited for the position, as if I had betaken myself to Rhodes or Mytilene.

I should have preferred to discuss this with you personally, but as the possibility of that was somewhat remote, I determined to make the same statement by letter, that you might have something to say, if you ever fell in with any of my critics. For there are men who, though my death would have been utterly useless to the state, regard it as a crime that I am still alive, and who I am certain think that those who perished were not numerous enough. Though, if these persons had listened to me, they would now, however unfair the terms of peace, have been living in honour; for while inferior in arms they would have been superior in the merits of their

cause. Here's a letter somewhat more wordy than perhaps you would have wished; and that I shall hold to be your opinion, unless you send me a still longer one in reply. If I can get through with some business which I wish to settle, I shall, I hope, see you before long.

CCCCLXIII (F VI, 22)

TO CN. DOMITIUS AHENOBARBUS (IN ITALY)

ROME (MAY[1])

IT was not the fact of your never having written to me since your arrival in Italy that deterred me from writing to you. The reason was that I could not think of any promise to make you in my present state of complete destitution, or of any advice to give you, being quite at a loss myself as to what policy to pursue, or of any consolation to offer in the midst of such grave disasters. Although things here are in no way improved, and, in fact, are continually becoming more and more desperate, yet I preferred sending you a colourless letter to not sending you one at all. For myself, if I had perceived that you had undertaken a task in the cause of the Republic greater than you were able to make good, I should yet to the best of my ability have counselled you to accept life on such terms as were offered you and were actually available. But since you have decided that to your policy, righteously and courageously adopted, there should be the same limit as fortune herself had laid down as the finishing point of our struggles, I beg and implore you, in the name of our old union and friendship, and in

[1] There is no certain means of dating this letter; but as the death of Cato is perhaps referred to, it must be not earlier than May. The expression as to the *finis* of the duty of those engaged in the Civil War seems to put it near in time to the preceding letter to Marius, as Cicero so often uses the same phrase in letters written nearly at the same time. The general point of view (which so often shifts with Cicero) is about the same.

the name of my extreme affection for you and your no less strong one for me, to preserve yourself alive for us, for your mother, your wife, and all near and dear to you, to whom you have ever been the object of the deepest affection. Consult for the safety of yourself and of those who hang upon you. The lessons gathered from the wisest of philosophers, and grasped and remembered by you from your youth up with such brilliant success—all these put in practice at this crisis. Sorrow for those you have lost[1]—so closely connected with you by the warmest affection and the most constant kindness—bear, if not without pain, yet at least with courage. What I can do I know not, or rather I feel how helpless I am; but this, nevertheless, I do promise: whatever I shall conceive to conduce to your safety and honour, I will do with the same zeal, as you have ever shewn and practically employed in what concerned my fortunes. I have conveyed this expression of my warm feelings for you to your mother,[2] the noblest of women and the most devoted of mothers. Whatever you write to me I will do, as far as I shall understand your wishes. But even if you fail to write, I shall yet with the utmost zeal and care do what I shall think to be for your interest. Good-bye.

CCCCLXIV (F IX, 4)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO (? AT CUMÆ)

TUSCULUM (JUNE)

ABOUT things "possible," let me tell you my opinion agrees with Diodorus. Wherefore, if you are to come, be assured that your coming is "necessary," but if you are not, then it is "impossible" that you should come. Now see which

[1] His father, L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, killed in the cavalry pursuit after Pharsalia (2 *Phil.* §§ 27, 71; Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 99), and his uncle Cato, who had committed suicide at Utica, rather than fall into Cæsar's hands after Thapsus.

[2] Porcia, sister of Cato.

opinion pleases you the more, that of Chrysippus or the one which our teacher Diodotus could not stomach. But on these points also we will talk when we are at leisure: that too is "possible," according to Chrysippus.[1] I am much obliged to you about Coctius: for that is just what I had commissioned Atticus to do. Yes, if you don't come to me, I shall take a run to you. If you have a garden in your library,[2] everything will be complete.

CCCCLXV (A XII, 5, § 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 12 JUNE

I HAVE sent Tiro to meet Dolabella. He will be returning to me on the 13th. I shall expect you the next day. I see that you regard my dear Tullia's interests as of the first importance. I beg you earnestly to let it be so. So then she is still completely uncommitted; for so you say in your letter. Though I had to avoid the Kalends,[3] and shun the "originals"[4] of the Nicasiones, and had to balance my accounts, yet there was nothing to make up for my absence from you. When I was at Rome and thought every moment that I was going to catch a sight of you, even so every day

[1] Cicero playfully alludes to the necessitudinarian doctrines of Diodorus of Caria (the Megaric philosopher, ob. B.C. 307) and Chrysippus of Soli, the Stoic (born B.C. 280). Diodorus maintained that "only what is or what will be is possible." Chrysippus, on the other hand, defined "the possible" as what is "capable of being true if circumstances do not prevent." Diodotus was a Stoic who lived many years in Cicero's house, and died there B.C. 59. See vol. i., p. 115.

[2] Probably means (though it is a strange way of expressing it) a garden to sit and converse in, like philosophers in the Academy: the library being like Cicero's Tusculan gymnasium, round a court containing shrubs, etc. There is a similar reference to Cicero's villa at Cumæ, vol. i., p. 253 (*Q. Fr.* ii. 8).

[3] The first day of the month on which interest was due.

[4] ἀρχέτυπα used playfully for ledgers. The Nicasiones are money-lenders.

the hours of waiting seemed long. You know I am by no means a flatterer, and so I considerably understate my feelings.

CCCCLXVI (A XII, 3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 13 JUNE

I REGARD you as the one man who is less of a flatterer than myself, and if we both are sometimes such towards some one else, we are never so to each other. So listen to what I say in all plainness and sincerity. May I perish, my dear Atticus, if, I don't say my Tusculan villa—where in other respects I am very happy—but even "the islands of the blest" are in my eyes worth an absence of so many days from you. Wherefore let us harden ourselves to endure these three days—assuming you to be in the same state of feeling as myself, which is surely the case. But I should like to know whether you are coming to-day immediately after the auction, or on what day. Meanwhile I am busy with my books, and am much inconvenienced by not having Vennonius's history.[1]

However, not to omit business altogether, that debt which Cæsar assigned to me admits of being recovered in three ways: first, purchase at the auction—but I would rather lose it, although, let alone the disgrace, that is as good as losing it. Secondly, a bond payable a year hence from the purchaser—but who is there I can trust, and when will that "year of Meton" come? Thirdly, accepting half down on the proposal of Vettienus.[2] Look into the matter therefore.

[1] A writer on early Roman history, see *de Leg.* 1, 2.

[2] Apparently the property of some Pompeian who owed Cicero money was confiscated. From such confiscated properties as a rule debts and dowries were paid, the exchequer or the *sector* taking the balance. Cæsar had admitted Cicero's debt, which he says he may deal with in three ways. (1) He may purchase the estate at the auction, deducting the amount of his claim, and then sell it for what it would fetch, but probably there were other debts on it and he would get no balance; besides, to act as a *sector* (making money by one's friends' misfortunes)

And indeed I am afraid Cæsar may now not have the auction at all, but when the games are over[1] will hurry off to the aid of (Q. Pedius),[2] lest such a great man should be treated with neglect. But I will see to it. Pray take good care of Attica, and give her and Pilia, as well as Tullia, the kindest messages from me.

CCCCLXVII (A XII, 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 14 JUNE

WHAT a welcome and delightful letter! Need I say more? It is a red-letter day with me after all. For I was made anxious by Tiro's telling me that you seemed to him somewhat flushed. I will therefore add one day to my stay here, in accordance with your wish. But that about Cato is a problem requiring an Archimedes. I cannot succeed in writing what your guests[3] can possibly read, I don't say with

was undignified (2 *Phil.* §§ 64-65). (2) He might transfer the whole business to another purchaser at the auction (*manceps*), who would undertake to pay him in a year's time. But he did not know whom to trust. (3) He might accept an offer of Vettienus, the banker, to pay him half down, Vettienus taking the risk of recouping himself by dealing in some way with the estate. The "year of Meton" was a proverb for indefinite postponement, "Meton's year" meaning the solar cycle of nineteen years, which he discovered (about B.C. 430-400 at Athens).

[1] Apparently the great games given by Cæsar at the dedication of the temple of Venus soon after his return from Africa (Dio, 43, 22-23).

[2] The MSS. have *clypo*, for which Boot—as does Mueller—reads *ἀνύπῳ* and explains it to refer to Balbus "the stammerer." But there seems no reason to suppose that Cæsar should bestir himself just now about Balbus. It seems to me that the reference needed is to the coming campaign in Spain. Cicero is afraid Cæsar will be in a hurry to leave Rome and not stay to see to the sales of confiscated properties. Now Q. Pedius—Cæsar's nephew—was one of the commanders sent with the army in advance to Spain, from which urgent messages were coming (*B. Hisp.* 1-2). I therefore suggest *Q. Pedio* for *clypo*.

[3] The Cæsarians, with whom Atticus was intimate, such as Hirtius, Balbus, Oppius, and the like. Cicero refers to the suggestion that he should write a panegyric on Cato.

pleasure, but even without irritation. Nay, even if I keep clear of his senatorial speeches, and of every wish and purpose which he entertained in politics, and chose in merely general terms to eulogise his firmness and consistency, even this in itself would be no pleasant hearing for your friends. But that great man cannot be praised as he really deserves unless the following topics are dilated upon: his having seen that the present state of things was to occur, his having exerted himself to prevent them, and his having quitted life to avoid seeing what has actually happened. What point is there in these on which I could possibly secure the approval of Aledius?[1] But, I beseech you, be careful about your health and bring the prudence, which you apply to all matters, to bear before everything else on getting well.

CCCCLXVIII (F IX, 6)

TO M. TERENTIUS VARRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (JUNE)

OUR friend Caninius has brought a message from you bidding me write and tell you whatever I thought you ought to know. Well then, Cæsar's arrival of course is occupying men's minds, and of that you are yourself not unaware. However, he having written, I presume, to say that he intended to come to his villa at Alsium,[2] his friends wrote to him not to do so: that many people would annoy him, and he himself annoy many: they thought it would be more convenient for him to land at Ostia. I do not myself understand what difference it makes; but yet Hirtius told me that both he and Balbus and Oppius had written to him to do so—men, as I have reason to know, who are attached to you. I wanted you to learn this, that you might know

[1] Some friend of Cæsar and Atticus, several times mentioned, but unknown to us.

[2] On the coast of Etruria, about eighteen miles north of the mouth of the Tiber. Cæsar had a villa there, but so had many Roman nobles, and I suppose that he would be among enemies.

where to prepare yourself a lodging, or rather that you might do so in both places:[1] for what he is going to do is uncertain. At the same time I have shewn you that I am intimate with these men and admitted to their counsels. And I don't see any reason for avoiding that. It is one thing to bear what one must bear, another to approve what one ought not to approve. Though for my part I do not know why I should not approve, with the exception of the first steps in the movement: for they were within the control of men's wills. I saw of course (you were abroad) that our friends desired war, whereas Cæsar did not so much desire it as not fear it (wherefore the first steps were deliberate, the rest merely consequential), and that it must needs be that either this party or that should win. I know that you always lamented with me, when we saw, first, that frightful alternative—the destruction of one or the other army and leader; and, secondly, that the most dreadful evil of all was victory in a civil war, which indeed I dreaded even if it declared on the side of those whom I had joined. For the veriest do-nothings[2] were uttering bloodthirsty threats, and they were offended both by your feelings and my words. At this moment, indeed, if our men had prevailed, they would have been exceedingly violent; for there were some who were very angry with us, as though forsooth we had adopted any resolution as to our own preservation which we had not decided to be good for them also; or as though it were more for the advantage of the state that they should fly to the protection of the beasts,[3] than either die out of hand, or continue to live, if not with the best prospect, yet at least with some. But, it may be said, we are living in a distracted republic. Who denies it? But this is their look-out, who secured no resources for the various phases of life.

Well, it was to arrive at this point that my preface has extended to a greater length than I intended. For as I have ever regarded you as a great man, because in the face of these storms you are nearly the only one safely in port, and are reaping the best fruits of philosophy—namely, to

[1] At Alsium and Ostia, that he might be ready to meet Cæsar in either.

[2] Reading *otiosissimi minabantur.*

[3] The elephants of King Juba.

fix your mind upon and handle themes, the study and delight of which are to be preferred to all their employments and pleasures: so I consider these days you are spending at Tusculum to be a specimen of true life, and I would with pleasure resign all the wealth in the world to anybody on condition of being allowed, without the interruption of violence, to live a life like yours. And this, indeed, I imitate to the best of my ability, and with the utmost delight find repose in the studies which we both pursue. For who will grudge us this privilege, that, when our country either cannot or will not employ our services, we should return to that way of life, which many learned men have, perhaps wrongly, but still *have* thought was to be preferred even to public business? These studies, in the opinion of some eminent men, involve a kind of furlough from public duties: why then, when the state allows it, should we not enjoy them to the full?

But I have more than fulfilled Caninius's demand; for he quite legitimately[1] asked me for anything I knew which you didn't: but I am telling you what you know better than I myself who tell it. I will accordingly do what I was asked, that is, prevent your being ignorant of anything that is in your way connected with this crisis which I may hear.[2]

CCCCLXIX (A XII, 5, §§ 1, 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (JULY)

"QUINTUS the elder for the fourth time"[3] (or rather for the thousandth time)—is a fool, for being rejoiced at his

[1] *Iure*, the MS. reading. I am not satisfied that it is rightly rejected, as it is by all editors; *ut scriberem* is easily understood after *rogarat*. He elsewhere (vol. i., p. 354) says that the proper purpose of a letter is to inform the recipient of what he does not but ought to know, and the writer does. So in asking that, Caninius asked *iure*, in accordance with the law of letter writing.

[2] The reading is doubtful.

[3] The beginning of a line of Ennius, *Quintu' pater quartum consul.*

son's appointment as a Lupercus,[1] and at Statius[2]—that he may see his family overwhelmed with a double dishonour! I may add a third in the person of Philotimus. What unparalleled folly, unless indeed mine can beat it! But what impudence to ask a subscription from you for such a purpose![3] Granted that he did not come to a "fount athirst," but a "Peirene" and a "holy well-spring of Alphæus"[4]—to drain you as though you were a fountain, as you say, and that, too, at a time when you are so seriously embarrassed![5] Where will such conduct end? But that's his affair. I am much pleased with my *Cato*:[6] but so is Lucilius Bassus with his compositions.

The phrase *nihil sapere* is a common euphemism; it means "to be a fool" (2 *Phil.* § 8).

[1] The *Lupercalia* had apparently more or less fallen into desuetude, and Cæsar had restored them and endowed the Luperci with funds, of which the senate deprived them after his death (13 *Phil.* § 31). Augustus revived the festival again (Suet. *Aug.* 31; *Monum. Ancyr.* 4), and it continued till nearly the end of the fifth century A.D. But it seems to have been thought undignified in Republican times. Cicero's objection to his nephew being a Lupercus, however, was probably as much on the ground of its being a Cæsarian restoration as anything else.

[2] What had happened about Quintus's favourite freedman and secretary Statius, or about Philotimus, Terentia's freedman of doubtful honesty, we do not know.

[3] Apparently for his nephew's expenses as Lupercus.

[4] Words of Pindar (*N.* i. 1) describing the place at Syracuse, where the river Alpheus, after flowing beneath the sea, rose to the surface and was called Arethusa.

[5] There is, I think, some irony intended. Atticus was always rich, and Cicero more than once hints that he was a little over "careful" of his money (vol. i., p. 234; vol. ii., p. 139).

[6] His panegyric on Cato (lost), which was answered by Cæsar's *Anticato*.

CCCCLXX (F IX, 16)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS[1] (AT NAPLES)

TUSCULUM (JULY)

I WAS charmed with your letter, in which, first of all, what I loved was the tenderness which prompted you to write, in alarm lest Silius should by his news have caused me any anxiety. About this news, not only had you written to me before—in fact twice, one letter being a duplicate of the other—shewing me clearly that you were upset, but I also had answered you in full detail, in order that I might, as far as such a business and such a crisis admitted, free you from your anxiety, or at any rate alleviate it. But since you shew in your last also how anxious you are about that matter—make up your mind to this, my dear Pætus: that whatever could possibly be accomplished by art—for it is not enough nowadays to contend with mere prudence, a sort of system must be elaborated—however, whatever could be done or effected towards winning and securing the good-will of those men I have done, and not, I think, in vain. For I receive such attentions, such politenesses from all Cæsar's favourites as make me believe myself beloved by them. For, though genuine love is not easily distinguished from feigned, unless some crisis occurs of a kind to test faithful affection by its danger, as gold in the fire, there are other indications of a general nature. But I only employ one proof to convince me that I am loved from the heart and in sincerity—namely, that my fortune and theirs is of such a kind as to preclude any motive on their part for pretending. In regard, again, to the man who now possesses all power, I see no reason for my being alarmed: except the fact that, once depart from law, everything is uncertain; and that nothing can be guaranteed as to the future which

[1] Pætus, to whom twelve letters are addressed, is an unknown man, though evidently very intimate with Cicero, to whom we have heard of his presenting a collection of books (vol. i., pp. 60, 66).

depends on another man's will, not to say caprice. Be that as it may, personally his feelings have in no respect been wounded by me. For in that particular point I have exhibited the greatest self-control. For, as in old times I used to reckon that to speak without reserve was a privilege of mine, since to my exertions the existence of liberty in the state was owing, so, now that that is lost, I think it is my duty to say nothing calculated to offend either his wishes or those of his favourites. But if I want to avoid the credit of certain keen or witty epigrams, I must entirely abjure a reputation for genius, which I would not refuse to do, if I could. But after all Cæsar himself has a very keen critical faculty, and, just as your cousin Servius[1]—whom I consider to have been a most accomplished man of letters—had no difficulty in saying: "This verse is not Plautus's, this is—" because he had acquired a sensitive ear by dint of classifying the various styles of poets and habitual reading, so I am told that Cæsar, having now completed his volumes of *bons mots*,[2] if anything is brought to him as mine, which is not so, habitually rejects it. This he now does all the more, because his intimates are in my company almost every day. Now in the course of our discursive talk many remarks are let fall, which perhaps at the time of my making them seem to them wanting neither in literary flavour nor in piquancy. These are conveyed to him along with the other news of the day:[3] for so he himself directed. Thus it comes about that if he is told of anything besides[4] about me, he considers that he ought not to listen to it. Wherefore I have no need of your *Œnomaus*,[5] though your quotation of

[1] Servius Claudius, whose books Pætus had given to Cicero. He was probably cousin, not brother, of Pætus.

[2] His *Dicta Collectanea*, which Augustus would not allow to be published (Suet. *Iul.* 56).

[3] For the *acta diurna*, see vol. i., p. 146; vol. ii., pp. 187, 404. But besides this Cæsar seems to have had a private report made to him each day of what was happening, just as Augustus did, whether of public or domestic occurrences (Suet. *Aug.* 32 and 78). It was Cæsar who first ordered the *acta* of the senate to be published (Suet. *Iul.* 20).

[4] That is, anything unfavourable. "Cæsar considers that he knows the worst that I say from his own reporters, and will listen to nothing more."

[5] A play of Accius, from which Pætus had, it seems, quoted some lines recommending him to avoid exciting envy.

Accius's verses was very much on the spot. But what is this jealousy, or what have I now of which anyone can be jealous? But suppose the worst. I find that the philosophers, who alone in my view grasp the true nature of virtue, hold that the wise man does not pledge himself against anything except doing wrong; and of this I consider myself clear in two ways, first in that my views were most absolutely correct; and second because, when I found that we had not sufficient material force to maintain them, I was against a trial of strength with the stronger party. Therefore, so far as the duty of a good citizen is concerned, I am certainly not open to reproach. What remains is that I should not say or do anything foolish or rash against the men in power: that too, I think, is the part of the wise man. As to the rest—what this or that man may say that I said, or the light in which he views it, or the amount of good faith with which those who continually seek me out and pay me attention may be acting—for these things I cannot be responsible. The result is that I console myself with the consciousness of my uprightness in the past and my moderation in the present, and apply that simile of Accius's not to jealousy, but to fortune, which I hold—as being inconstant and frail—ought to be beaten back by a strong and manly soul, as a wave is by a rock. For, considering that Greek history is full of examples of how the wisest men endured tyrannies either at Athens or Syracuse, when, though their countries were enslaved, they themselves in a certain sense remained free—am I to believe that I cannot so maintain my position as not to hurt anyone's feelings and yet not blast my own character?

I now come to your jests, since as an afterpiece to Accius's *Œnomaus*, you have brought on the stage, not, as was his wont, an Atellan play,[1] but, according to the present fashion, a mime. What 's all this about a pilot-fish, a *denarius*,[2] and a dish of salt fish and cheese? In my old

[1] The *fabulæ Atellanæ* got their name from Atella in Campania. They were coarser Oscan plays (vol. i., p. 259), presented after those taken from Greek tragedies, on the analogy of the satyric dramas at Athens. *Mimes* were solo plays or recitatives by single actors with appropriate gestures. They were becoming fashionable, and we hear of an *eques* who acted his own *mime* (Suet. *Iul.* 39; *Aug.* 45, 99).

[2] A dinner at a *denarius* (10*d.*) a head.

easy-going days I put up with that sort of thing: but times are changed. Hirtius and Dolabella are my pupils in rhetoric, but my masters in the art of dining. For I think you must have heard, if you really get all news, that their practice is to declaim at my house, and mine to dine at theirs. Now it is no use your making an affidavit of insolvency to me: for when you had some property, petty profits used to keep you a little too close to business; but as things are now, seeing that you are losing money so cheerfully, all you have to do, when entertaining me, is to regard yourself as accepting a "composition"; and even that loss is less annoying when it comes from a friend than from a debtor.[1] Yet, after all, I don't require dinners superfluous in quantity: only let what there is be first-rate in quality and *recherché*. I remember you used to tell me stories of Phamea's dinner. Let yours be earlier,[2] but in other respects like that. But if you persist in bringing me back to a dinner like your mother's, I should put up with that also. For I should like to see the man who had the face to put on the table for me what you describe, or even a polypus—looking as red as Iupiter Miniatus.[3] Believe me, you won't

[1] To understand this rather elaborate chaff we must remember the circumstances of the time. Cæsar's law of B.C. 49 to relieve the financial situation in Italy enacted that creditors foreclosing for mortgage debtors were: (1) to deduct certain sums received as interest; (2) to take over the mortgaged properties at their value before the war panic. That value had to be estimated, and to accept an *æstimatio* meant generally a loss: for a creditor had property on his hands which often would not fetch the amount of the debt. Suetonius reckons the average loss to have been twenty-five per cent. Now Pætus was a Cæsarian, and therefore Cicero says, "Of course you are bearing your losses cheerfully (in the good cause), so you needn't make a fuss about entertaining me. It was some good being close-fisted when you had anything to save, now you may look upon any expense I cause you as only one other item in your bankruptcy." He does not seriously mean that Pætus was bankrupt. He chooses to represent the losses under the Cæsarian law as amounting to that. I have accepted the reading, *non est quod non sis*, though I do not feel that it is satisfactory.

[2] See vol. ii., pp. 311, 344.

[3] That is, "red-leaded" Iupiter. On certain festivals, especially at triumphal banquets, figures of Iupiter were introduced stained with red-lead or cinnabar (Plin. *N. H.* 33, § 112). An earthenware figure of the same god was also in the Capitolium coloured in the same way (*id.* 35, § 157). It is remarked that the polypus is not naturally red—some colouring substance must have been used in the cooking.

dare. Before I arrive the fame of my new magnificence will reach you: and you will be awestruck at it. Yet it is no use building any hope on your *hors d'œuvre*. I have quite abolished that: for in old times I found my appetite spoilt by your olives and Lucanian sausages. But why all this talk? Let me only get to you. By all means—for I wish to wipe away all fear from your heart—go back to your old cheese-and-sardine dish. The only expense I shall cause you will be that you will have to have the bath heated. All the rest according to my regular habits. What I have just been saying was all a joke.

As to Selicius's villa,[1] you have managed the business carefully and written most wittily. So I think I won't buy. For there is enough salt and not enough savour.[2]

CCCCLXXI (F IX, 18)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

TUSCULUM (JULY)

BEING quite at leisure in my Tusculan villa, because I had sent my pupils[3] to meet him,[4] that they might at the same time present me in as favourable a light as possible to their friend, I received your most delightful letter, from which I learnt that you approved my idea of having begun—now that legal proceedings are abolished and my old supremacy

[1] Q. Selicius, a money-lender, whose villa near Naples Cicero was thinking of buying.

[2] Schütz supposes that there may have been *salinæ*, "salt-works," on the property, and Cicero puns on the other meaning of salt—"wit." He seems to mean, "I won't buy the property, for, though there is plenty of salt in it (as there was wit in your letter), there is a lack of sound attractions (*sanorum*)." Tyrrell and Purser read *saniorum*, and translate, "We have had enough of joking, too little common sense." The MSS. have *sannionum*, "of jesters," which perhaps might be rendered, "though there is enough salt (material for jest), there are not enough people to take advantage of it."

[3] Dolabella and Hirtius.

[4] Cæsar, on his return from his victory in Africa.

in the forum is lost—to keep a kind of school, just as Dionysius, when expelled from Syracuse, is said to have opened a school at Corinth.[1] In short, I too am delighted with the idea, for I secure many advantages. First and foremost, I am strengthening my position in view of the present crisis, and that is of primary importance at this time. How much that amounts to I don't know: I only see that as at present advised I prefer no one's policy to this, unless, of course, it had been better to have died. In one's own bed, I confess it might have been, but that did not occur: and as to the field of battle, I was not there. The rest indeed—Pompey, your friend Lentulus, Afranius—perished ingloriously.[2] But, it may be said, Cato died a noble death. Well, that at any rate is in our power when we will: let us only do our best to prevent its being as necessary to us as it was to him. That is what I am doing. So that is the first thing I had to say. The next is this: I am improving, in the first place in health, which I had lost from giving up all exercise of my lungs. In the second place, my oratorical faculty, such as it was, would have completely dried up, had I not gone back to these exercises. The last thing I have to say, which I rather think you will consider most important of all, is this: I have now demolished more peacocks than you have young pigeons! You there revel in Haterian[3] law-sauce, I here in Hirtian hot-sauce.[4] Come then, if you are half a man, and learn from me the maxims which you seek: yet it is a case of "a pig teaching Minerva."[5] But it will be my business to see to that: as for

[1] Cicero tells the story again in *Tusc.* iii. § 27, but the proverb, "Dionysius in Corinth," in *Att.* ix. 9 (vol. ii., p. 329) is not, I think, connected with it.

[2] Pompey was assassinated in Egypt; Metellus Pius Scipio (Pompey's father-in-law), attempting after Thapsus to escape to Spain, threw himself into the sea to avoid capture; Afranius fell into the hands of Sittius after Thapsus and perished in a military riot. Cicero did not accompany Pompey's army to Pharsalia.

[3] Haterius, probably a lawyer with whom Pætus was in some way engaged. There is doubtless a play on the double meaning of *ius*, "sauce" and "law." A similar metaphor was used on a celebrated occasion in recent years, when certain politicians were recommended to "stew in their Parnellite juice."

[4] Of Hirtius, Cicero's instructor in the art of dining, pp. 93, 98.

[5] From a Greek proverb, ὗς Ἀθηνᾶν. See *Theocr.* v. 53; *Acad.* I, § 18.

you, if you can't find purchasers for your foreclosures[1] and so fill your pot with *denarii*, back you must come to Rome. It is better to die of indigestion here, than of starvation there. I see you have lost money: I hope these friends of yours[2] have done the same. You are a ruined man if you don't look out. You may possibly get to Rome on the only mule that you say you have left, since you have eaten up your pack horse.[3] Your seat in the school, as second master, will be next to mine: the honour of a cushion will come by-and-by.

CCCCLXXII (F VII, 33)

TO P. VOLUMNIUS EUTRAPELUS[4]

ROME (JULY)

YOU don't lose much by not being present at my oratorical lectures. You say you would have been envious of Hirtius, if you had not loved him: you had no reason for being envious; unless it was of his own eloquence by any chance that you were envious rather than of his being my pupil. The fact is, my dearest Volumnius, I am either a complete failure, or feel myself to be so, now that those members of my set, by whose support (joined with your applause) I once flourished, are lost: so that if I ever did produce anything worthy of my reputation, let us sigh that, as Philoctetes says in Accius,

> "These arrows now are fleshed
> On winged not armèd forms—all glory lost."

But, after all, things will be more cheerful with me all round if you come: though you will come, as you understand with-

[1] *æstimationes*, properties taken over for debts at a valuation under Cæsar's law. See p. 93.

[2] The other Cæsarians at Naples.

[3] *I.e.*, sold it to buy necessaries. We don't know what grumbling about money losses from Pætus drew out all this chaff. For the mule to ride and the horse to carry luggage, see vol. ii., p. 213.

[4] Vol. ii., p. 90.

out my telling you, to what I may call an immense bombardment of business. If I can once deal with this as I wish, I will really say a long good-bye to both forum and senate-house, and devote a great deal of time to you and our common friends, I mean your Cassius and our Dolabella—or rather I should call them both ours—who are fascinated with the same studies and find me a very indulgent listener. To carry this on we need your refined and polished judgment, and that deeper tinge of literature by which [1] you often make me feel somewhat diffident of myself while speaking. For I have quite made up my mind, if only Cæsar will either allow or order it, to lay aside that *rôle* in which I have often won even his approval, and to throw myself entirely into the obscurity of literature, and in company of other devotees of it to enjoy the most honourable kind of leisure. For you, I could have wished that you had not felt afraid of my being much bored [2] with reading your letter, if, as you say, you chance to send me a somewhat long one; and I should like you henceforth to make up your mind that the longer a letter from you is, the better I shall like it.

CCCCLXXIII (F IX, 20)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

ROME (AUGUST)

I WAS doubly charmed by your letter, first because it made me laugh myself, and secondly because I saw that you could still laugh. Nor did I in the least object to being overwhelmed with your shafts of ridicule, as though I were a light skirmisher in the war of wits. What I *am* vexed at is that I have not been able, as I intended, to run over to see you: for you would not have had a mere guest, but a brother-in-

[1] Omitting *eis* or *meis*, with Schütz. Mueller brackets *meis*.

[2] Reading *perinvitus*, the reading of one MS. The rest have *pluribus*. Tyrrell and Purser adopt Orelli's *per librarios*, "by my secretaries," "by deputy." But why should Volumnius mind Cicero employing his secretaries to read to him?

arms. And such a hero! not the man whom you used to do for by the *hors d'œuvre*. I now bring an unimpaired appetite to the egg, and so the fight is maintained right up to the roast veal. The compliments you used to pay me in old times—"What a contented person!" "What an easy guest to entertain!"—are things of the past. All my anxiety about the good of the state, all meditating of speeches to be delivered in the senate, all getting up of briefs I have cast to the winds. I have thrown myself into the camp of my old enemy Epicurus—not, however, with a view to the extravagance of the present day, but to that refined splendour of yours—I mean your old style when you had money to spend (though you never had more landed estate[1]). Therefore prepare! You have to deal with a man, who not only has a large appetite, but who also knows a thing or two. You are aware of the extravagance of your *bourgeois gentilhomme*. You must forget all your little baskets and your omelettes. I am now so far advanced in the art that I frequently venture to ask your friend Verrius and Camillus to dinner—what dandies! how fastidious! But think of my audacity: I even gave Hirtius a dinner, without a peacock however. In that dinner my cook could not imitate him in anything but the hot sauce.

So this is my way of life nowadays: in the morning I receive not only a large number of "loyalists," who, however, look gloomy enough, but also our exultant conquerors here, who in my case are quite prodigal in polite and affectionate attentions. When the stream of morning callers has ebbed, I wrap myself up in my books, either writing or reading. There are also some visitors who listen to my discourses under the belief of my being a man of learning, because I am a trifle more learned than themselves. After that all my time is given to my bodily comfort. I have mourned for my country more deeply and longer than any mother for her only son. But take care, if you love me, to keep your health, lest I should take advantage of your being laid up to eat you out of house and home. For I am resolved not to spare you even when you are ill.

[1] Referring to the foreclosures on lands which Pætus had been obliged to take on the valuations (*æstimationes*) according to Cæsar's law, which were unsaleable; so he had land on his hands and yet was short of money. See pp. 93, 96.

CCCCLXXIV (F VII, 27)

TO TITUS FADIUS GALLUS (IN EXILE)

ROME (?)

I AM surprised at your finding fault with me, when etiquette forbids it.[1] Even if there had been no such obstacle, you ought not to have done it. "Why I shewed you attention in your consulship"—and then you go on to say that Cæsar will certainly recall you. Well, you have a great deal to say, but nobody believes you. You allege that you stood for the tribuneship for my sake. I wish you had always been a tribune, then you would not have wanted anyone to intervene! You say that I dare not speak what I think, on the ground that I did not give a sufficiently spirited answer to a shameless request of yours. I write thus to shew you that even in that peculiar style of composition, in which you desire to be forcible, you are nil. But if you had presented your grievance to me in a reasonable spirit, I should have cleared myself in your eyes with readiness and ease: for I am not ungrateful for what you have done, but vexed with what you have written. Now I do wonder that you think me, the cause of everyone else's freedom, to be but a slave. For if the information—as you call it—which you gave me was false, what do I owe you? If true, you are the best witness of what the Roman people owe me.

[1] See vol. i., p. 362 (*Fam.* v. 18). Fadius had been quæstor in the year of Cicero's consulship. He had been in exile since B.C. 52, and seems to have thought Cicero might have done something more to secure his *restitutio*, and to have reproached him with the value of his services during the Catilinarian conspiracy, and in securing his recall. Mueller places this letter in March, B.C. 52, but in that year there could have been no question of being recalled by Cæsar.

CCCCLXXV (F VII, 28)

TO MANIUS CURIUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME (AUGUST)

I REMEMBER the time when I thought you foolish for associating with your friends over there rather than with us: for a residence in this city—while it was still a city at all—was much better suited to your culture and refinement than all the Peloponnesus put together, to say nothing of Patræ. Now, however, on the contrary you seem to me to have been long-sighted for having settled in Greece when things here were in a desperate condition, and at the present crisis not only to be wise for being abroad, but happy as well. And yet what man of any discernment can be happy at present? But what you, who could do so, have secured by the use of your feet—removal to a place "Where of the Pelopidæ"[1] (you know the rest)—I am getting by a different method. For, after giving myself up to the reception of my friends which is more crowded than it used to be, precisely because they imagine that in a citizen of honest sentiments they see a rare bird of good omen, I bury myself in my library. Accordingly, I am completing works of an importance which you will perhaps appreciate. For in a certain talk I had with you at your house, when you were finding fault with my gloom and despair, I understood you to say, that you could not recognize the old high spirit in my books.[2] But, by Hercules, at that time I was mourning for the

[1] A quotation from the *Pelops* of Accius, which he applies more than once again to the Cæsarians:

"evolem,
ubi nec Pelopidarum nomen nec facta aut famam audiam."

"Oh that I might fly away, where neither name nor deed nor fame of the sons of Pelops might reach my ear!"

[2] I retain *dicere* in this sentence. Tyrrell and Purser read *discere*, and translate *intellexi discere*, "I remember learning," which I cannot follow. It would be better to omit *dicere* altogether.

Republic—which by its services to me, and no less by mine to it, was dearer to me than my life. And even now, though not only is reason (which ought to be more powerful than anything) consoling me, but also time which cures even fools, yet I am nevertheless grieving that the general interests are in such a state of collapse, that no hope even is left of any future improvement. Not that in the present instance the fault is his, in whose power everything is—unless by any chance that very fact is not as it should be—but some things by accident and others by my own fault also have so fallen out, that complaint on my part for the past is barred. Hope for the future I see none. Therefore I return to what I said at first: you have left all this wisely, if you did so by design; luckily, if by accident.

CCCCLXXVI (F IX, 19)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

ROME (AUGUST)

WHAT! you don't budge from your mischievous humour? You hint that Balbus was contented with very plain fare: your insinuation seems to be that when kings[1] are so abstemious, much more ought mere consulars to be so. You don't know that I fished everything out of him; for he came straight from the city gate to my house—and I am not surprised that he did not prefer going to his own house, but that he didn't go to his own *belle amie!* However, my first three words were "How 's our Pætus?" In answer he swore that he had never had a pleasanter visit anywhere. If you earned that compliment by your conversation, I will bring you a pair of ears no less discriminating: but if by your dainty fare, I beg you not to think stutterers[2] worth more than men of eloquence. One thing after another stops me every day. But

[1] Cæsarians, like Balbus, who are now in quasi-royal power. But *rex* is often used for "patron" or "great man," as in Horace.

[2] Punning on the meaning of *Balbus*.

if I ever get myself sufficiently free to be able to come to your parts, I won't let you think that you haven't sufficient notice from me.

CCCCLXXVII (F IX, 26)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

ROME (AUGUST?)

I HAVE just lain down to dinner at three o'clock, when I scribble a copy of this note to you in my pocket-book.[1] You will say, "where?" With Volumnius Eutrapelus. One place above me is Atticus, one below Verrius, both friends of yours. Do you wonder that our slavery is made so gay? Well, what am I to do? I ask your advice as the pupil of a philosopher.[2] Am I to be miserable, to torment myself? What should I get by that? And, moreover, how long? "Live with your books," say you. Well, do you suppose that I do anything else? Or could I have kept alive, had I not lived with my books? But even to them there is, I don't say a surfeit, but a certain limit. When I have left them, though I care very little about my dinner—the one problem which you put before the philosopher Dion—still, what better to do with my time before taking myself off to bed I cannot discover.

Now listen to the rest. Below Eutrapelus lay Cytheris.[3] At such a party as that, say you, was the famous Cicero,

> "To whom all looked with rev'rence, on whose face
> Greeks turned their eyes with wonder?"

To tell you the truth, I had no suspicion that she would be

[1] No doubt for his amanuensis to copy. Writing letters at the dinner table seems to have been no unusual thing with busy men. It was Cæsar's constant habit (Plut. *Cæs.* 63). And we have already heard of letters being delivered both to host and guest at dinner (p. 76).

[2] Dion, a Stoic (*Acad.* ii. 4, § 12).

[3] Of whom we have heard as accompanying Antony in his round of the Italian cities in B.C. 49 (vol. ii., p. 389). In the 2nd Philippic (§ 58) Cicero says her connexion with Volumnius was so notorious, that she was addressed then as Volumnia. Cytheris was her theatrical name.

there. But, after all, even the Socratic Aristippus himself did not blush when he was taunted with having Lais as his mistress: "Yes," quoth he, "Lais is my mistress, but not my master." It is better in Greek;[1] you must make a translation yourself, if you want one. As for myself, the fact is that that sort of thing never had any attraction for me when I was a young man, much less now I am an old one. I like a dinner party. I talk freely there, whatever comes upon the tapis, as the phrase is, and convert sighs into loud bursts of laughter. Did you behave better in jeering at a philosopher and saying, when he invited anyone to put any question he chose, that the question you asked the first thing in the morning was: "Where shall I dine?" The blockhead thought that you were going to inquire whether there was one heaven or an infinite number! What did you care about that? "Well, but, in heaven's name"—you will say to me—"was a dinner a great matter to you, and there of all places?"[2]

Well then, my course of life is this. Every day something read or written: then, not to be quite churlish to my friends, I dine with them, not only without exceeding the law, but even within it, and that by a good deal.[3] So you have no reason to be terrified at the idea of my arrival. You will receive a guest of moderate appetite, but of infinite jest.

[1] ἔχω οὐκ ἔχομαι (Diogen. Laert. *Vita Aristippi*, 74). Anecdotes of the famous Corinthian *meretrix* will be found in the 13th book of Athenæus.

[2] I have translated this as a retort which Cicero expects Pætus to make: "You chaff me about my neglecting philosophy for dinner: but why do you care for a dinner so much as to dine in such company?" It is not a very obvious or certain explanation, but neither are any of those given by others, which all differ. *At* naturally introduces a supposed objection. But the text is very doubtful.

[3] Cæsar's sumptuary law. Suetonius says that he carried it out so strictly, that he set inspectors in the provision market to seize forbidden dainties, and even sent lictors to remove them from the table if they had been procured. Of course, however, it failed (Suet. *Iul.* 43; cp. Dio, 43, 25).

CCCCLXXVIII (F IX, 17)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

ROME (AUGUST)

AREN'T you a ridiculous fellow for asking *me* what I think will be done about those municipal towns and lands, when our friend Balbus[1] has been staying with you? As though I were likely to know what he doesn't, and as though, when I do know anything, it is not from him that I always learn it. Nay rather, if you love me, tell me what is going to be done about us: for you have had in your power one from whom you could have learnt it either sober or at any rate drunk. But for myself, I do not ask you for such information: in the first place, because I put it down as so much gain that I have been left alive for the last four years, if gain it is to be called, and if it is life to survive the Republic; and, in the second place, because I think that I myself know what is going to happen. For whatever the stronger chooses will be done, and the stronger will always be the sword. We ought, accordingly, to be content with any concession made to us, whatever it is; the man who was unable to endure this ought to have died.

They are measuring the territory of Veii and Capena.[2] This is not far from my Tusculan property. However, I don't at all alarm myself. I enjoy while I may: I only wish it may last. If that does not turn out to be the case, yet, since I in my courage and philosophy thought that nothing was better than to remain alive, I cannot but love the man by whose kindness I gained that object. But even if he should desire the continuance of a republic, such as perhaps he wishes and we ought all to pray for, he yet does not know how to do it: so completely has he entangled himself with many other people.

[1] Who, as Cæsar's friend and agent, would know his intentions.
[2] That is, for allotments of land to veterans.

But I am going too far. I forgot that I am writing to you. However, let me assure you of this, that not only I, who am not in his confidence, but even the leader himself is unable to say what is going to happen. For, while we are his slaves, he is a slave to circumstances: and so neither can he possibly be sure of what circumstances will demand, nor we of what he is designing. The reason that I did not send you this answer before was not because I am usually idle, especially in the matter of writing, but because, as I had no certainty about anything, I did not choose to cause you either anxiety from the hesitation, or hope from the confidence of my words. However, I will add this, which is the most absolute truth, that during the present crisis I have not heard a word about the danger you mention.[1] In any case you will be bound, like the man of sense that you are, to hope for the best, prepare yourself for the worst, and bear whatever happens.

CCCCLXXIX (F IX, 15)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I WILL answer two letters of yours: one which I received four days ago from Zethus, a second which your letter-carrier Phileros brought. From your former letter I gathered that you were much gratified by my anxiety about your health, and I rejoice that you have been convinced of it.[2] But, believe me, you will never see it in its full reality from a letter. For though I perceive that I am being sought out and liked by a considerable number of people—a thing it is impossible for me to deny—there is not one of them all nearer to my heart than yourself. For that you

[1] That is, of confiscations in Campania.

[2] The text is doubtful. I have taken Mueller's reading, *quam tibi perspectam esse gaudeo*, omitting *animumque erga te meum tibi perspectum*.

love me, and have done so for a long while and without interruption, is indeed a great thing, or rather the greatest, but it is shared with you by many: but that you are yourself so lovable, so gracious, and so delightful in every way—*that* you have all to yourself. Added to that is your wit, not Attic, but more pungent than that of the Attics, good Roman wit of the true old city style. Now I—think what you will of it—am astonishingly attracted by witticisms, above all of the native kind, especially when I see that they were first infected by Latinism, when the foreign element found its way into the city, and now-a-days by the breeched[1] and Transalpine tribes also, so that no trace of the old-fashioned style of wit can be seen. Accordingly when I see you, I seem—to confess the truth—to see all the Granii, the Lucilii, as well as the Crassi and Lælii. Upon my life, I have no one left but you in whom I can recognize any likeness of the old racy cheerfulness. And when to these graces of wit there is added your strong affection for me, do you wonder that I have been so severely alarmed at so grave a blow to your health?

In your second letter you say in self-defence that you did not advise me against the purchase at Naples,[2] but recommended caution. You put it politely, and I did not regard it in any other light. However, I gathered the same idea as I do from this letter, that you did not think it open to me to take the course which I thought I might—namely, to abandon politics here, not indeed entirely, but to a great extent. You quote Catulus and all that period.[3] Where is the analogy? I did not myself at that time desire to absent myself for any length of time from the guardianship of the constitution: for I was sitting at the helm and holding the rudder; whereas now I have scarcely a place in the hold. Do you suppose the number of senatorial decrees will be any the less if I am at Naples? While I am at Rome and

[1] Technically *Gallia bracata* was the Province, *i.e.*, Narbonensis.

[2] See pp. 94, 107.

[3] He is referring to the period of his own consulship, and the years immediately preceding it. Q. Lutatius Catulus (consul B.C. 78) had been a consistent supporter of the party of the Optimates, supported Cicero against the Catilinarian conspirators, and hailed him as *pater patriæ* (*pro Sest.* § 121). He died in B.C. 60. See vol. i., pp. 59, 124.

actually haunting the forum, senatorial decrees are written out in the house of your admirer, my intimate friend.[1] And whenever it occurs to him, I am put down as backing a decree, and am informed of its having reached Armenia and Syria, professing to have been made in accordance with my vote, before any mention has been made of the business at all.[2] And, indeed, I would not have you think that I am joking about this; for I assure you I have had letters from kings at the other end of the earth, thanking me for having voted for giving them the royal title, as to whom I was not only ignorant of their having been called kings, but of their very existence even. What, then, am I to do? After all, as long as this friend of ours—this guardian of morals[3]—is here, I will follow your advice: but directly he goes away I am off to your mushrooms. If I have a house there, I will make the expenses allowed for a day by the sumptuary law last over ten days. But if I don't find anything to suit me, I have made up my mind to reside with you: for I know I could not please you more. I am beginning to despair of Sulla's house, as I told you in my last, but I have not, after all, quite given it up. Pray do what you suggest, inspect it with some builders. If there is no defect in walls or roof, the rest will meet my views very well.

CCCCLXXX (F XIII, 68)

TO P. SERVILIUS ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I WAS exceedingly obliged by your letter giving me an account of your voyages. For you indicated your recollection

[1] Cæsar.

[2] Other references to falsifications of *senatus consulta* are *de Domo*, § 50; *pro Sulla*, § 40. In these cases here mentioned Cicero alleges that his name was placed on the back as having been one of the committee to draw up the decree (*esse ad scribendum*, or *adesse scribendo*). See vol. ii., p. 194.

[3] The title of *præfectus moribus* had been given to Cæsar for three

of our friendship, than which nothing could be more grateful to my feelings. For the future you will oblige me still more if you will write to me in a friendly way about public affairs, that is, the state of your province, and the details of your administration. Although I shall be sure to hear of these things from many people, considering your distinguished position, nevertheless I should be extremely glad to learn them from a letter of your own. For my part, I shall not often write to you my sentiments on imperial politics owing to the risk of a letter of that kind; but of what is actually being done I will frequently inform you. Still I seem to hope that our colleague[1] Cæsar will be careful to see that we have a constitution of some kind. It was of great importance that you should take part in his deliberations: but if it is more for your interests, that is, better for your reputation, that you should govern Asia and protect a part of the empire which has suffered from misgovernment,[2] I also am bound to prefer that course which will best serve you and your glory. For my part, I will attend with the greatest zeal and activity to whatever I think likely to be of importance to your position; and first and foremost I will guard with every kind of respectful attention your most illustrious father,[3] as I am bound to do in view of our long standing friendship, of the kindnesses received by me from your family, and of his own noble character.

years, among other honours, this year after the news of Thapsus (Dio, 43, 14).

[1] Cæsar had become an augur, in virtue of a decree of B.C. 47 making him a member of all the sacred colleges (Dio, 42, 51). We do not know the date of the election of Isauricus—Cæsar's colleague in the consulship of B.C. 48—but it was probably in B.C. 47, when there were two death vacancies (Q. Cassius and Appius Claudius). He was now proconsul of Asia. For Cicero's election in B.C. 53, see vol. ii., p. 107 (note); cp. vol. i., p. 90.

[2] The sort of injuries inflicted on Asia may be gathered from vol. i., p. 73; cp. *de imper. Pomp.* § 64.

[3] P. Servilius Vatia, consul B.C. 79, who has received the cognomen of Isauricus from his victory over the Isaurian robber tribes (B.C. 78), for which he celebrated a triumph in B.C. 74. He died in B.C. 44.

CCCCLXXXI (F IV, 13)

TO P. NIGIDIUS FIGULUS (IN EXILE)[1]

ROME (? SEPTEMBER)

THOUGH I have for some time past been on the look-out as to what I had best write to you, not only does no definite subject occur to me, but even the usual style of letter seems impossible. For of one department and habitual element in those letters,[2] which we used to write in the days of our prosperity, the state of the times has violently deprived us, and fortune has ordained that I should be unable to write or so much as to think of anything of the sort. There only remained a certain gloomy and wretched style of letter, and one suited to the state of the times: that, too, fails me. In it there is bound to be either a promise of some assistance, or some consolation for your sorrow. I had no such promise to give: for, cast down by a similar blow of fortune, I am myself supporting my disasters by the aid of others, and it more frequently occurs to my mind to complain that I am living as I do, than to rejoice that I am alive. For although no signal injury has been inflicted upon me personally apart from others, and although it has never occurred to my mind to wish for anything in such circumstances which Cæsar has not spontaneously offered me, yet nevertheless I am being so worn out with anxieties, that I regard myself as doing wrong in the mere fact of remaining alive. For I have lost not only many very intimate associates whom either death has snatched

[1] P. Nigidius Figulus, tribune B.C. 60-59, prætor B.C. 58, had adhered throughout to the Pompeian party. He was a very learned man, who wrote on various subjects of natural history, augural science, and language. Suetonius (*Aug.* 94) says that he prophesied the future greatness of Augustus by astrology from the hour of his birth. He was not recalled, but died shortly after the date of this letter. He professed to follow Pythagoras in some way.

[2] Literary or philosophical subjects, apparently, or perhaps lively and sportive subjects. See vol. i., p. 354.

from me, or exile torn away, but also all the friends whose affection my former successful defence of the Republic, accomplished with your aid, had gained for me. I am in the very midst of their shipwrecked fortunes and the confiscation of their property; and I not only hear—which in itself would have been bad enough—but I have before my very eyes the sharpest of all pangs, the actual sight of the ruin of those men by whose aid in old times I quenched that conflagration. And in the city in which I once enjoyed such popularity, influence, and glory, I am now entirely deprived of all these. I retain, indeed, Cæsar's supreme kindness: but that cannot make up for violence and a complete upset of the established order of things. Therefore, being shorn of all to which nature and taste and habit had accustomed me, I present no pleasant object either to others, as it seems to me, or to myself. For, being inclined by nature to be always actively employed in some task worthy of a man, I have now no scope, not merely for action, but even for thought. And I, who in old times was able to help men, who were either obscure or even guilty, am now unable to make even a kind promise to Publius Nigidius—the most eminent man of the day for learning and purity of character, who formerly enjoyed the highest popularity, and at any rate was a most affectionate friend to me.

Therefore from that kind of letter I am forcibly debarred. The only thing left is to console you and to put before you some considerations by which I may endeavour to distract your thoughts from your afflictions. But, if anyone ever had, you have the gift in the highest degree of consoling either yourself or another. Therefore upon that part of the subject which proceeds from profound reason and philosophy I will not touch: I will leave it entirely to you. What is becoming to a brave and wise man, what solidity of character, what a lofty mind, what a past such as yours, what studies and accomplishments, in which you have been eminent from boyhood, demand of you—that you will see for yourself. I only undertake to assure you of what I am able to gather and perceive, from being at Rome and watching affairs anxiously and with attention: it is that you will not be long in the distressing circumstances in which you are at present; but that in those, nevertheless, which I share with you, you

will perhaps be permanently. I think I perceive, to begin with, that the mind of him who is now all-powerful is inclined to grant your restoration. I am not writing at random. The less familiar I am with him, the more minute am I in my inquiries. It is in order that he may feel less difficulty in returning a sterner answer to those with whom he is still more angry, that he is as yet slower than he otherwise would have been in releasing you from your distressing position. His close friends, indeed, and those who are most liked by him, both speak and think of you with surprising kindness. Then there is in your favour the wish of the common people, or I should rather say a consensus of all classes. Even that which for the present, indeed, is most powerless of all, but which hereafter must necessarily be powerful, I mean the Republic itself, will with all the strength it may possess enforce your claim before long, believe me, upon those very men by whom it is now held in bondage.

I come round, then, to the point of even making you a promise, which in the first instance I refrained from doing. For I will both open my arms to his most familiar friends, who are very fond of me and are much in my society, and will worm my way into his intimacy, which up to this time my scruples have closed to me, and I will at least follow up all the paths by which I shall think it possible to arrive at the object of our wishes. In all this department I will do more than I venture to write. And other things, which I know for certain to be at your service at the hands of many, are in the highest state of preparation on my side. There is no one article of property belonging to me which I would choose to have my own rather than yours. On this point, and indeed on the whole subject, I write the less liberally, because I prefer your hoping, what I feel sure will be the case, that you will be in the enjoyment of your own again. It remains for me to beg and beseech you to keep up your spirits to the highest pitch, and not to remember those maxims only which you have learnt from other great men, but those also which you have yourself produced by your genius and industry. If you review these, you will at once hope for the best, and endure philosophically what happens, of whatsoever kind it may be. But you know this better than I, or rather than anyone. For my part, whatever I

understand to be to your interests I will attend to with the greatest zeal and activity, and will preserve the memory of what you did for me at the saddest period of my life.

CCCCLXXXII (F IV, 15)

TO GNÆUS PLANCIUS[1] (EXILE IN CORCYRA)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I HAVE received your very short note, from which I was not able to learn what I wanted to know, but did learn what I was sure of already. For I did not gather with how much courage you were bearing our common misfortunes: while the strength of your affection for me I had no difficulty in seeing. But the latter I had known before. If I had known the former, I would have adapted my letter to it. However, though I have already written all that I thought ought to be written, I yet considered that at such a crisis as this I ought briefly to warn you not to think that you are in any danger special to yourself. We are all in great danger, but yet in one that is common to us all. So you ought neither to demand a position peculiar to yourself and distinct, nor to refuse one in which we all share. Wherefore let us keep the same mutual regard as we always had; which I may hope in your case and guarantee in my own.

[1] See vol. i., p. 172.

CCCCLXXXIII (F IV, 8)

TO M. CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS[1] (AT MITYLENE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I DO not venture to advise a man of your consummate wisdom, nor to offer encouragement to a man of the highest spirit and the most conspicuous gallantry—certainly not to *console* him in any way whatever. For if you bear what has happened as I am told you do, I ought rather to congratulate you on your manliness than console your sorrow. But if these great disasters to the state are breaking your heart, I have no ingenuity to spare for finding consolations for you, when I cannot console myself. All that remains, therefore, for me to do is at every point so to display and guarantee my services, and to be in such a way ready to undertake whatever your friends may wish, as to shew that I hold myself your debtor not only for everything that is within my power to do, but also for what is beyond it. Nevertheless, please to consider that in what follows I have given you a warning, or (if you like) expressed an opinion, or from affection for you have been unable to refrain from saying—that you, as I do myself, should make up your mind, if there is to be a republic at all, that the first place in it is your due in everybody's judgment as well as in actual fact, though you are necessarily yielding to the circumstances of the hour: but if there is none, that after all this is the place best fitted for living even in exile. For if we are seeking freedom, what place is free from the master's hand? But if all we want is some place, no matter of what sort, what residence is pleasanter than one's own home? But believe me, even the

[1] M. Claudius Marcellus, consul B.C. 51, though he had offended Cæsar by his action as to the magistrate at Comum (vol. ii., p. 30), and had been with Pompey in Epirus, had been since Pompey's defeat living at Mitylene unmolested. It was on his recall that Cicero delivered the speech (*pro Marcello*) in the senate this year. See pp. 136-137.

man who now dominates everything favours men of talent: moreover, he opens his arms to high birth and lofty position, as far as circumstances and his own party needs allow. But I have said more than I intended. I return, therefore, to that one fact—that I am yours, and will be by the side of your friends, always provided that they *are* yours: if not, I will in any case satisfy the claims of our attachment and affection in all particulars. Good-bye.

CCCCLXXXIV (F IV, 7)

TO M. CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS (AT MITYLENE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

THOUGH I am aware that as yet you have maintained a policy of a nature that I do not venture to rebuke—not that I do not myself disagree with it, but because I judge you to be so wise a man, that I do not presume to prefer my view to yours—nevertheless, both the antiquity of our friendship and your eminent affection for me, which I have known from your childhood, have urged me to write to you what I believed would make for your personal security, and thought was not inconsistent with your honour. I have a vivid recollection that you were wise enough to discern the first signs of these disasters long before they occurred, and that you administered the consulship with the utmost splendour and in the most loyal spirit. But I also was conscious of this—that you were not satisfied with the policy of the civil war, nor with Pompey's forces,[1] nor the nature of his army,[2] and were always deeply distrustful of it: in which

[1] That is, with the amount of forces Pompey had to depend upon at the beginning of B.C. 49 (see Cæs. *B. C.* i. 1), whence Marcellus is said to have proposed that Cæsar's demand should not be brought before the senate until the levies had been held and an army enrolled. See also vol. ii., p. 247.

[2] That is, of the heterogeneous character of the army in Epirus,

sentiment I think you remember that I also shared. Accordingly, you did not take much part in active service, and I always strove not to do so. For we were not fighting with the weapons with which we might have prevailed—deliberation, weight of character, and the righteousness of our cause, in all of which we had the superiority—but with muscles and brute force, in which we were not his equals. Accordingly, we were beaten, or, if worth cannot really be beaten, at least we were crushed and rendered powerless. And in this no one can do otherwise than highly praise your resolution, in that with all hope of victory you cast aside all desire of keeping up the contest also; and shewed that a wise man and a good citizen takes the first steps in a civil war with reluctance, but with pleasure declines taking the last. Those who did not adopt the same course as yourself I perceive to have split up into two classes. Either they endeavoured to renew the war—and these have betaken themselves to Africa: or, like myself, they trusted themselves to the victor. Your course was a kind of compromise between the two, since you perhaps regarded the second as cowardice, the first as blind obstinacy. I confess that by most people, or I should say by everybody, your plan has been judged to be wise, by many even magnanimous and courageous. But your policy, as it seems to me at least, has a certain limit, especially as in my opinion nothing is wanting to your being able to keep your entire fortune, except your own willingness to do so. For I have gathered that there is nothing else which causes him who is now all-powerful to feel any hesitation, except the fear that you would not regard it as a favour at all.[1] As to which there is no occasion for me to say what I think, since my conduct speaks for itself. However, even if you had already made up your mind, that you preferred being absent from Rome to seeing what was repugnant to your feelings, yet you ought to have reflected that, wherever you were, you would be in

made up of all nations, Asiatic as well as European. See vol. ii., p. 329.

[1] As a matter of fact, when Marcellus, shortly after this letter, had his permission to return home, he shewed by no means any haste to avail himself of it. He did not leave Mitylene till the next spring, when he was murdered in the Piræus on his way home, as we shall hear.

the power of the man from whom you were fleeing. And even if he were likely to make no difficulty about allowing you to live in peace and freedom while deprived of property and country, you ought yet to have reflected whether you preferred living at Rome and in your own house, whatever the state of affairs, to living at Mitylene or Rhodes. But seeing that the power of the man whom we fear is so widely extended, that it has embraced the whole world, do you not prefer being in your own house without danger to being in another man's with danger? For my part, if I must face death, I would rather do so at home and in my native country, than in a foreign and alien land. This is the sentiment of all who love you, of whom the number is as great as your eminent and shining virtues deserve. We have also regard for your property, which we are unwilling to see scattered. For, though it can receive no injury destined to be lasting, because neither the present master of the Republic, nor the Republic itself, will allow it, yet I don't want to see an attack made by certain banditti upon your possessions:[1] and who these are I would have ventured to write, had I not felt sure that you understand. Here the anxieties, nay, the copious and perpetual tears of one man, your excellent brother Gaius Marcellus, plead for your pardon: I come next him both in anxiety and sorrow, but in actual prayers am somewhat slow, because I have not the right of *entrée* to Cæsar, being myself in need of intercession. We have only the influence which the conquered have, yet in counsel and zeal we are not wanting to Marcellus. By your other relations my help is not asked. I am prepared for anything.

[1] He is referring to various irregular and unauthorized seizures of properties of the Pompeians by some of the Cæsarians, who, however, were in certain cases made to disgorge. See the case of Antony seizing the villa of Varro at Casinum (2 *Phil.* §§ 103-104).

CCCCLXXXV (F IV, 9)

TO M. CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS (AT MITYLENE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

THOUGH it is only a very few days ago that I gave Quintus Mucius a letter for you written at considerable length, in which I set forth in what state of mind I thought you ought to be, and what I thought you ought to do, yet, since your freedman Theophilus was starting, of whose fidelity and affection to you I had satisfied myself, I was unwilling that he should reach you without a letter from me. On the same considerations, then, as I did in my previous letter, I again and again exhort you, to make up your mind to become a resident member of the Republic, whatever its nature may be, at the earliest possible time. You will perhaps see many things disagreeable to your feelings, but not more after all than you daily hear. Moreover, you are not the man to be affected by the sense of sight alone, and to be less afflicted when you learn the same things by the ear, which indeed are usually even magnified by imagination.[1] But—you object—you will yourself be obliged to say something you do not feel, or to do something you do not approve. To begin with, to yield to circumstances, that is to submit to necessity, has ever been held the part of a wise man: in the next place, things are not—as matters now stand at least—quite so bad as that. You may not be able, perhaps, to say what you think: you may certainly hold your tongue. For authority of every kind has been committed to one man. He consults nobody but himself, not even his friends. There would not have been much difference if he whom we followed were master of the Republic. Can we think that the man who in a time of

[1] "When we only know a thing by hearsay, we are apt to exaggerate its gravity: when we see it we know better its true proportions." The reverse is often stated by Cicero himself, that what is seen gives keener pain than what is heard (see p. 138, etc.). Both are in a way true.

war, when we were all united in the same danger, consulted only himself and a certain clique of wholly incompetent persons, was likely to be more communicative in the hour of victory, than he had been when the result was still uncertain? And do you think that a man who in your consulship would never be guided by your consummate wisdom, nor, when your brother was administering the consulship under your inspiration, ever condescended to consult you two, would now, if he were in sole power, be likely to want suggestions from us?

Everything in civil war is wretched; of which our ancestors never even once had experience, while our generation has now had it repeatedly:[1] but nothing, after all, is more wretched than victory itself, which, even if it fall to the better men, yet renders them more savage and ruthless, so that, even if they are not such by nature, they are compelled to become so by the necessity of the case. For a conqueror is forced, at the beck of those who won him his victory, to do many things even against his inclination. Were you not wont to foresee simultaneously with myself how bloody that victory was likely to be? Well, would you at that time also have absented yourself from your country for fear of seeing what you disapproved? "No," you will say, "for then I should have been in possession of wealth and my proper position." Ah, but it had been consistent with a virtue such as yours to regard your personal interests as among the most insignificant concerns, and to be more profoundly affected by those of the state. Again, what is to be the end of your present policy? For up to now your conduct is approved, and, as far as such a business admits of it, your good fortune also is commended: your conduct, because while you engaged in the first part of the war under compulsion, you shewed your wisdom by refusing to follow it to the bitter end: your good fortune, because by an honourable retirement you have maintained both the dignity and the reputation of your character. Now, however, it is not right that you should feel any place more to your taste than your native land; nor ought you to love it less because it has lost some of its comeliness, but

[1] From the time of Sulla and Marius onwards.

rather to pity it, and not deprive it of the light of your countenance also, when already bereft of many illustrious sons. Finally, if it was the sign of high spirit not to be a supplicant to the victor, is it not perhaps a sign of pride to spurn his kindness? If it was the act of a wise man to absent himself from his country, is it not perhaps a proof of insensibility not to regret her? And, if you are debarred from enjoying a public station, is it not perhaps folly to refuse to enjoy a private one? The crowning argument is this: even if your present mode of life is more convenient, you must yet reflect whether it is not less safe. The sword owns no law: but in foreign lands there is even less scruple as to committing a crime. I am personally so anxious for your safety, that in this respect I take rank with your brother Marcellus, or at any rate come next to him. It is your business to take measures for your own interests, civil rights, life, and property.

CCCCLXXXVI (F VI, 6)

TO AULUS CÆCINA (IN EXILE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I AM afraid you may think me remiss in my attentions to you, which, in view of our close union resulting from many mutual services and kindred tastes, ought never to be lacking. In spite of that I fear you do find me wanting in the matter of writing. The fact is, I would have sent you a letter long ago and on frequent occasions, had I not, from expecting day after day to have some better news for you, wished to fill my letter with congratulation rather than with exhortations to courage. As it is, I shall shortly, I hope, have to congratulate you: and so I put off that subject for a letter to another time. But in this letter I think that your courage—which I am told and hope is not at all shaken—ought to be repeatedly braced by the authority of a man, who, if not the wisest in the world, is yet the most devoted

to you: and that not with such words as I should use to console one utterly crushed and bereft of all hope of restoration, but as to one of whose rehabilitation I have no more doubt than I remember that you had of mine. For when those men had driven me from the Republic, who thought that it could not fall while I was on my feet, I remember hearing from many visitors from Asia, in which country you then were, that you were emphatic as to my glorious and rapid restoration. If that system, so to speak, of Tuscan augury which you had inherited from your noble and excellent father did not deceive you, neither will our power of divination[1] deceive me; which I have acquired from the writings and maxims of the greatest savants, and, as you know, by a very diligent study of their teaching, as well as by an extensive experience in managing public business, and from the great vicissitudes of fortune which I have encountered. And this divination I am the more inclined to trust, from the fact that it never once deceived me in the late troubles, in spite of their obscurity and confusion. I would have told you what events I foretold, were I not afraid to be thought to be making up a story after the event. Yet, after all, I have numberless witnesses to the fact that I warned Pompey not to form a union with Cæsar, and afterwards not to sever it. By this union I saw that the power of the senate would be broken, by its severance a civil war be provoked.[2] And yet I was very intimate with Cæsar, and had a very great regard for Pompey, but my advice was

[1] By "*our* divination" Cicero may mean to include the augural science as known to the college of augurs. But though he plays round the subject, we need not suppose that he really thought that he had learnt to predict events thereby. What follows seems rather to point to Milton's

> "Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain,"

though the two ideas are (perhaps purposely) confused.

[2] This prediction seems rather slender capital on which to set up business as a prophet. Pompey and Cæsar combined for the express purpose of checkmating the senate, and if they quarrelled difficulties would be sure to follow. Besides, he puts quite a different complexion on it elsewhere (2 *Phil.* § 24), representing the remark as an aspiration expressed to Pompey *after* the war had begun. But "I told you so" is a gratification that few can resist.

at once loyal to Pompey and in the best interests of both alike. My other predictions I pass over; for I would not have Cæsar think that I gave Pompey advice, by which, if he had followed it, Cæsar himself would have now been a man of illustrious character in the state indeed, and the first man in it, but yet not in possession of the great power he now wields. I gave it as my opinion that he should go to Spain;[1] and if he had done so, there would have been no civil war at all. That Cæsar should be allowed to stand for the consulship in his absence I did not so much contend to be constitutional, as that, since the law had been passed by the people at the instance of Pompey himself when consul, it should be done. The pretext for hostilities was given. What advice or remonstrance did I omit, when urging that any peace, even the most inequitable, should be preferred to the most righteous war? My advice was overruled, not so much by Pompey—for he was affected by it—as by those who, relying on him as a military leader, thought that a victory in that war would be highly conducive to their private interests and personal ambitions. The war was begun without my taking any active part in it; it was forcibly removed from Italy, while I remained there as long as I could. But honour had greater weight with me than

[1] It seems almost impossible that Cicero should ever have given this advice. Whilst in Cilicia, indeed—when, as we have seen, he got rather behindhand in his knowledge of the inner nature of things—he was strong for Pompey *not* going to Spain (vol. ii., pp. 30, 73). On his return he had an interview with Pompey on the 10th of December (vol. ii., p. 223), in which he certainly made no such suggestion. As the days of December went on, and the fatal days of January approached, he all along supposes Pompey's presence in the senate, and himself to be supporting him (vol. ii., pp. 226, 229). Nor in a second interview with Pompey, on the 25th of December, does his account admit of the idea of his having expressed such an opinion (vol. ii., p. 230); in fact, though Pompey apparently did mention it, Cicero thought it the worst of all the alternatives (vol. ii., p. 232). After about January 7th, he saw Pompey no more till he joined him in Epirus, when such a suggestion could not have been made. He was cognizant, however, of the proposals of Cæsar—sent through Lucius Cæsar—one of which was that Pompey should go to Spain, though he characterized them as "utterly absurd" (vol. ii., p. 249); still they were accepted—on condition of Cæsar withdrawing from Italy—about the 25th of January, and Cicero may then have expressed this opinion, but so did others, only with this impossible condition (vol. ii., pp. 253-254).

fear: I had scruples about failing to support Pompey's safety, when on a certain occasion he had not failed to support mine. Accordingly, overpowered by a feeling of duty, or by what the loyalists would say, or by a regard for my honour—whichever you please—like Amphiaraus in the play, I went deliberately, and fully aware of what I was doing, "to ruin full displayed before my eyes."[1] In this war there was not a single disaster that I did not foretell. Therefore, since, after the manner of augurs and astrologers, I too, as a state augur, have by my previous predictions established the credit of my prophetic power and knowledge of divination in your eyes, my prediction will justly claim to be believed. Well, then, the prophecy I now give you does not rest on the flight of a bird nor the note of a bird of good omen on the left—according to the system of our augural college—nor from the normal and audible pattering of the corn of the sacred chickens. I have other signs to note; and if they are not more infallible than those, yet after all they are less obscure or misleading. Now omens as to the future are observed by me in what I may call a twofold method: the one I deduce from Cæsar himself, the other from the nature and complexion of the political situation. Cæsar's characteristics are these: a disposition naturally placable and clement—as delineated in your brilliant book of "Grievances"—and a great liking also for superior talent, such as your own. Besides this, he is relenting at the expressed wishes of a large number of your friends, which are well-grounded and inspired by affection, not hollow and self-seeking. Under this head the unanimous feeling of Etruria[2] will have great influence on him.

Why, then—you may ask—have these things as yet had no effect? Why, because he thinks if he grants you yours, he cannot resist the applications of numerous petitioners with whom to all appearance he has juster grounds for anger. "What hope, then," you will say, "from an angry

[1] The author of the line is not known. Amphiaraus, husband of Eriphyle, sister of Adrastus, was enticed by his wife into joining the expedition of the Seven against Thebes, though he knew he was going to his death. Eriphyle had been bribed by Polynices to persuade her husband. It was a common theme of tragedy.

[2] The Cæcinæ were a noble family of Volaterræ in Etruria.

man?" Why, he knows very well that he will draw deep draughts of praise from the same fountain, from which he has been already—though sparingly—bespattered.[1] Lastly, he is a man very acute and farseeing: he knows very well that a man like you—far and away the greatest noble in an important district of Italy, and in the state at large the equal of any one of your generation, however eminent, whether in ability or popularity or reputation among the Roman people—cannot much longer be debarred from taking part in public affairs.[2] He will be unwilling that you should, as you would sooner or later, have time to thank for this rather than his favour.

So much for Cæsar. Now I will speak of the nature of the actual situation. There is no one so bitterly opposed to the cause, which Pompey undertook with better intentions than provisions, as to venture to call us bad citizens or dishonest men. On this head I am always struck with astonishment at Cæsar's sobriety, fairness, and wisdom. He never speaks of Pompey except in the most respectful terms. "But," you will say, "in regard to him as a public man his actions have often been bitter enough." Those were acts of war and victory, not of Cæsar. But see with what open arms he has received us! Cassius he has made his legate;[3] Brutus governor of Gaul;[4] Sulpicius of Greece;[5] Marcellus,[6] with whom he was more angry than with anyone, he has restored with the utmost consideration for his rank. To what, then, does all this tend? The nature of things and of the political situation will not suffer, nor will any constitutional theory—whether it remain as it is or is changed—permit, first, that the civil and personal position

[1] This is Cicero's polite way of characterizing a book of Cæcina's against Cæsar, which Suetonius (*Iul.* 75) says was most abusive (*criminosissimus*). He appears since then to have written some recantation, which he called *Querelæ*.

[2] Cicero trusts to Cæsar wishing, like Napoleon, to have the countenance and support of the nobility.

[3] After surrendering his fleet to him on his voyage to Alexandria. See p. 31.

[4] M. Brutus was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul, B.C. 46.

[5] Ser. Sulpicius Rufus (see p. 20). For Cæsar's occupation of Greece, see p. 35.

[6] M. Claudius Marcellus, consul B.C. 51. See p. 113.

of all should not be alike when the merits of their cases are the same; and, secondly, that good men and good citizens of unblemished character should not return to a state, into which so many have returned after having been condemned of atrocious crimes.

That is my prediction. If I had felt any doubt about it, I would not have employed it in preference to a consolation which would have easily enabled me to support a man of spirit. It is this. If you had taken up arms for the Republic —for so you then thought—with the full assurance of victory, you would not deserve special commendation. But if, in view of the uncertainty attaching to all wars, you had taken into consideration the possibility of our being beaten, you ought not, while fully prepared to face success, to be yet utterly unable to endure failure. I would have urged also what a consolation the consciousness of your action, what a delightful distraction in adversity, literature ought to be. I would have recalled to your mind the signal disasters not only of men of old times, but of those of our own day also, whether they were your leaders or your comrades. I would even have named many cases of illustrious foreigners: for the recollection of what I may call a common law and of the conditions of human existence softens grief. I would also have explained the nature of our life here in Rome, how bewildering the disorder, how universal the chaos: for it must needs cause less regret to be absent from a state in disruption, than from one well-ordered. But there is no occasion for anything of this sort. I shall soon see you, as I hope, or rather as I clearly perceive, in enjoyment of your civil rights. Meanwhile, to you in your absence, as also to your son who is here—the express image of your soul and person, and a man of unsurpassable firmness and excellence—I have long ere this both promised and tendered practically my zeal, duty, exertions, and labours: all the more so now that Cæsar daily receives me with more open arms, while his intimate friends distinguish me above everyone. Any influence or favour I may gain with him I will employ in your service. Be sure, for your part, to support yourself not only with courage, but also with the brightest hopes.

CCCCLXXXVII (F VI, 13)

TO Q. LIGARIUS (IN EXILE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

ALTHOUGH in your present circumstances I was bound, in view of our friendship, to write you some word either of consolation or support, yet up to this time I had omitted doing so, because I did not think myself able by mere words either to soften or remove your grief. When, however, I began to entertain a strong hope that it would not be long before we had you here in full enjoyment of your civil rights, I could not refrain from declaring my opinion and wishes to you. To begin with, then, I will say this, of which I have a clear knowledge and full perception—that Cæsar will not be very obdurate to you. For circumstances, as well as the lapse of time and public opinion, and—as it seems to me—even his own natural disposition, daily render him more indulgent. And that I not only perceive in the case of others, but I am also told it in regard to yourself by his most intimate friends, to whom, ever since the news from Africa first arrived, I have never ceased in conjunction with your brothers to make representations. Thanks indeed to their virtue and piety and their unique affection for you, their constant and unremitting care for your safety are having such good effect, that I think there is now no indulgence that Cæsar himself will not grant you. But if this comes to pass somewhat less quickly than we wish, the reason is that, owing to the multiplicity of his business, interviews with him have been somewhat difficult to obtain. At the same time, being unusually angered at the resistance in Africa, he seems resolved to keep those in suspense somewhat longer, by whom he considers himself to have been involved in the worry of a more protracted struggle. But even this, I understand, he daily regards in a more forgiving and placable spirit. Wherefore, believe me,

and remember that I said so to you, that you will not be much longer in your distressing position. Having told you my opinion, I will shew what my wishes are in regard to you by deeds rather than by words. If I were as powerful as I ought to be in a Republic, to which my services have been such as you estimate them, *you* certainly would not have now been in your present disadvantageous position: for the same cause has ruined my influence which has brought your safety into danger. But nevertheless, whatever the shadow of my old position, whatever the remains of my popularity shall be able to effect, all my zeal, advice, efforts, and fidelity shall be ever at the service of your most excellent brothers. Be sure, on your part, to keep the brave spirit which you have always kept. First, for the reasons which I have mentioned: and, secondly, because your wishes and sentiments about the Republic have ever been such as not only to warrant a hope of prosperity now, but even, if everything goes wrong, to make it after all incumbent on you, from a consciousness of your actions and policy, to bear whatever happens with the greatest resolution and spirit.

CCCCLXXXVIII (F VI, 12)

TO T. AMPIUS BALBUS (RECALLED FROM EXILE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I CONGRATULATE you, my dear Balbus, and with sincerity. Yet I am not so foolish as to wish you to indulge in a passing and groundless exultation, and then to be suddenly depressed and rendered so prostrate, that nothing could afterwards raise your spirits or restore your equanimity. I have pleaded your cause with greater openness than was quite consistent with my present position. For the unfortunate fact itself of my influence having been weakened

was overcome by my affection for you and my unbroken love towards you, which has always been most carefully cultivated by yourself. Everything that was promised in regard to your return and restoration has been fulfilled, and is now secure and fully ratified. I have seen it with my own eyes, have had full information, have been personally a witness to it. For very opportunely I have all Cæsar's intimate friends so closely knit to me by association and kindly feeling, that next to him they look upon me as first. Pansa, Hirtius, Balbus, Oppius, Matius, all make it clear in this matter that they have a unique regard for me. But if I had had to do it by my own exertions, I should not have regretted having made the attempt in whatever way the exigencies of the situation demanded. But I have not, in fact, made any special concessions to the situation: my old intimacy with all these men comes in here, with whom I have never ceased urging your claims. But Pansa, who is exceedingly zealous on your behalf and anxious to oblige me, I have regarded as my mainstay in this business, as being influential with Cæsar no less from his character than from personal predilection. Tillius Cimber, again, has quite satisfied me. Yet, after all, the petitions which have weight with Cæsar are not those which proceed from personal considerations, but those which are dictated by duty: and, as that was the case with Cimber, he had more influence than he could have had in anyone else's behalf. The passport has not been issued at once, owing to the amazing rascality of certain persons, who would have been bitterly annoyed at a pardon being granted to you, whom that party call the "bugle of the civil war"—and a good many observations to the same effect are made by them, as though they were not positively glad of that war having occurred. Wherefore it seemed best to carry on the business with some secrecy, and by no means to let it get abroad that your affair was settled. But it will be so very shortly, and I have no doubt that by the time you read this letter the matter will have been completed. The fact is that Pansa, a man whose character and word can be trusted, not only assured me of it, but also undertook that he would very quickly get the passport. Nevertheless, I resolved that this account should be sent you, because from Eppuleia's report

and Ampia's[1] tears I gathered that you were less confident than your letter would suggest. Moreover, they thought that in their absence from your side you would be in much more serious anxiety. Wherefore I thought it of very great importance, for the sake of alleviating your pain and sorrow, that you should have stated for certain what was in fact certain.

You know that hitherto it has been my habit to write to you rather in the tone of one consoling a man of courage and wisdom, than as holding out any sure hope of restoration beyond that which, in my opinion, was to be expected from the Republic itself as soon as the present excitement died down. Remember your writings, in which you always shewed me a spirit at once great and firmly prepared to endure whatever might happen. Nor was I surprised at that, since I remembered that you had been engaged in public affairs from your earliest youth, and that your terms of office had coincided with the most dangerous crises in the safety and fortunes of the community,[2] and that you entered on this very war not solely with the idea of being in prosperity if victorious, but also, if it so happened, of bearing it philosophically if beaten. In the next place, since you devote your time to recording the deeds of brave men,[3] you ought to think yourself bound to abstain from doing anything to prevent your shewing yourself exactly like those whom you commend. But this is a style of talk better suited to the position from which you have now escaped: for the present merely prepare yourself to endure with us the state of things here. If I could find any remedy for that, I would impart the same to you. But our one refuge is philosophy and literature, to which we have always been devoted. In the time of our prosperity these seemed only to be an en-

[1] The wife and daughter of T. Ampius.

[2] T. Ampius Balbus was a tribune in B.C. 63, and prætor in B.C. 59, the first the Catilinarian year, the second the year of Cæsar's consulship, which Cicero regards as fatal to the constitution. He had always been an ardent Pompeian, having proposed special honours to Pompey in B.C. 63 for his Eastern campaign. For his activity at the beginning of the Civil War, see vol. ii., p. 271. He was not, it seems, at the battle of Pharsalia, but was in Asia, where he tried to seize the treasures of the temple at Ephesus (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 105).

[3] This work is quoted apparently by Suetonius, *Iul.* 77.

joyment, now they are our salvation also. But, to return to what I said at first, I have no doubt of everything having been accomplished in the matter of your restoration and return.

CCCCLXXXIX (F VI, 10, §§ 4-6)

TO TREBIANUS (IN EXILE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

I WOULD have sent you a letter before, if I had been able to hit upon the best sort to write: for at such a crisis the duty of friends is either to console or to make promises. I did not offer consolation, because I was told by many of the fortitude and wisdom with which you were bearing the hardship of the present situation, and how thoroughly you were consoled by the consciousness of your actions and policy. If that is the case, you are reaping a rich reward of your excellent studies, in which I know that you have ever been engaged, and I exhort you again and again to continue this line of conduct. At the same time, see here! You are a man deeply versed in what is recorded not only of particular examples, but in ancient history generally, while I am not quite ignorant of them either; but, though less deeply read than I could wish, I have had an even greater experience than I could have desired in actual affairs and practical business. Well, I pledge my word to you, that this indignation and this injurious treatment will not last long. For, in the first place, the man himself who has the chief power appears to me to be daily inclining insensibly towards just views and natural equity; and, in the second place, the merits of our cause itself are of such a kind, that it must necessarily revive and be renewed along with the Republic, which cannot possibly be kept down for ever. In fact, every day something is done in a spirit of greater clemency and liberality than we feared would be the case. And since such things depend upon shifting circumstances,

often minute, I will look out for every chance, and will not pass over any opportunity of helping and relieving you. Accordingly, that second style of letter which I mentioned will daily, I hope, become easier to adopt—enabling me to make promises also. That I should prefer doing practically rather than in mere words. I would have you be convinced of this—that you have more friends than others who are and have been in the same misfortune as yourself, as far at least as I have been able to ascertain; and that I yield to no one of them. Be sure you keep up a brave and lofty spirit. That depends on yourself alone: what depends on fortune will be guided by circumstances and provided for by prudent measures on our part.

CCCCXC (F VI, 10, §§ 1-3)

TO TREBIANUS (IN EXILE)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

OF the value I feel and always have felt for you, and of the value which I know you feel for me, I am myself the witness. Two things cause me as much anxiety as my misfortunes always caused you. The first is your policy, or perhaps I should say your misfortune, in remaining too long in the prosecution of a civil war; the second, that the recovery of your property and position is slower than is fair and than I could have wished. Accordingly, I have opened my whole heart to Postumulenus, Sestius, and (most frequently) to our friend Atticus, and recently to your freedman Theudas, and have repeated to them separately on several occasions, that by whatever means I could I desired to do all that you and your sons could wish. And I would have you write and tell your family that, as far at least as it lies in my power, they should regard my efforts, advice, property, and fidelity as at their service for all purposes. If my influence and favour were as great as they ought to be in a state which I have served so well, you too would now be what you

were, worthy in the highest degree of any rank, and at least easily first of your own *ordo*. But, since at the same time and in the same cause we have both of us lost our position, the things mentioned above, which are still mine to promise, and those also which I seem to myself to be partially retaining as reliques, so to speak, of my old rank—these I hereby promise you. For Cæsar himself, as I have been able to gather by many circumstances, is not estranged from me, and nearly all his most intimate friends, bound to me as it happens by important services rendered by me in the past, are constant in their attentions and visits to me. Accordingly, if I find any opening for mooting the subject of your fortunes, that is, of your restoration to civil rights, on which everything depends—and I am daily more induced to hope for it from what these men say—I will do so personally and exert myself to the uttermost. It is not necessary to enter into details: I tender you my zeal and goodwill without reserve. But it is of great importance to me that all your friends should—as they may by a letter from you—know this, that everything which is Cicero's is at the service of Trebianus. To the same effect is it that they should believe that there is nothing too difficult for me to undertake with pleasure for you.

CCCCXCI (F XII, 17)

TO Q. CORNIFICIUS (IN THE EAST)

ROME (SEPTEMBER)

CICERO's compliments to his colleague[1] Cornificius. I am exceedingly gratified by your remembrance of me as indicated by your letter. I beg you to retain it, not because I have any doubt of your constancy, but because such is the

[1] That is, in the college of augurs. There was a vacancy this year by the death of Faustus Cornelius Sulla, and though we don't know it positively, Cornificius may have been nominated to it by Cæsar, in reward for his services in Illyricum in B.C. 48-47.

customary request. We have had news of some disturbances in Syria;[1] and as they are nearer you than me, I am more concerned at them for your sake than for my own. At Rome, though there is the most profound tranquillity, you would prefer to have some salutary business of the right sort on foot. And I hope it will be so, for I see that Cæsar is anxious for it.[2] Allow me to inform you that, seizing upon what I venture to call the opportunity of your absence and the greater freedom that it gives me,[3] I am writing with more than usual boldness: and the rest, indeed, are perhaps such as even you would allow to pass; but the last thing I wrote was "On the best Style of Speech,"[4] on which subject I have often suspected that your taste differed somewhat from mine, though not more than a learned man might differ somewhat from another who was also not without some learning. To this book I should like you to give the support of your approval, if possible from a sincere feeling, but if not at least out of friendship. I will tell your people that, if they choose, they may copy it out and send it to you. For I think that, even if you don't quite agree with its contents, yet, in the lonely spot in which you now are,[5] whatever is produced by me will give you some pleasure.

You recommend your reputation and political position to my care. You follow the general fashion in so doing; but I would have you believe both that I consider the affection between us, which I understand to be mutual, to have a supreme claim upon me; and that my opinion as to your

[1] Cornificius was governor of Africa next year (B.C. 45), but it is supposed from this passage that he was on some service in the East at the present time. The disturbance in Syria was caused by Q. Cæcilius Bassus, who, escaping from Pharsalia, got the governor of Syria murdered, and, assuming the title of prætor, held out till B.C. 43.

[2] Some of the best of Cæsar's laws were passed this year (Dio, 43, 25), but perhaps Cicero means some more or less complete restoration of the Republic.

[3] A polite hint that Cicero has a great fear of, or regard for, the criticism of Cornificius.

[4] *Orator, ad Brutum.* The objection he expects to be taken to this work is the high place assigned to the orator as compared with men of action. The other works of this year are the *Cato* (lost), *Paradoxa*, *Brutus* (*de claris Oratoribus*).

[5] Schütz assigns this letter to the next year, in which case the reference might be to Africa.

supreme ability, your devotion to the highest learning, and your prospect of the most exalted rank is such that I class no one above you and put very few on an equality with you.

CCCCXCII (F IV, 3)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME (OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER [1])

MANY daily report to me that you are in a state of great anxiety, and in the midst of miseries affecting all alike are suffering, as it were, a special personal sorrow. Though not surprised at this, and to a certain extent sharing in it myself, yet I am sorry that a man of your all but unequalled wisdom does not rather feel pleasure in his own blessings, than vexation at other people's misfortunes. For myself, though I do not yield to anyone in sorrow experienced from the ruin and destruction of the constitution, yet I now find many ources of consolation, and above all in the consciousness of the policy which I pursued. For far in advance I foresaw the coming storm, as it were from a watch-tower, and that not altogether spontaneously, but much more owing to your warnings and denunciations. For, though I was absent during the greater part of your consulship, yet in spite of that absence I was well informed of your sentiments in taking precautions against and predicting this disastrous war, and I was myself present in the first period of your consulship,[2] when, after passing in review all the civil wars, you warned the senate in the most impressive terms, both to fear those they remembered, and to feel assured, since the last generation had been so cruel—to an extent up to that time unprecedented in the Republic—that whoever thenceforth overpowered the Republic by arms would be

[1] Mueller gives a date, November 26th; but it does not appear to rest on anything certain.

[2] B.C. 51, in May of which year Cicero started for his province.

much more difficult to endure. For what is done on a precedent, they consider as even legally justifiable: but they add and contribute something, or rather a great deal, of their own to it. Wherefore you must remember that those who have not followed your authority and advice have fallen by their own folly, when they might have been saved by prudence like yours. You will say: "What consolation is that to me in the midst of such gloom and what I may call the ruins of the Republic?" Certainly it *is* a sorrow scarce admitting of consolation: so complete is the loss and the hopelessness of recovery. But, after all, both in Cæsar's judgment and the people's estimate your righteousness, wisdom, and lofty character shine out like some torch when all the rest have gone out. This ought to go a long way towards alleviating your unhappiness. As to absence from your family, that should be the less distressing to you from the fact that you are at the same time absent from many severe annoyances. All of these I would have now mentioned in detail, had I not scrupled to enlighten you on certain particulars, from not seeing which you appear to me to be in a happier position than we who see them. I think that any consolation from me is properly confined to your being informed by a very affectionate friend of those facts by which your uneasiness could be relieved. Other sources of consolation, not unknown to me nor the least significant—indeed, as I think, by far the greatest—are centred in yourself: and by daily testing them I so completely recognize their soundness that they seem to me to be positively life-giving.

Again, I recall the fact that from the earliest dawn of manhood you have been most absolutely devoted to all kinds of philosophical study, and have with the utmost zeal and care learnt all the maxims of the wisest men which concern a right conduct of life. These indeed are useful as well as delightful, even in the highest state of prosperity: but in such times as these we have nothing else to give us peace of mind. I will not be in any way presumptuous, nor exhort a man so richly endowed with professional knowledge[1] and natural ability, to return to those arts to which, from the earliest period of your life, you have devoted your industry.

[1] That is, jurisprudence.

I will only say, what I hope you think to be right, that for myself, seeing that for the art to which I had devoted myself there was now no place either in forum or senate-house, I have bestowed my every thought and every effort on philosophy. For your professional knowledge — eminent and unrivalled as it is—no sphere much better has been left than for mine. Wherefore, though I do not presume to advise you, I have persuaded myself that you also were engaged in pursuits which, even if they were not exactly profitable yet served to withdraw the mind from anxiety. Your son Servius indeed is engaged in all liberal studies, and especially in those in which I have mentioned that I find peace of mind, with conspicuous success. In my affection for him in fact I yield to no one in the world but yourself, and he repays me with gratitude. In this matter he thinks, as one may easily see, that in shewing me attention and regard, he is at the same time doing what will give you the greatest pleasure.

CCCCXCIII (F IV, 4)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME (OCTOBER)

I ACCEPT your excuse for having frequently sent me a letter in duplicate, but I accept it only so far as you attribute to the carelessness or untrustworthiness of those who take them from you that they do not reach me: that part of your excuse in which you say that you frequently send me letters containing the same words from "poverty of language"—that is your expression—I neither understand nor acknowledge. And I myself, whom you declare in joke (as I take it) to possess a rich store of language, admit that I am not very badly off for words: for there is no occasion for "mock-modesty": yet I too—and that without "mock-modesty"—easily yield to the refinement and dainty simplicity of your style.

As to your policy, mentioned in your letter, in not de-

clining this command of Achaia,[1] as I always had approved of it, much more did I do so after reading your last letter. For all the reasons which you mention are thoroughly sound, and in the highest degree worthy of your character and wisdom. As to your thinking that the matter has turned out otherwise than you expected, in that I do not at all agree with you. The fact is this: the disorganization and confusion are so great, the general dismay and collapse caused by a most shocking war are so complete, that each man thinks the place where he happens to be the most wretched in the world. That is why you feel dissatisfied with your policy, and why only we who are still at home appear to you to be happy: while on the contrary to us you seem, not indeed entirely free from distress, but happy in comparison with ourselves. And in fact your lot is better than ours in this: you venture to say in your letter what is giving you pain; we cannot do even that much safely. Nor is this the fault of the victor, whose moderation cannot be surpassed, but of the victory itself, which in the case of civil wars is always offensive. In one point I have had the better of you—that I knew of the recall of your colleague Marcellus[2] a little before you did; and also, by Hercules, that I saw how that matter was actually managed. For be assured that since these unhappy events, that is, since the appeal to arms was begun, nothing else has been transacted with any proper dignity. For, in the first place, Cæsar himself, after inveighing against the "bitter spirit" shewn by Marcellus—for that was the term he used—and having commended in the most complimentary terms

[1] Achaia was not an organized province at this time; its communities were free (*liberi populi*, Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 3), though in a certain sense it was a province, as owing some allegiance to Rome, and is so classed by Cicero in B.C. 59, along with Marseilles, Rhodes, Sparta, Athens, Thessaly, and Bœotia (*pro Flacc.* § 100). But Cæsar had been in military occupation of it since B.C. 48, having sent Q. Fufius Calenus there with a legion (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 56), and though after Pharsalia the legion was withdrawn (*ib.* 106), Fufius seems to have remained there with some forces during part of B.C. 47 (see p. 37; Cæs. *B. Alex.* 44). Fufius returned to Rome with Cæsar in the course of B.C. 47, and it was then, it appears, that Sulpicius was asked by Cæsar to accept charge of Achaia, with authority in other parts of Greece also.

[2] M. Marcellus, consul with Sulpicius B.C. 51 (see p. 113). It was on Cæsar's consenting to his recall that Cicero now explains why he made the speech in the senate.

your fairness as well as your wisdom, all on a sudden unexpectedly concluded by saying that "he would not refuse a request of the senate for Marcellus, even in view of the character of the individual." In the next place, the senate had arranged, as soon as the case of Marcellus had been mentioned by L. Piso, and Gaius Marcellus[1] had thrown himself at Cæsar's feet, that it should rise *en masse* and approach Cæsar in a suppliant attitude. Ask no questions: this day appeared to me to be so fair that I seemed to be seeing some shadow of a reviving Republic. Accordingly, when all who were called up before had moved a vote of thanks to Cæsar, except Volcatius—for he said that if he had been in Cæsar's place he would not have done it—I, when called on, abandoned my resolution. For I had determined, not, by Hercules, from lack of interest, but because I missed my old position in the house, to maintain unbroken silence. This resolution of mine gave way before Cæsar's magnanimity and the senate's display of devotion. I therefore delivered a speech of thanks to Cæsar at some length, and I am afraid that I have robbed myself of an honourable abstention from business in other cases as well, which was my one consolation in misfortune. However, since I have avoided offending him, who perhaps would have thought, if I never opened my mouth, that I regarded the constitution as in abeyance, I will do this without transgressing the bounds of moderation; or rather I shall keep some way this side of them, so as to satisfy his wishes without infringing upon my literary employments. For, though from my earliest youth every branch of study and liberal learning, and above all philosophy, has been a delight to me, yet this taste grows stronger daily: partly, I presume, because my time of life is now at its full maturity for wisdom, and partly owing to the corruption of the times, which makes everything else incapable of relieving my mind of its sorrows. From a similar pursuit I gather from your letter that you are being distracted by business. But, after all, by this time the night hours will

[1] C. Claudius Marcellus, consul B.C. 50, who was married to Cæsar's great-niece Octavia. Though he had handed over the two legions sent by Cæsar on pretext of the Parthian war to Pompey, he seems yet to have taken no part in the war of B.C. 49-48 (Cæs. *B. G.* viii. 48, 55). He was cousin (not brother) of M. Marcellus.

help you somewhat. Your, or rather our, Servius is exceedingly attentive to me; and I am charmed not only with his universal integrity and the remarkable excellence of his character, but also by his devotion to study and learning. He often discusses with me whether you should stay where you are or quit your province. At present my opinion is that we should do nothing except just what Cæsar appears to wish. Things are in such a state that, supposing you to be at Rome, nothing could possibly give you any pleasure except your own family. As for the rest, the best feature in the situation is Cæsar himself: all else is of such a kind, that, if you must do one or the other, you would prefer hearing to seeing them. This advice of mine is not at all consonant with my feelings, for I long to see you, but I am consulting for your own interests.

CCCCXCIV (F IV, 11)

MARCUS MARCELLUS TO CICERO (AT ROME)

MITYLENE (OCTOBER)

THAT your influence has ever had the greatest weight with me everything that has occurred has given you reason to know, but nothing so clearly as the recent transaction. For though C. Marcellus, my very affectionate cousin, not only advised me, but besought me in moving terms, he failed to persuade me. It was only your letter that induced me to follow the advice that you and he gave in preference to every other. Your letters describe to me the nature of the debate in the senate. Though your congratulation is exceedingly acceptable to me, because it proceeds from the kindest of hearts, yet there is one thing still more delightful and gratifying to me—namely, that while I have so few friends, relations, or connexions to take a sincere interest in my safety, I have had reason to know that you desire my company and have shewn in a practical way an unparalleled devotion to my interest. Everything else is as you say. And consider-

ing the state of the times, I was well content to be out of it all. I take the truth, indeed, to be that without the kindness of such gallant men and true friends no one, whether in adversity or prosperity, can live a real life. Accordingly, I congratulate myself on this. But for yourself, I will prove to you in a practical manner that you have been loyal to a man who loves you most deeply.

CCCCXCV (F IX, 21)

TO PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

ROME (ABOUT OCTOBER)

YOU don't say so! You think yourself a madman for imitating the thunder of my eloquence, as you call it?[1] You certainly would have been beside yourself if you had failed to do so: but since you even beat me at it, you ought to jeer at me rather than at yourself. So you had no need of that quotation from Trabea,[2] rather the *fiasco* was mine. But, after all, what do you think of my style in letters? Don't I talk with you in the vulgar tongue? Why, of course one doesn't write always in the same style. For what analogy has a letter with a speech in court or at a public meeting? Nay, even as to speeches in court, it is not my practice to handle all in the same style. Private causes and such as are of slight importance we plead in simpler language; those that affect a man's civil existence or reputation, of course, in a more ornate style: but letters it is our custom to compose in the language of everyday life. Well, but letting that pass, how did it come into your head, my dear Pætus, to

[1] Pætus had apparently compared his presumption to that of Salmoneus: "Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen Ære et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum" (Verg. *Æn.* vi. 590).

[2] Quintus Trabea, a writer of comedies, who flourished about B.C. 120. Cicero quoted him before (see vol. ii., p. 80); but it does not appear what the quotation made by Pætus was—some think the remark about imitating thunder.

say that there never was a Papirius who was not a plebeian? For, in fact, there were patrician Papirii, of the lesser houses, of whom the first was L. Papirius Mugillanus, censor with L. Sempronius Atratinus—having already been his colleague in the consulship—in the 312th year of the city. But in those days they were called *Papisii*. After him thirteen sat in the curule chair before L. Papirius Crassus, who was the first to drop the form Papisius. This man was named dictator, with L. Papirius Cursor as Master of the Horse, in the 415th year of the city, and four years afterwards was consul with Kæso Duilius. Cursor came next to him, a man who held a very large number of offices;[1] then comes L. Masso, who rose to the ædileship; then a number of Massones. The busts of these I would have you keep—all patricians. Then follow the Carbones and Turdi. These latter were plebeians, whom I opine that you may disregard. For, except the Gaius Carbo who was assassinated by Damasippus, there has not been one of the Carbones who was a good and useful citizen. We knew Gnæus Carbo and his brother the wit: were there ever greater scoundrels? About the one who is a friend of mine, the son of Rubrius, I say nothing. There have been those three brothers Carbo—Gaius, Gnæus, Marcus. Of these, Marcus, a great thief, was condemned for malversation in Sicily on the accusation of Publius Flaccus: Gaius, when accused by Lucius Crassus, is said to have poisoned himself with cantharides; he behaved in a factious manner as tribune, and was also thought to have assassinated Publius Africanus.[2] As to the other,[3] who was put to death by my friend Pompey at Lilybæum, there was never, in my opinion, a greater scoundrel. Even his father, on being accused by M. Antonius, is thought to have escaped condemnation by a dose of shoemaker's vitriol. Wherefore my opinion is that you should revert to the patrician Papirii: you see what a bad lot the plebeians were.

[1] The hero of the second Samnite war was consul six times, dictator three times.

[2] See vol. ii., p. 215. C. Papirius Carbo, a friend and supporter of Tib. Gracchus, and one of the commissioners (after the death of Tiberius) for carrying out his land law. He was tribune in B.C. 131.

[3] Gnæus Papirius Carbo, consul in B.C. 85, 84, and 82, the partisan of Marius. For his death at the hands of Pompey, see vol. ii., p. 347.

CCCCXCVI (F VI, 14)

TO Q. LIGARIUS[1] (IN EXILE)

ROME, 26 NOVEMBER[2]

I ASSURE you that I am employing every effort and all my care and zeal in securing your recall. For, to say nothing of the fact that I have always been deeply attached to you, the signal loyalty and love of your brothers, who have the same place as yourself in the warmest feelings of my heart, suffer me to neglect no task or opportunity of displaying my fidelity and zeal towards you. But what I am doing and have done for you, I prefer your learning from their letters rather than from mine. But what my hopes are, or what I feel confident of, and consider as certain in regard to your recall, that I wish you to be informed of by myself. For if there is anyone who is nervous in matters of moment and danger, and who is always more inclined to fear a reverse than to hope for success, I am that man, and if it is a fault, I confess that I am not without it. However, on the fifth day before the Kalends of the first intercalary month, I went at the request of your brothers to wait on Cæsar at his morning reception, and endured all the humiliation and bore of securing an *entrée* and an interview with him. When your brothers had thrown themselves at his feet, and I had said what the merits of the case and your position demanded, I went away with a con-

[1] Q. Ligarius, who had as the *legatus* of Varus in Africa, B.C. 49, excluded the senatorial governor Tubero and his son from landing there, had afterwards fought against Cæsar at Thapsus, and had been exiled. His brothers tried to secure his recall, but the younger Tubero brought a charge of *majestas* against him, on which Cicero defended him. See Letter CCCCLXXXVII.

[2] November = September before Cæsar's rectification of the calendar. Besides the usual intercalary month of twenty-three days inserted at the end of February, two months of sixty-seven days in all were intercalated between the last day of November and the first of December. This year thus consisted of four hundred and forty-five days.

viction—gathered not only from the tone of Cæsar's reply, which was gentle and courteous, but also from his eyes and expression, and many other signs besides, which it was easier to observe than it is to write—that I need have no doubt about your recall. Wherefore be sure you keep up your spirit and courage, and as you bore the stormiest times with philosophy, meet calmer weather with cheerfulness. However, I will attend to your business as though it were one of the most difficult possible: and on your behalf, as I have already done, I will with all the pleasure in life present my supplications not only to Cæsar, but also to all his friends, whom I have learnt to be warmly attached to myself. Good-bye.

CCCCXCVII (A XII, 6)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ROME, THE SECOND INTERCALARY MONTH

As to Cælius, please see that there is no defect in the gold.[1] I don't know anything about such matters. But at any rate there is quite enough loss on exchange. If to this is added gold . . . but why need I talk? You will see to it. That's a specimen of the style of Hegesias, which Varro commends.[2]

Now I come to Tyrannio. Do you really mean it? Was this fair? Without me? Why, how often, though quite at leisure, did I yet refuse without you? How will you excuse yourself for this? The only way of course is to send me the book; and I beg you earnestly to do so. And yet the book itself will not give me more pleasure than your admiration of it has already done. For I love everyone who "loves learning," and I rejoice at your feeling such a great admiration for that essay on a minute point. However, you are that sort of man in everything. You want to *know*, and

[1] Cælius was a banker or money-changer.

[2] Hegesias of Magnesia (in Asia) affected an abrupt and elliptic style. See *Brut.* § 286; *Orat.* § 230.

that is the only food of the intellect. But pray what did you get that contributed to your *summum bonum* from that acute and grave essay?[1] However, I am talking too much, and you have been occupied in some business which is perhaps mine: and in return for that dry basking of yours in the sun, of which you took such full advantage on my lawn, I shall ask of you in return some sunshine and a good dinner.[2] But I return to what I was saying. The book, if you love me, send me the book! It is certainly yours to give, since indeed it was dedicated to you.

"What, Chremes,
Have you such leisure from your own affairs"[3]

as even to read my "Orator"? Well done! I am pleased to hear it, and shall be still more obliged if, not only in your own copy, but also in those meant for others, you will make your scribes alter "Eupolis" to "Aristophanes."[4]

Cæsar again seemed to me to smile at your word *quæso*, as being somewhat "fanciful" and cockneyfied. But he bade you to have no anxiety in such a cordial manner, that he relieved me of all feeling of doubt.[5] I am sorry that Attica's ague is so lingering, but since she has now got rid of shivering fits, I hope all is well.

[1] For Tyrannio and his book which Cicero wished to have read in the company of Atticus, see p. 72. Tyrrell and Purser say it was "on accents," and see a reference to that in *in ista acuta et gravi*. There is no other authority for the subject of the book. Tyrannio wrote a large number of books, and there is nothing but this to shew what particular one is meant. The τέλος is thought by some to refer to the treatise *de Finibus*, on which Cæsar was now employed; but it may equally well refer to the previous sentence—Atticus's τέλος or *summum bonum* was "knowledge."

[2] Cicero playfully alludes to Atticus as taking part in his dialogue *Brutus*, which was represented as taking place as they were sitting "on a lawn near Plato's statue" (*in pratulo propter Platonis statuam*); and, as Atticus had been thus basking in sun on Cicero's imaginary lawn, he says that he shall ask to bask also on Atticus's real lawn, only with more creature comforts, such as a dinner. But it is obscurely expressed.

[3] Terence, *Haut.* 75. Mueller begins a separate letter with these words.

[4] *Orat.* § 29, where Aristophanes (*Ach.* 530) is quoted as saying that Pericles "blazed, thundered, and threw all Greece into a turmoil."

[5] Cæsar was thinking of planting a colony at Buthrotum, and Atticus was trying to avoid confiscation of lands, either his own or those of the townsmen, near his villa. We shall hear much more of it.

CCCCXCVIII (A XII, 7)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (SECOND INTERCALARY MONTH?)

I HAVE already written all you want in a note and given it to Eros, briefly, but even more than you ask. In it I have spoken about my son, of whose idea you gave me the first hint. I said to him in the most liberal manner what I should like you, if it is convenient to you, to learn from his own mouth. But why put it off? I explained to him that you had reported to me his wishes and what means he required: "He wished to go to Spain:[1] he wanted a liberal allowance." As to a liberal allowance, I said that he should have as much as Publius gave his son, and the flamen Lentulus gave his. As to Spain, I put before him two objections, first, the one I mentioned to you, the fear of adverse criticism—"Was it not enough that we abandoned the war? Must we even fight on the other side?" And secondly, that he would certainly be annoyed at being surpassed by his cousin in intimacy with Cæsar and every kind of favour. I could wish that he would take advantage of my liberality, rather than of his own freedom of action: nevertheless, I gave the permission: for I had been given to understand that you were not much against it. I will think over the subject earnestly, and beg that you will do the same. It is an important step: to stay at home involves no complications, the other course is risky. But we will see. About Balbus I had already written in the note, and I think of doing as you suggest as soon as he returns. But if he is somewhat slow in coming, I shall in any case be three days at Rome: and, oh! I forgot to say, Dolabella also will be with me.

[1] With Cæsar to fight against the sons of Pompey.

CCCCXCIX (A XII, 8)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (SECOND INTERCALARY MONTH)

As to my son, my plan meets with wide approval. I have got a suitable travelling companion for him.[1] But let us first see about getting the first instalment.[2] For the day is fast approaching, and Dolabella is hurrying away. Write and tell me, pray, what Celer reports Cæsar to have settled about the candidates. Does the great man think of going to the plain of the Fennel or to the plain of Mars?[3] And, finally, I should very much like to know whether there is any positive necessity for my being at Rome for the *comitia:* for I must do what Pilia wishes, and anyhow what Attica does.

D (A XII, 11)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (SECOND INTERCALARY MONTH)

I AM sorry to hear about Seius. But we must put up with whatever is natural to man. Why, what are we ourselves, and how long are we destined to feel for such things? Let me look to what is more within my control—yet, after all, not much more so—namely, what I am to do about the senate. And, not to omit anything, Cæsonius

[1] See Letter DXCVI.

[2] Of the dowry to be repaid by Dolabella after his divorce from Tullia.

[3] Is Cæsar going to Spain at once—where there is a plain thus called near Tarraco—or does he stay for the elections on the Campus Martius?

has written to me to say that Sulpicius's wife Postumia has been to call on him. As to the daughter of Pompeius Magnus, I wrote you back word that I wasn't thinking about her at the present moment. That other lady whom you mention I think you know. I never saw anything uglier. But I am soon to be in town. Therefore we'll talk about it.[1]

P.S.—After I had sealed my packet I received your letter. I am glad to hear that Attica is so cheerful; I am sorry for the slight attack.

DI (F VII, 4)

TO M. MARIUS (AT HIS VILLA NEAR STABIÆ)

CUMÆ, 16 NOVEMBER

ON the 16th[2] I came to my Cuman villa along with your friend Libo,[3] or rather I should say *our* friend. I think of going on at once to my Pompeian,[4] but I will give you notice beforehand. I always wish you to be in good health, but especially while I am here. For you see how much we are likely to be together. Wherefore, if you have an appointment with the gout, pray defer it to another day. So take care to be well and expect me in two or three days' time.

[1] The divorce of Terentia has taken place, and there seems to be a question of choosing a new wife.

[2] That is, of the second intercalary month of twenty-eight days in this last year of confusion, answering to 16th of November in the correct calendar.

[3] L. Scribonius Libo, whose daughter was married to Sext. Pompeius.

[4] Marius's villa looked out on the bay of Stabiæ (vol. i., p. 258) not far from Cicero's Pompeianum.

DII (F IX, 23)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

CUMÆ, 17 NOVEMBER

I ARRIVED yesterday at my Cuman villa, to-morrow I shall perhaps come to see you. But as soon as I know for certain, I will send you word a little beforehand. However, M. Cæparius, who met me on the road at the Gallinarian wood,[1] told me you were in bed with the gout. I was sorry to hear it, as in duty bound; nevertheless, I resolved to come to you, for the sake not only of seeing you and paying you a visit, but even of dining with you: for I don't suppose you have a cook who is gouty also. Expect therefore a guest, who is far from being a gourmet, and is a foe to extravagant dinners.

DIII (A XII, 1)

TO ATTICUS (IN HIS SUBURBAN VILLA)

ARPINUM, 24 NOVEMBER

ON the eleventh day from my parting from you I write this notelet on the point of quitting my villa before daybreak. To-day I think of being at my house at Anagnia, to-morrow at Tusculum: there I stay one day. On the 27th, therefore, I start to meet you as arranged. And oh! that I might hurry straight to the embrace of my Tullia and to the lips of Attica! Pray write and tell me what those same lips are prattling of, so that I may know it while I am halting in my Tusculan villa: or, if she is ruralizing, what

[1] Along the Campanian coast, between the Volturnus and Cumæ.

she writes to you. Meanwhile, send her by letter or give her yourself my kind love, as also to Pilia. But all the same, though we are to meet directly, write to me if you have anything to say.

Just as I was folding up this letter, your courier arrived late at night with a letter from you. I have read it: I am, of course, very sorry to hear of Attica's feverish attack. Everything else that I wanted to know I learn from your letter. As to your saying that "a little fire in the morning is an old man's luxury"—it is still more an old man's way to be a trifle forgetful! I had appointed the 26th for Axius, the 27th for you, and the 28th (the day of my reaching Rome) for Quintus. Pray consider that settled. There is no change. "Then what was the use of my writing?" What is the use of our talking when we meet and prattle about anything that occurs to us? A *causerie* s, after all, something: for, even though there is nothing in it substantial, there is a certain charm in the mere fact of our talking together.

[The rest of the letters of this year are, with one or two exceptions, formal letters of introduction or recommendation. They do not admit of being dated, as to month or day.]

DIV (F XIII, 66)

TO P. SERVILIUS VATIA ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

I SHOULD not have undertaken to recommend Aulus Cæcina[1] to you, who is a client of your family in a very special sense, as I was fully aware how loyal to your friends and how indulgent to men in exile you were ever wont to be, had not both the memory of his father, with whom I was exceed-

[1] See *ante*, p. 119.

ingly intimate, and his own misfortune affected me as that of a man most closely united to me by mutual interests and good services of every kind was bound to do. I ask with all my might as a favour from you—with an earnestness indeed and heartfelt anxiety beyond which I cannot go in asking anything—that you would allow a letter from me to add a finishing stroke to what, without anyone's recommendation, you would have spontaneously done for a man of such high and noble character, labouring under so heavy a calamity. Let it induce you to be even more zealous in assisting him in whatever ways you may have the power of doing so. If you had been at Rome, we should—as I think—have even secured Aulus Cæcina's recall by your assistance. Of this, after all, I still have a strong hope, relying on the forgiving nature of your colleague.[1] For the present, as in reliance on your sense of justice he has concluded your province to be his safest harbour of refuge, I beg and beseech you again and again to assist him in collecting the remnants of his old business, and to protect and watch over him in all other matters. You can do nothing that will oblige me more.

DV (F XIII, 67)

TO P. SERVILIUS VATIA ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

IN all my province of Cilicia, to which, as you know, were joined three Asiatic dioceses,[2] I was not more intimate with anyone than with Andron, son of Artemon, of Laodicea, and in that city I regarded him both as a guest and as a man eminently adapted to my way of life and habits. I learnt, indeed, to value him at a much higher rate, after I left the

[1] Cæsar had been a colleague of Servilius's in the consulship of B.C. 49. They were also both members of the college of augurs. See *ante*, p. 108.

[2] Cibyra, Apamea, Synnada. See vol. ii., p. 70.

province, because I discovered by many instances that he was grateful and did not forget me. Accordingly, I was most delighted to see him at Rome. For it does not escape your observation, having done favours to a great number of people in that province, what proportion of them are found to shew gratitude. My object in writing, therefore, is both that you should understand that I do not take this trouble without good reason, and that you should yourself decide that he is worthy of being admitted to your society. You will therefore have done me a very great favour, if you make it clear to him how highly you value me, that is, if you accord him your patronage and assist him in whatever matter you can consistently with your own honour and convenience. This will be a very great gratification to me, and I ask you again and again to do so.

DVI (F XIII, 69)

TO P. SERVILIUS VATIA ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

C. CURTIUS MITHRES is in fact, as you know, a freedman of my very intimate friend Postumus, but he pays me as much attention and respect as he does his own patron himself. At Ephesus, as often as I was in that town, his house was as open to me as my own, and many things occurred which gave me occasion to learn his affection and fidelity to myself. Accordingly, if either I or any of my friends had occasion for anything in Asia, it has been my habit to write to him, and to use his services and fidelity as well as his house and means as though they were my own. I tell you this at the greater length, to make you understand that I am not writing conventionally or for unworthy motives, but as I should do for a man with whom I am intimate and have very close ties. My request to you, therefore, is that in the lawsuit in which he is engaged with a certain Colophonian as to the possession of an estate, you should in compliment to me afford

him every assistance in your power, as far as your honour and convenience will allow: though my knowledge of his reasonable character assures me that he will never be an embarrassment to you. If by means of my recommendation and his own uprightness he secures your good opinion, he will think that he has gained all he desires. I therefore earnestly beg you again and again to accord him your patronage and put him on the list of your friends. On my side, whatever I think that you wish or is to your interest, I will see to with zeal and activity.

DVII (F XIII, 70)

TO P. SERVILIUS VATIA ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

YOUR affection for me is so notorious that many seek to be recommended to you by my means. Now I grant that favour at times indiscriminately, but generally only to close friends, as in the present instance: for I am very intimate and very closely connected with T. Ampius Balbus. His freedman T. Ampius Menander, a man of strict morals, good conduct, and highly thought of both by his patron and myself, I commend to you with no common warmth. You will do me a very great favour, if you will oblige him in any matters consistent with your own convenience. I earnestly ask you again and again to do so.

DVIII (F XIII, 71)

TO P. SERVILIUS VATIA ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

IT is inevitable that I should recommend many persons to you, for everyone knows our intimacy and your kindly feeling towards me. Nevertheless, though I am bound to wish well to all whom I recommend, yet I have not the same reason to do so in the case of all. Titus Agusius was by my side during the most miserable time of my life, and was the companion of all my journeys, voyages, labours, and dangers: nor would he now have left my side, had I not granted him permission. Therefore I recommend him to you as one of my own household and of those most closely united to me. You will very much oblige me if you make him feel by your treatment of him that this recommendation has been of great service and assistance to him.

DIX (F XIII, 72)

TO P. SERVILIUS VATIA ISAURICUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

IN an interview with you in your suburban villa I commended to you the property, investments, and estates in Asia of my friend Cærellia [1] as earnestly as I could, and you promised me with the greatest liberality to do everything possible in a manner consonant with your unbroken and

[1] Cicero seems to have owed money to this rich lady (*Att.* xii. 51). She posed as a philosopher and authoress, but seems to have not been very scrupulous as to where she got materials for her books (*Att.* xiii. 21, 22).

eminent services to me. I hope you remember the fact: I know that it is your habit to do so. Nevertheless, Cærellia's agents have written to me to say that, owing to the wide extent of your province and the multiplicity of your engagements, you need to be frequently reminded. I ask you, therefore, to remember that you promised me in the amplest terms that you would do everything your honour would allow. In my opinion—but it is a matter for yourself to consider and decide—you have now an excellent opportunity of obliging Cærellia in accordance with the decree of the senate passed in regard to the heirs of C. Vennonius. That decree you will interpret in the light of your own wisdom. For I know that the authority of that order has always been great in your eyes. For the rest, please believe that in whatever particulars you may have done kindnesses to Cærellia, you will be very greatly obliging me.

DX (F XIII, 17)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

MANIUS CURIUS,[1] who has a bank at Patræ, has given me many weighty reasons for being attached to him. My friendship with him is of very old standing, dating from his first entrance into public life: and at Patræ on many previous occasions, and particularly during the late unhappy war, his house was put entirely at my disposal, and if there had been any occasion, I should have used it as my own. But my strongest tie to him is of what I may call a more sacred obligation—it is that he is a very close friend of my friend Atticus, and distinguishes him above everybody by his attentions and affection. If you are by any chance already acquainted with him, I think that I am too late in doing what I am now doing. For he is so cultivated and polite a

[1] For this man's services to Tiro in his illness at Patræ, see vol. ii. pp. 210-222.

man, that I should regard him as already sufficiently recommended to you by his own character. Yet, if this is so, I beg you earnestly that any inclination, which you have already conceived for him before getting my letter, may be enhanced to the highest possible degree by my recommendation. But if, owing to his retiring character, he has not put himself in your way or you have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with him, or if there is any reason of any sort for his wanting a warmer recommendation, I hereby recommend him to you, with a zeal as great and for reasons as sound as I could have for recommending anyone in the world. And I shall be acting in this as those are bound to act who recommend conscientiously and disinterestedly: for I shall be pledging my word to you, or rather I do hereby pledge my word and take upon me to promise, that the character of Manius Curius, and his culture no less than his honesty, are of such a nature that, if once he becomes known to you, you will think him deserving of your friendship and of such an earnest recommendation. I, at any rate, shall be exceedingly gratified, if I find that this letter has had the weight with you which, as I write, I feel confident that it will have.

DXI (F XIII, 18)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

I WILL not allow that your most kind and courteous letter to Atticus—whom I see to be transported with delight—was more gratifying to him than to myself. For, though it was almost equally pleasing to us both, yet I was the more struck with admiration of the two. You would, of course, have made a courteous answer to Atticus if asked, or at least reminded: but (as for my part I never doubted that you would do) you spontaneously wrote to him, and, without his expecting it, offered him so warm an expression

of goodwill.[1] On this subject not only ought I not to ask you to be more zealous in that respect for my sake also—for nothing could go beyond your promises—but I should be wrong even to thank you, since you have acted for his own sake and on your own initiative. However, I will say this, that I am exceedingly gratified at what you have done. For such appreciation on your part of a man who has a place apart in my affections cannot fail to be supremely delightful to me: and, that being so, it of course excites my gratitude. But all the same, since considering our intimacy a *faux pas* in writing to you is allowable to me, I will do both the things that I said that I ought not to do. In the first place, to what you have shewn that you will do for the sake of Atticus I would have you make as large an addition as our mutual affection can suggest: in the second place, though I said just now that I feared to thank you, I now do so outright: and I would wish you to believe that, under whatever obligations you place Atticus, whether in regard to his affairs in Epirus or elsewhere, I shall consider myself to be equally bound to you by them.

DXII (F XIII, 19)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

WITH Lyso of Patræ[2] I have indeed a long-standing tie of hospitality—a tie which, I think, ought to be conscientiously maintained. That is a position shared by many others: but I never was so intimate with any other foreigner, and that intimacy has been so much enhanced both by many services

[1] We know that Atticus had many transactions with towns in the Peloponnese, and he probably required the countenance of Sulpicius, as governor of Achaia, to get his interest on capital paid (vol. i., pp. 57, 60, 66).

[2] The doctor at Patræ who attended Tiro. See vol. ii., p. 209.

on his part and by an almost daily intercourse, that nothing could now be closer than ours is. He stayed a year at Rome almost living in my house, and though we were in great hopes that, in consequence of my letter and recommendation, you would take great pains in doing what you have actually done, namely, protect his property and fortune in his absence; yet, as everything was in the power of one man, and as Lyso had been engaged on our side and was under our protection, we were in daily dread of something happening. However, his own brilliant character, and the zeal of myself and others of his hosts, have secured all that we wished from Cæsar, as you will learn from Cæsar's despatch to you.

In view of this, I not only do not in any way abate the earnestness of my recommendation to you, on the ground of having now got everything we wanted, but I rather urge all the more strongly that you should admit him to your confidence and intimacy. When his position was less secure I pressed you on the point with rather less boldness, being afraid that something might happen to him of a nature beyond even your power to remedy. Now that his pardon is secured, I ask you with the greatest earnestness and anxiety to do all you can. Not to go into details, I commend his whole establishment to you, and among them his young son, whom my client Cn. Mænius Gemellus, having been during his exile made a citizen of Patræ, adopted according to the laws of the town. Pray therefore support his legal claim to the inheritance. The main point is that you should admit Lyso, whom I have found to be a most excellent and grateful man, to your society and friendship. If you do so, I do not doubt that, in shewing him affection and in afterwards recommending him to other people, you will come to the same conclusion about him and entertain the same feeling towards him that I do. I am very eager that you should do this, but I am also afraid lest, if you shall appear to have done less than the very best for him in some particular, he should think that I have not written earnestly enough, rather than that you have forgotten me. How much you value me he has had the opportunity of learning both from our everyday conversations and from your letters.

DXIII (F XIII, 20)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

I AM intimate with the physician Asclapo of Patræ.[1] I found his society very agreeable, as well as his medical skill, which I have had experience of in the illnesses of my household. He gave me every satisfaction both by his knowledge of his profession and by his kindness. I therefore commend him to you, and beg you to see that he understands that I have written cordially about him, and that my recommendation has been of great service to him. It will be doing me a great favour.

DXIV (F XIII, 21)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

M. ÆMILIUS AVIANIUS has always from his earliest manhood shewn me attention and affection. He is both a good and cultivated man, and worthy of your favour in every kind of employment. If I had thought that he was at Sicyon, and had I not been told that he was still staying where I left him at Cibyra, there had been no necessity for my writing at any greater length to you about him. For he would of himself have secured your affection by his own character and culture without anyone's recommendation, in as great a degree as he enjoys mine and that of all his other friends. But as I suppose him to be away, I commend with more

[1] Another of the doctors who attended Tiro (vol. ii., p. 212).

than common earnestness his family at Sicyon and his property, especially his freedman C. Avianius Hammonius, whom indeed I commend to you on his own account also. For, while he has earned my esteem by his remarkable loyalty and fidelity to his patron, he has also done me personally some valuable services, and stood by me in the time of my greatest distress with a fidelity and affection as great as though I had myself liberated him. Accordingly, I beg you to support Hammonius for himself, as well as in his patron's business, and to go so far as to like and reckon among your friends both his agent, whom I am commending to you, and Avianius himself. You will find him modest and serviceable, and worthy of your affection. Good-bye.

DXV (F XIII, 22)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

I AM very fond of T. Manlius, a banker at Thespiæ; for he always paid me respect, and was most constant in his attentions, and has besides some taste for our branch of learning. I may add that Varro Murena[1] is very desirous that everything should be done for him; who yet thought that, though he felt confidence in a letter of his own in which he had commended Manlius to you, some additional advantage would be gained by a recommendation from me. For myself, both my intimacy with Manlius and Varro's eagerness have induced me to write to you as seriously as

[1] A. Licinius Murena was adopted by Terentius Varro, and was thus called A. Terentius Varro Murena. His sister Terentia was wife of Mæcenas, and his brother was Proculeius, celebrated for his liberality by Horace (*Odes*, ii. 2). His augurship is honoured by another ode of Horace (iii. 19), who also gave him a hint as to the rashness which seems to have led to his ruin in B.C. 22, the year after his consulship, when he was implicated with Fannius Cæpio in a plot against Augustus (Horace, *Od.* ii. 10; Suet. *Aug.* 19; *Tib.* 8; Dio, 54, 3).

I could. You will therefore do me a very great favour, if you will regard this recommendation as one calling for your utmost consideration, that is, if you will assist and honour Titus Manlius in the highest degree in every way consistent with your honour and character. Finally, from his exceedingly grateful and cultivated character, I undertake that you will reap all the benefit you are accustomed to expect from good men's services.

DXVI (F XIII, 23)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

I AM very intimate with L. Cossinius, your friend and fellow tribesman. For not only is there a long-standing acquaintance between us personally, but my friend Atticus has caused my relations with Cossinius to become still closer. Accordingly, the whole family of Cossinius is attached to me, and especially his freedman L. Cossinius Anchialus, a man who possesses the high esteem both of his patron and his patron's friends, of whom I am one. I recommend him to you as I would a freedman of my own, and as though he held the same position with me as he does with his patron. If he did I could not recommend him with greater warmth. Wherefore you will do me a very great favour, if you will admit him to your friendship and assist him in anything in which he may need your help, as far as you can do so without inconvenience. That will be both very gratifying to me and hereafter a source of pleasure to yourself: for you will find that he is eminently honest, cultivated, and attentive.

DXVII (F XIII, 24)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

As it gave me great pleasure before to find that you had remembered my earnest recommendation of Lyso, my host and friend, so also, when I found from his letter that he had been the object of your undeserved suspicion, I was exceedingly rejoiced that I had been so earnest in recommending him. For he writes me word that my recommendation has been of the greatest assistance to him, as he says that a report had been brought you of his being in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of you at Rome. And though he writes word that your good nature and kindness of heart have enabled him to clear himself on that point, yet, first of all, as in duty bound, I thank you warmly that my letter has had such influence with you as to cause you on its perusal to lay aside all that irritating suspicion which you had entertained of Lyso. In the next place, I would have you believe me, when I assert that I write this not more in the name of Lyso than of everybody else—that no one has ever mentioned you except in the terms of the highest respect. As for Lyso, indeed, while he was with me every day and almost lived with me, not only because he thought that I liked hearing it, but also because it gave him still more pleasure to say it himself, he used to speak to me in praise of everything you did and said. Wherefore, though he is now being treated by you in a way that makes a recommendation from me unnecessary, and makes him think that he has got all he wants by means of one letter from me, yet I do beg of you with no common earnestness to continue to receive him with kindness and liberality. I would have written a description of his character, as I did in my previous letter, had I not thought that by this time he was sufficiently well known to you by his own merits.

DXVIII (F XIII, 25)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

HEGESARETUS[1] of Larisa, who was honoured by signal favours from me in my consulship, was not unmindful or ungrateful, and treated me afterwards with very great respect. I recommend him to you with great earnestness as my guest-friend, as my intimate acquaintance, as a grateful person, as a man of high character, as holding the chief position in his own state, and, lastly, as being worthy in the highest degree of your intimacy. I shall be very grateful if you take the trouble to make him understand that this recommendation of mine has had great weight with you.

DXIX (F XIII, 26)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

MY connexion with L. Mescinius is that which arises from the fact that he was my quæstor. But this tie—which I, in accordance with the usage of antiquity, have ever regarded as a strong one—he has rendered more complete by his personal excellence and kindness. Accordingly, nothing could be more intimate and more pleasant to myself than my

[1] Hegesaretus had taken the Pompeian side in the Civil War, and therefore, no doubt, needed some protection. He was at the head of one of the two factions which divided Thessaly, but we do not know what Cicero had done for him in B.C. 63 (Cæs. *B. C.* iii. 35). That Sulpicius should be asked to protect a man in Thessaly, as before he was asked to protect Atticus's interests in Epirus (p. 155), shews that his authority was not confined to Achaia. Indeed, Cicero (p. 123) says that he was governor of "Greece"—a much wider term.

intercourse with him. Now, although he seemed to feel certain that you would be pleased to do all you honourably could for him for his own sake, he yet hoped that a letter from me would also have great weight with you. He judged that to be the case for himself, but as he was very intimate with me he had also often heard me say how delightful and close our union was. I ask you, therefore, with all the earnestness with which you understand that I ought to ask on behalf of a man so near and dear to me, to facilitate and settle the business matters which he has in Achaia arising from the fact of his being the heir of his cousin M. Mindius, late a banker at Elis, not only by your legal prerogative and authority, but also by your influence and advice. For I have directed those to whom I have intrusted my business, that in all points which give rise to dispute, they were to appeal to you as arbitrator and—so far as was consistent with your convenience—as final judge. That you should in compliment to me undertake that business, I earnestly and repeatedly beg of you. There is one other point in which you will particularly oblige me, if you don't think it inconsistent with your position; it is that, as the controversy is with a senator, you should refer to Rome such of the parties as prove too stubborn to allow the business to be settled without an issue being tried.[1] That you might be able to do that with the less hesitation, I have secured a despatch to you from the consul M. Lepidus, not conveying any order—for that I did not think consonant with your position—but to a certain extent and in a manner commendatory. I would have mentioned how well invested such a favour is sure to be in the case of Mescinius, had I not, in the first place, felt certain that you knew, and had I not also been asking for myself: for I would have you believe that I am quite as anxious about his interests as he is himself. But while I am eager that he should come by his own without difficulty, I am also anxious that he should think that he owes his success in no small degree to my recommendation.

[1] See vol. ii., p. 93 (*Fam.* xiii. 56) for the *ecdici* sent to Rome on such appeal business. The system of thus removing the *venue* of such cases was, of course, open to abuse; but it must often have been more satisfactory than trusting to the local courts, especially when the governor was corrupt or tyrannically disposed.

DXX (F XIII, 27)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

I FREQUENTLY send you letters of this kind, which are replicas of each other, in thanking you for paying such prompt attention to my letters of introduction. I have done so in the cases of others and shall often, as I see, have occasion to do so again. Nevertheless I will not spare labour, and, as you jurisconsults are in the habit of doing in your formulæ, I will in my letters "state the same case in a different manner." Well then, C. Avianius Hammonius has written to me with profuse thanks in his own name and in that of his patron Æmilius Avianius, saying that neither he himself, who was on the spot, nor the property of his absent patron, could have been treated with greater liberality or consideration. That was gratifying to me for the sake of those whom I had recommended to you, induced thereto by our very close friendship and union—for M. Æmilius is one of my most intimate and closest friends, a man eminently attached and bound to me by great services on my part, and about the most grateful of all those who appear to be under some obligation to me. But it is much more gratifying that you should be so disposed towards me as to do more for my friends than I perhaps could have done if I had been on the spot, I presume, because I should have been more doubtful what to do for their sake, than you are what to do for mine. But this I do not doubt—that you feel that you have obliged me. I only ask you to believe that those persons also are grateful: I pledge you my word and solemnly assert that it is so. Wherefore pray do your best that, whatever business affair they have on hand, they may get it settled whilst you are still governing Achaia. I am living on the pleasantest and most harmonious terms with your son Servius, and derive great pleasure from his natural abilities and signal industry, as well as from his virtuous and straightforward character.

DXXI (F XIII, 28)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

THOUGH I take pleasure in asking you for anything that any one of my friends requires, yet I take much greater in thanking you, when you have done something on my recommendation, as you are always doing. For it is beyond belief what thanks I get from all, even from those who have been recommended by me to you with only moderate warmth. Every instance gives me gratification, but none so much as that of L. Mescinius. For he told me that directly you had read my letter you promised his agents all they wanted, and have in fact been much better than your word. In that matter therefore—for I think I ought to say it again and again—I would have you believe that I am excessively obliged to you. I am, indeed, all the more delighted at this, because I see clearly that you will get the highest pleasure from Mescinius himself. For he is not only a man of virtue and uprightness, very serviceable and exceedingly attentive, but he has also the same literary pursuits as ourselves, which in old times were our recreation, but now are life itself. For the future I would have you supplement your kindnesses to him in all things consonant with your character. There are two things which I ask of you specifically: first, that if any undertaking has to be given "against farther claims on that head," you would see to its being given on my security: and, in the second place, seeing that his inheritance consists almost entirely of the property appropriated by Oppia, who was once Mindius's wife, that you should give your assistance and concert measures for bringing her over to Rome. If she thinks that is going to be done, in my opinion, we shall settle the business. I beg you again and again to enable us to do that. What I said above I now solemnly confirm and take upon myself to guarantee—that you will

find what you have done in the past and are going to do in the future for the sake of Mescinius so well invested, as to convince you that you have bestowed your kindness on the most grateful, the most delightful man in the world. For this is the addition which I desire to what you have done for my sake.

DXXII (F XIII, 28 a)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

ROME

I DO not think, on the one hand, that the Lacedæmonians doubt being sufficiently recommended to your honour and justice by their own and their ancestors' reputation, and I, on the other, knowing you as well as I do, had no doubt of the rights and deserts of the several nations being thoroughly well known to you. Accordingly, when Philippus the Lacedæmonian begged me to recommend the city to you, though I remembered that I was under all sorts of obligations to it, I nevertheless answered that Lacedæmonians needed no recommendation with you. Accordingly, I would have you believe that, considering the disturbed state of the times, I look upon all the cities of Achaia as being happy in having you as their governor; and that I also think that, knowing thoroughly as you do not only our own records but also all those of Greece, you are and will be a friend to the Lacedæmonians. Wherefore I only ask this of you, that, when you do for the Lacedæmonians what your honour, high position, and justice shall demand, you should let them know—if you think it right—that you are not otherwise than glad to find that what you are doing is gratifying to me also. For it affects my loyalty that they should think that I am attentive to their interests. I again and again urge this upon you with warmth.

DXXIII (F XIII, 78)

TO AULUS ALLIENUS (IN SICILY)

ROME

DEMOCRITUS of Sicyon is not only my guest-friend, but also very intimate with me, as is not often the case with such men,[1] especially if they are Greeks. For his honesty and virtue are of the highest kind, and he is exceedingly liberal and attentive to his guest-friends, and distinguishes me above the rest by his respect, attentions, and affection. You must regard him as the leading man not only of his fellow citizens, but almost of all Achaia. For such a man I do no more than open the door and pave the way to an acquaintance with you: when you once know him, your natural disposition is such that you will decide him to be worthy of your friendship and society. What I ask of you, then, is that on reading this letter you should accord him your patronage, and promise to do everything for him for my sake. For the rest, if, as I feel sure will be the case, you ascertain him to be deserving of your friendship and society, I ask you to receive him with open arms, to love him, and to regard him as one of your own family. That will be a more than common favour to me. Good-bye.

DXXIV (F XIII, 79)

TO AULUS ALLIENUS (IN SICILY)

ROME

I THINK, in the first place, that you know the value I have for C. Avianius Flaccus, and, in the next place, I have heard from himself—a most excellent and grateful man—with what

[1] *I.e.*, *hospites*, foreigners with whom a Roman had some agreement

liberality he has been treated by you. His sons—quite worthy of their father and close friends of my own, occupying a special place in my affection—I recommend to you with an earnestness beyond which I cannot go in recommending anyone. Gaius Avianius is in Sicily; Marcus is with us. I beg you to promote the social standing of the former, who is with you, and to defend the property of both. You cannot oblige me more by anything you do in your province. I beg you warmly and repeatedly to do so.

DXXV (F VI, 8)

TO AULUS CÆCINA (IN SICILY)

ROME, DECEMBER

LARGUS, who is devoted to you, having told me that the 1st of January was the limit fixed for you, and having myself noticed that any ordinance made by Balbus and Oppius in Cæsar's absence was usually ratified by him, I urged upon them with warmth to grant me as a favour that you should be permitted to remain in Sicily as long as we wished. Though they have been in the habit of freely promising me anything which was not calculated to hurt the feelings of that party, or even of refusing it and giving a reason for their refusal, to this request or rather demand of mine they gave no immediate answer. However, they came to see me again the same day: they granted me permission for you to remain in Sicily as long as you chose: they said that they would answer for your not prejudicing your interests at all by doing so. Now, since you know what you have licence to do, I think you ought to know what my opinion is. After this business had been settled I received a letter from you asking my advice as to whether you should settle in Sicily, or go to look after the remains of your

as to mutual entertainment, not necessarily implying intimacy. For Cicero's view as to intimacy with Greeks, see vol. i., p. 127.

business in Asia. This deliberation on your part did not appear to me to tally with the words of Largus. For in his conversation with me he had implied that you were forbidden to stay in Sicily: you, on the other hand, are deliberating, as though the permission had been given. But, for my part, whether the former or the latter is the case, I am for your staying in Sicily. The nearness of the locality is of advantage, either for securing your recall, because of the frequency of letters and messengers, or for a rapid return, when either that point, as I hope it will be, is gained or some other plan arranged. Therefore I am strongly in favour of your staying. I will be very earnest in recommending you to T. Furfanius Postumus, who is a friend of mine, and to his legates, who are also friends, when they come here: at present they are all at Mutina. They are excellent men, fond of men like you, and on intimate terms with me. Whatever occurs to me that I think likely to be to your advantage, I will do without being asked: if there is anything I don't know, at the first hint of it I will surpass the zeal of everybody. Although I shall speak to Furfanius personally about you in such a way as to render a letter from me to him quite unnecessary for you, yet, as your relations have decided that you should have a letter of mine to give him, I have complied with their wish. I append a copy of the letter.

DXXVI (F VI, 9)

TO T. FURFANIUS (PROCONSUL IN SICILY)

ROME

No intimacy or friendship could be closer than that which I have always had with Aulus Cæcina. For I was constantly in the society of that illustrious and gallant man his father: and my affection for this man also from his childhood has been such as to make the intimacy between us close as it is possible to have with anyone—partly be-

cause he seemed to me to give great promise of supreme excellence, honesty, and eloquence; and partly because he lived with me in the most complete sympathy, not only from our mutual services of friendship, but also from a community of literary tastes. I need not write at greater length. How bound I am to protect his safety and property by every means in my power you see. It only remains, since I know from many circumstances what your sentiments are as to the fortune of the loyalists and the disasters to the Republic, that I should beg nothing of you except that to the goodwill, which you are sure spontaneously to entertain towards him, there may be added a supplement proportionate to the value which I know you have for me. You cannot oblige me more than by doing this. Good-bye.

DXXVII (F V, 16)

TO TITIUS[1]

(ROME)

THOUGH of all the world I am by far the least fitted to offer you consolation, because your sorrow has caused me so much pain that I needed consolation myself, yet since my sorrow was farther removed from the acuteness of the deepest grief than your own, I have resolved that our close connexion and my warm feelings for you make it in-

[1] We cannot tell which of the Titii, of whom several occur in the correspondence, this is, nor when the letter was written. The mention of the pestilential year might tempt us to put it in B.C. 43 (Dio, 45, 17); but then pestilences were frequent in Rome, and the general tone in regard to public affairs seems rather in unison with the other letters of B.C. 46, and one would have expected some allusion to his own loss if it had been written after Tullia's death. The letter has the air of a "commonplace," a sort of model of ordinary condolence:

> "One writes that 'other friends remain':
> That 'loss is common to the race':
> And common is the commonplace,
> And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

cumbent on me not to be so long silent in what causes you such deep mourning, but to offer some reasonable consolation such as may suffice to lighten, if it could not wholly heal your sorrow. Now there is a source of consolation—hackneyed indeed to the last degree—which we ought ever to have on our lips and in our hearts: we should remember that we are men, born under the conditions which expose our life to all the missiles of fortune; and we must not decline life on the conditions under which we were born, nor rebel so violently under mischances which we are unable to avoid by any precautions; and by recalling what has happened to others we should reflect that nothing strange has betided us. But neither these, nor other sources of consolation, which have been employed by the greatest philosophers and have been recorded in literature, ought, it seems, to be of so much avail, as the position of the state itself and the disruption of these evil times, which make those the happiest who have never had children, and those who have lost them at such a crisis less miserable than if they had done so when the Republic was in a good state, or indeed had any existence at all. But if your own loss affects you, or if you mourn at the thought of your own position, I do not think that you will find that grief easy to remove in its entirety. If on the other hand what wrings your heart is grief for the miserable fate of those who have fallen—a thought more natural to an affectionate heart—to say nothing of what I have repeatedly read and heard, that there is no evil in death, after which if any sensation remains it is to be regarded as immortality rather than death, while if it is all lost, it follows that nothing must be regarded as misery which is not felt—yet this much I can assert, that confusions are brewing, disasters preparing and threatening the Republic, such that whoever has left them cannot possibly, as it seems to me, be in the wrong. For what place is there now, I don't say for conscience, uprightness, virtue, right feeling, and good qualities, but for bare freedom and safety? By Heaven, I have never been told of any young man or boy having died in this most unhealthy and pestilent year, who did not seem to me to be rescued by the immortal gods from the miseries of this world and from a most intolerable condition of life. Wherefore, if this one idea can be

removed from your mind, so as to convince you that no evil has happened to those you loved, your grief will have been very much lessened. For there will then only be left that single strain of sorrow which will not be concerned with them, but will have reference to yourself alone: in regard to which it is not consonant with a high character and wisdom such as you have displayed from boyhood, to show excessive sorrow for a misfortune that has befallen you, when it does not at all involve misery or evil to those whom you have loved. In fact, the qualities you have displayed both in private and public business entail the necessity of preserving your dignity and supporting your character for consistency. For that which length of time is sure to bring us of itself—which removes the bitterest sorrows by the natural process of decay—we ought to anticipate by reflexion and wisdom. Why, if there never was a woman so weak-minded on the death of her children, as not sooner or later to put a period to her mourning, certainly we men ought to anticipate by reflexion what lapse of time is sure to bring, and not to wait for a cure from time, when we can have it on the spot from reason. If I have done you any good by this letter, I think that I have accomplished a desirable object: but if by chance it has been of no avail, I hold that I have done the duty of one who wishes you all that is best and loves you very dearly. Such a one I would have you think that I have been, and believe that I shall be to you in the future.

DXXVIII (F XIII, 77)

TO P. SULPICIUS RUFUS[1] (IN ILLYRICUM)

ROME (AUTUMN)

MARCUS CICERO sends warmest greeting to Publius Sulpicius, *imperator*. Though in these times it is not my

[1] From [Cæs.] *B. Afr.* 10, it appears that Vatinius and Sulpicius had been in joint command of Cæsar's fleet before B.C. 46, but had then ceased to be so. Vatinius had been engaged in B.C. 48-47 in Illyricum against Octavius, and in B.C. 45 was again in command in the same

custom to appear often in the senate, yet, when I read your letter, I made up my mind that I could not omit supporting the honour proposed for you, with due regard to the claims of our old friendship and of the many acts of kindness that have passed between us. Accordingly, I attended and had great pleasure in voting for the *supplicatio* in your honour, nor in the future will I at any time fail to support your interests, character, or public position. So, that your family may be aware of this feeling of mine towards you, pray write and tell them that in anything you need they should not hesitate to inform me of it as a matter of right.

I strongly commend Marcus Bolanus to you as an excellent and gallant man, highly accomplished in every way, and an old friend of my own. You will much oblige me if you will take care to make him understand that this introduction has been of great service to him. He will himself convince you of his excellent character and grateful disposition: and I promise you that you will reap great pleasure from his friendship.

Once more I beg you with more than common earnestness, in the name of our friendship and your unbroken zeal in my service, to bestow some pains on the following matter also. Dionysius, a slave of mine who had the care of my library, worth a large sum of money, having purloined a large number of books, and thinking that he could not escape punishment, absconded. He is in your province: my friend Marcus Bolanus and many others saw him at Narona; but they believed his assertion that I had given him his freedom. If you would take the trouble to restore this man to me, I can't tell you how much obliged I shall be to you. It is a small matter in itself; yet my vexation is serious. Bolanus will inform you where he is and what can be done. If I recover the man by your means, I shall consider myself to have received a great kindness at your hands.

country, which, though not a regular province—being generally attached either to Macedonia or (as in Cæsar's case) to Gaul—was during this period made subject to a separate command. It is probable, therefore, that Sulpicius was in command in Illyricum in the intervening year, B.C. 46. It is not, however, known from any other source, and some of the old editors addressed this letter to Vatinius in B.C. 45, against all MSS.

DXXIX (F XV, 18)

During this year Cicero remained at Rome or some of his country villas, till the death of his daughter Tullia after childbirth. In deep grief he retired to Astura, where he sought consolation partly in prosecuting a design for building a temple in her memory, partly in writing. He produced a *Consolatio*, and the two treatises, *de Finibus* and *Academica* (the latter first in two books, afterwards rearranged in four). He also projected, but did not carry out, a treatise on the reconstruction of the constitution, to be addressed to Cæsar. In December of the previous year Cæsar had started for Spain to attack the Pompeian army commanded by Gnæus and Sextus Pompeius. The victory of Munda (17th March) and the subsequent death of Gnæus seemed to settle the question of Spain —though the opposition under Sextus Pompeius survived many years—and Cæsar returned to Rome in October. Much of the correspondence of this year concerns Cicero's grief for his daughter. When he touches on political affairs, however, his discontent with the Cæsarian government and general policy is made very evident.

B.C. 45. Dictator, r. p. c., C. Iulius Cæsar III. Magister Equitum, M. Æmilius Lepidus. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar IV., sine collega. Q. Fabius Maximus, *mort.*, C. Caninius Rebilus, C. Trebonius.

TO C. CASSIUS LONGINUS (AT BRUNDISIUM)

ROME (JANUARY?)[1]

MY letter would have been longer, had not the messenger come for it when he was just on the point of starting for you. It would have been longer also if it had any persiflage in it, for we cannot be serious with safety. "Can we laugh, then?" you will say. No, by Hercules, not very easily. Yet other means of distraction from our troubles we have none. "Where, then," you will say, "is your philosophy?" Yours indeed is in the kitchen, mine in the schools.[2] For I

[1] I think this letter must belong to the early part of B.C. 45, not to December, B.C. 46, as Messrs. Tyrrell and Purser and Mueller place it. Cæsar only left Rome for Spain on the 2nd of December, and Cicero could hardly have been expecting news so soon. Moreover, Cassius —who declined to accompany Cæsar to Spain—seems to have gone on his tour in the early part of B.C. 45, and to be staying at Brundisium.

[2] Reading, *in palæstra est.* Mueller, however, retains the MS. reading, *molesta est*, "only gives me annoyance," as though it reminded

am ashamed of being a slave. Accordingly, I pose as being busy about other things, to avoid the reproach of Plato.[1] We have no certain intelligence from Spain as yet—in fact, no news at all. For my sake I am sorry that you are out of town, for your own I am glad. But your letter-carrier is getting clamorous. Good-bye then, and love me as you have done from boyhood.

DXXX (F XV, 16)

TO C. CASSIUS LONGINUS (AT BRUNDISIUM)

ROME (JANUARY)

I THINK you must be a little ashamed at this being the third letter inflicted on you before I have a page or a syllable from you. But I will not press you: I shall expect, or rather exact, a longer letter. For my part, if I had a messenger always at hand, I should write even three an hour. For somehow it makes you seem almost present when I write anything to you, and that not "by way of phantoms of images," as your new friends express it,[2] who hold that "mental pictures" are caused by what Catius called "spectres"—for I must remind you that Catius Insuber the Epicurean, lately dead, calls "spectres" what the famous

him of what he should, without enabling him to do it—*video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*

[1] Who said that men ought to "be free and fear slavery worse than death," *Rep.* 387B. To be "busy about other things" or "about something else" is a kind of proverbial way of saying that one is not attending to serious business.

[2] The Epicureans. The Greek terms which follow are those used by them—*κατ' εἰδώλων φαντασίας*, "according to the appearance of idols" or "shapes"; *διανοητικὰς φαντασίας*, "mental impressions." These refer to the doctrines of Democritus as to the formation of mental impressions by fine atoms thrown off the surface of things, which, retaining the same position and relation, and hurrying through the void, strike the senses, which convey these "atom-pictures" to the mind. Cicero hits the true objection, founded on the fact that we can recall these pictures at will.

Gargettius, and before him Democritus, used to call "images." Well, even if my eyes were capable of being struck by these "spectres," because they spontaneously run in upon them at your will, I do not see how the mind can be struck. You will be obliged to explain it to me, when you return safe and sound, whether the "spectre" of you is at my command, so as to occur to me as soon as I have taken the fancy to think about you; and not only about you, who are in my heart's core, but supposing I begin thinking about the island of Britain—will its image fly at once into my mind? But of this later on. I am just sounding you now to see how you take it. For if you are angry and annoyed, I shall say more and demand that you be restored to the sect from which you have been ejected by "violence and armed force."[1] In an injunction of this sort the words "within this year" are not usually added. Therefore, even if it is now two or three years since you divorced Virtue,[2] seduced by the charms of Pleasure,[3] it will still be open for me to do so. And yet to whom am I speaking? It is to you, the most gallant of men, who ever since you entered public life have done nothing that was not imbued to the utmost with the highest principle. In that very sect of yours I have a misgiving that there must be more stuff than I thought, if only because you accept it. "How did that come into your head?" you will say. Because I had nothing else to say. About politics I can write nothing: for I don't choose to write down my real opinions.

DXXXI (F VI, 7)

AULUS CÆCINA TO CICERO (AT ROME)

SICILY (JANUARY)

FOR my book not having been delivered to you so quickly, forgive my timidity, and pity my position. My son, I am

[1] From the Stoic sect. [2] The *summum bonum* of the Stoics.
[3] The *summum bonum* of the Epicureans.

told, was very much alarmed at the book[1] being put in circulation, and with reason—since it does not matter so much in what spirit it is written, as in what spirit it is taken—for fear lest a stupid thing like that should stand in my light, and that too when I am still suffering for the sins of my pen. In that matter my fate has been a strange one: for whereas a slip of the pen is cured by erasure, and stupidity is punished by loss of reputation, my mistake is corrected by exile: though my greatest crime is having spoken ill of the enemy when engaged in active service. There was no one on our side, I presume, who did not pray for victory for himself; no one who, even when offering sacrifice for something else, did not breathe a wish for Cæsar's speedy defeat. If he imagines that not to be the case, he is a very fortunate man. If he does know it, and has no delusion on the subject, why be angry with a man who has written something against his views, when he has pardoned all those who offered every sort of petition to the gods against his safety?

But to return to my subject, the cause of my fear was this. I have written about you, on my honour, sparingly and timidly, not merely checking myself, but almost beating a retreat. Now everyone knows that this style of writing ought not merely to be free, but even vehement and lofty. One is thought to have a free hand in attacking another, yet you must take care not to fall into mere violence: it is not open to one to praise oneself, lest the result should be the vice of egotism: there is no other course than to praise the man, on whom any blame that you may cast is necessarily set down to weakness or jealousy. And I rather think that you will like it all the better, and think it more suited to your present position. For what I could not do in good style, it was in my power first of all not to touch upon, and, as next best, to do so as sparingly as possible. But after all I did check myself: I softened many phrases, cut out many, and a very large number I did not write down at all. Then, as in a ladder, if you were to remove some rounds, cut out others, leave some loosely fastened, you would be contriving the means of a fall, not preparing a way of ascent, just so

[1] For Cæcina's book against Cæsar, see p. 123. Suetonius (*Cæs.* 75) calls it "most abusive" (*criminosissimus*).

with a writer's genius: if it is at once hampered and frustrated by so many disadvantages, what can it produce worth listening to or likely to satisfy? When, indeed, I come to mention Cæsar himself, I tremble in every limb, not from fear of his punishing, but of his criticising me. For I do not know Cæsar thoroughly. What do you think of a courage that talks thus to itself? "He will approve of this: that expression is open to suspicion." "What if I change it to this? But I fear that will be worse." Well, suppose I am praising some one: "Shan't I offend him?" Or when I am criticising some one adversely: "What if it is against his wish?" "He punishes the pen of a man engaged in a campaign: what will he do to that of a man conquered and not yet restored?"

You yourself add to my alarm, because in your Orator you shield yourself under the name of Brutus,[1] and try to make him a party to your apology. When the universal "patron" does this, what ought I to do—an old client of yours, and now everyone's client? Amidst such misgivings therefore created by fear, and on the rack of such blind suspicion, when most of what one writes has to be adapted to what one imagines are the feelings of another, not to one's own judgment, *I* feel how difficult it is to come off successfully, though *you* have not found the same difficulty, because your supreme and surpassing genius has armed you for every eventuality. Nevertheless, I told my son to read the book to you, and then to take it away, or only to give it to you on condition that you would promise to correct it, that is, if you would give it a totally new complexion.

About my journey to Asia, though the necessity for my making it was very urgent, I have obeyed your commands. Why should I urge you to exert yourself for me? You are fully aware that the time has come when my case must be decided. There is no occasion, my dear Cicero, for you to wait for my son. He is a young man: he cannot from his warmth of feeling, or his youth, or his timidity, think of all necessary measures. The whole business must rest on you: in you is all my hope. Your acuteness enables you to hit

[1] In the *Orator* (§ 35) Cicero says that he wrote his *Cato* at the instigation of Brutus.

upon the measures which Cæsar likes, and which win his favour. Everything must originate with you, and be brought to the desired conclusion by you. You have great influence with Cæsar himself, very great with all his friends. If you will convince yourself of this one thing, that your duty is not merely to do what you are asked—though that is a great and important thing—but that the whole burden rests on you, you will carry it through: unless—which I don't believe—my misfortunes make me too inconsiderate, or my friendship too bold, in placing this burden upon you. But your lifelong habits suggest an excuse for both: for from your habit of exerting yourself for your friends, your intimates have come not so much to hope for that favour at your hands, as to demand it as a right. As for my book, which my son will give you, I beg that you will not let it out of your hands, or that you will so correct it as to prevent it doing me any harm.

DXXXII (F VI, 5)

TO AULUS CÆCINA (IN SICILY)

ROME (JANUARY)

EVERY time I see your son—and that is nearly every day—I promise him my zealous and active support, without any reserve as to labour, prior engagement, or time: but the exertion of my interest or favour with this reservation, "as far as I have the opportunity or power." Your book has been read and is still being read by me with attention, and kept under lock and key with the greatest care. Your prospects and fortunes are of the highest concern to me. They seem to me to grow brighter and less complicated every day: and I can see that many are much interested in them, of whose zeal, as well as of his own hopes, I feel certain that your son has written fully to you. But as to those particulars, in which I am reduced to conjecture, I do not take upon myself to profess greater

foresight than I am convinced that your own eyes and your own intelligence give you: but all the same, as it may very well be that your reflexions on those points are somewhat agitated, I think it is incumbent upon me to explain my opinions. It is neither in the nature of things nor the ordinary revolutions of time that a position such as either your own or that of the rest should be protracted, or that so outrageous an injustice should be persistently maintained in so good a cause and in the case of such good citizens. In which matter, in addition to the hope which your own case gives me to a degree beyond the common—I don't mean only from your high position and admirable character, for these are distinctions which you share with others—there are the claims which brilliant genius and eminent virtue make peculiar to yourself. And to these, by Hercules, he in whose power we are allows much weight. Accordingly, you would not have remained even a moment in your present position, had it not been that he thought himself to have been insulted by precisely that accomplishment of yours, in which he takes delight. But this feeling is softening every day, and those who live with him hint to me, that this very opinion which he entertains of your genius will do you a great deal of good with him. Wherefore, in the first place, keep up your spirits and courage: for your birth, education, learning, and character in the world demand that you should do so. In the next place, entertain the most certain hopes for the reasons which I have given you. On my side, indeed, I would have you feel sure that everything I can do is most completely at your service and at that of your sons: for this is no more than our long-standing friendship, and my invariable conduct to my friends, and your many kindnesses to me demand.

DXXXIII (F VI, 18)

TO QUINTUS LEPTA

ROME (JANUARY)

IMMEDIATELY on the receipt of the letter from your servant Seleucus I sent a note to Balbus asking him what the provision of the law was. He answered that auctioneers in actual business were excluded from being municipal counsellors, retired auctioneers were not excluded.[1] Wherefore certain friends of yours and mine need not be alarmed, for it would have been intolerable, while those who were now acting as *haruspices* were put on the roll of the senate at Rome, all who had ever been auctioneers should be excluded from becoming counsellors in the municipal towns.

There is no news from Spain. However, it is ascertained to be true that Pompey has a great army: for Cæsar has himself sent me a copy of a despatch from Paciæcus, in which the number was reckoned as eleven legions. Messalla has also written to Quintus Salassus to say that his brother Publius Curtius has been put to death by Pompey's order in the presence of the army, for having, as he alleged, made a compact with certain Spaniards, that if Pompey entered a particular town to get corn, they should arrest him and take him to Cæsar. As to your business in regard to your being a guarantee for Pompey, when your fellow guarantor Galba[2]

[1] In the *lex Iulia Municipalis*, passed this year, *qui præconium designationem libitinamve faciet, i.e.*, "auctioneers and undertakers," are excluded from any magistracy, or from being senator or decurio in a *colonia*, *municipium*, or *præfectura* (Bruns, *Fontes Iuris Romani*, p. 106). Cicero's question seems to imply that the law was not actually passed, as he would have been able to see for himself that *qui faciet* would not exclude those who had followed these occupations in the past. He has to apply to Cæsar's agent for information about it. Auctioneers were disliked—as brokers—because they had to do with confiscated property, as with ruined estates generally. See 2 *Phil.* 64, *vox acerbissima præconis*.

[2] Servius Sulpicius Galba, of whom we shall hear again. He was

—a man generally very careful in money matters—comes back to town, I will at once consult with him to see whether anything can be done, as he seems inclined to have confidence in me.

I am much delighted that you approve so highly of my Orator.[1] My own view of it is that I have put into that book all the critical power I possessed in the art of speaking. If the book is such as you say that you think it to be, then I too am somewhat. If not, then I do not decline to allow the same deduction to be made from my reputation for critical judgment as is to be made from the book. I am desirous that our dear Lepta[2] should take pleasure in such writings. Though his age is not yet ripe for them, yet it is not unprofitable that his ears should ring with the sound of such language.

I am kept at Rome in any case by Tullia's confinement; but when she gets as well again as I can wish, I am still detained till I can get the first instalment of the dowry[3] out of Dolabella's agents. Besides, by Hercules, I am not so much of a traveller as I used to be. My building and my leisure satisfy me entirely. My town house is now equal to any one of my villas: my leisure is more complete than the loneliest spot in the world could supply. So I am not hindered even in my literary employments, in which I am plunged without interruption. Wherefore I think that I shall see you here before you see me there. Let our dearest Lepta learn his Hesiod by heart, and have ever on his lips:

"On virtue's threshold god sets sweat and toil."[4]

great-grandfather of the Emperor Galba, who, it is interesting to note, maintained his ancestor's "carefulness" in money.

[1] Written the previous year.

[2] Son of the recipient of this letter.

[3] To be repaid by Dolabella after his divorce from Tullia.

[4] Hesiod, "W. and D.," 289: *τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν.*

DXXXIV (F IV, 14)

TO GNÆUS PLANCIUS (IN CORCYRA)

ROME (JANUARY[1])

I HAVE received two letters from you, dated Corcyra. In one of these you congratulated me because you had heard, as you say, that I was enjoying my former position; in the other you said that you wished what I had done might turn out well and prosperously. Well, certainly, if to entertain honest sentiments on public affairs and to get good men to agree with them constitute a "position," then I do hold my position. But if "position" depends upon the power of giving effect to your opinion, or in fine of supporting it by freedom of speech, then I have not a trace of my old position left: and it is great good fortune if I am able to put sufficient restraint upon myself to endure without excessive distress what is partly upon us already and partly threatens to come. That is the difficulty in a war of this kind: its result shews a prospect of massacre on the one side, and slavery on the other. In this danger it affords me no little consolation to remember that I foresaw all this at the time when I was feeling greatly alarmed even at our successes—not merely at our reverses—and perceived at what immense risk the question of constitutional right was to be decided in arms. And if in that appeal to arms those had conquered, to whom, induced by the hope of peace and not the desire for war, I had given in my adhesion, I nevertheless was well aware how bloody the victory of men swayed by anger, rapacity, and overbearing pride was certain

[1] Mueller places this letter in the early part of B.C. 46, Klotz in October, B.C. 46 (which I accepted in introduction to vol. i., p. xlv). But it is evidently after the news of his divorce of Terentia and re-marriage with Publilia. This must not only have taken place, but long enough to allow a post to and from Corcyra: and if the divorce took place at the end of B.C. 46—as Klotz in his own table dates it—then the letter belongs to the early part of B.C. 45.

to be: while if they had been conquered, what a clean sweep would be surely made of citizens, some of the highest rank, some too of the highest character, who, when I predicted these things and advised the measures best for their safety, preferred that I should be considered over-timid rather than moderately wise.

For your congratulations on what I have done, I am sure you speak your real wishes: but at such an unhappy time as this I should not have taken any new step, had it not been that at my return I found my domestic affairs in no better order than those of the state. For when, owing to the misconduct of those, to whom, considering my never-to-be-forgotten services, my safety and my fortune ought to have been their dearest object, I saw nothing safe within the walls of my house, nothing that was not the subject of some intrigue, I thought it was time to protect myself by the fidelity of new relations against the treachery of the old. But enough, or rather too much, about my own affairs.[1]

As to yours, I would have you feel as you ought to do, namely, that you have no reason to fear any measure directed specially against yourself. For if there is to be *some* constitution, whatever it may be, I see clearly that you will be free of all danger: for I perceive that the one party is reconciled to you, the other has never been angry with you. However, of my disposition towards you I would have you make up your mind that, whatever steps I understand to be required—though I see my position at this time and the limits of my powers—I will yet be ready with my active exertions and advice, and at least with zeal, to support your property, your good name, and your restoration. Pray be exceedingly careful on your part to let me know both what you are doing and what you think of doing in the future.

[1] Cicero in this paragraph is referring to his divorce of Terentia.

DXXXV (F IV, 10)

TO M. CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS (AT MITYLENE)

ROME (JANUARY)

THOUGH I have nothing fresh to say to you, and am now beginning more to expect a letter from you, or rather to see you in person, yet, as Theophilus was starting, I could not refrain from giving him some sort of letter. Do your best, then, to come at the earliest opportunity: your coming, believe me, will be welcomed not only by us, I mean by your personal friends, but by absolutely everybody. I say this because it occurs to me sometimes to be a little afraid that you have a fancy for postponing your departure. Now, had you had no other sense than that of eyesight, I should have sympathized with you in your shrinking from the sight of certain persons: but since what is heard is not much less distressing than what is seen, while I suspected that your early arrival much concerned the safety of your property, and was of importance in every point of view, I thought I ought to give you a hint on the subject. But as I have shewn you my opinion, I will leave the rest to your own wisdom. Still, pray let me know about when to expect you.

DXXXVI (F IX, 10)

TO P. CORNELIUS DOLABELLA (IN SPAIN)

ROME (JANUARY)

I DID not venture to allow our friend Salvius to go without a letter to you; yet, by Hercules, I have nothing to say except that I love you dearly:[1] of which I feel certain that

[1] An astonishing remark to a man whom Cicero's daughter had just divorced for gross misconduct. But the letter is forced and cold.

you do not doubt without my writing a word. In any case I ought rather to expect a letter from you, than you one from me. For there is nothing going on at Rome such as you would care to know: unless it would interest you to know that I am acting as arbitrator between our friend Nicias and Vidius! The latter puts forward in two lines, I think, a claim for money advanced to Nicias: the former, like a second Aristarchus, obelizes them. I am to be in the position of a critic of old days, and to judge whether they really are the poet's or are interpolations. I imagine you putting in here: "Have you forgotten, then, those mushrooms which you had at Nicias's dinner, and the big dishes joined to Septima's learned talk?"[1] What! do you think my old preciseness so entirely knocked out of me, that there is no trace of my former regard for appearances to be seen even in the forum? However, I will see our delightful boon companion through his little trouble, nor will I, by securing his condemnation, give you the opportunity of restoring him, that Plancus Bursa[2] may have some one to teach him his rudiments.

But what am I doing? Though I have no means of knowing whether you are in a quiet state of mind, or, as generally happens in war, are involved in some more important anxiety or occupation, yet I drift on farther and farther. So when I shall have ascertained for certain that you are in the vein for a laugh, I will write at greater length. However, I want you to know this, that the people have been very anxious about the death of Publius Sulla before they knew it for certain. Since then they have ceased to inquire how he perished: they think in knowing that they know enough. For the rest I bear it with equanimity: the only thing I fear is lest Cæsar's auctions should have received a blow.[3]

[1] The text is corrupt, and we know nothing of Septima, if, indeed, that is the name. We may suppose a reference to a dinner party at a rich freedman's table, with a learned lady who rather bored the guests. For *fercularum* (MS. *cularum*) *iocatiuncularum*, *bons mots*, has been suggested.

[2] For Bursa, see vol. i., p. 365. Cicero seems to be jesting at his illiterate character, but rather clumsily. We may suppose that his recall had been brought about by Dolabella.

[3] The auctions of confiscated property, at which P. Sulla was a constant

DXXXVII (F VI, 1)

TO AULUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS[1] (AT ATHENS)

ROME (JANUARY)

THOUGH the universal upset is such that each man thinks his position the worst possible, and that there is no one who does not wish to be anywhere but where he is, yet I feel no doubt that at the present moment the most miserable place for a good man to be in is Rome. For though wherever any man is, he must have the same feeling and the same pang from the ruin that has overtaken the fortunes both of himself and of the state, yet, after all, one's eyes add to the pain, which force us to see what others only hear,[2] and do not allow us to turn our thoughts from our miseries. Therefore, though you must necessarily be pained by the absence of many objects, yet from that particular sorrow, with which I am told that you are specially overpowered—that you are not at Rome—pray free your mind. For though you must feel great uneasiness at being without your family and your surroundings, yet, after all, the objects of your regret are maintaining all their rights. They could not maintain them better, if you were here, nor are they in any special danger. Nor ought you, when thinking of your family, to demand any special favour of fortune for yourself, or to refuse to bear what is common to all. In regard to

bidder or *sector*, which was always considered discreditable. He had begun the business early in the time of the confiscations of his uncle, the dictator Sulla, see *de Off.* ii. § 29, where Cicero speaks of his conduct now as even worse than in the previous matter. In his defence of him in B.C. 60 he put a very different complexion on his character; but his conduct as Cæsar's *legatus* seems to have alienated him thoroughly. See pp. 51, 53.

[1] Aulus Manlius Torquatus was prætor in B.C. 52, and presided at the trial of Milo. He had supported Cicero at various times of difficulty (*de Fin.* 2, § 72).

[2] Cicero had suggested just the reverse to Marcellus, p. 184.

yourself personally, Torquatus, your duty is to think over everything, but not to take counsel with despair or fear. For it is not the case that the man, who has as yet been harsher to you than your character deserved, has given no signs of softened feeling towards you. But, after all, that person himself, of whom your safety is being asked, is far from having the way to secure his own clear and plain before him. And while the results of all wars are uncertain, I perceive that from the victory of the one side there is no danger for you, seeing that such danger has nothing to do with the general overthrow, while from the victory of the other I feel sure that you yourself have never had any fear. I must therefore conclude that the very thing which I count as a consolation—the common danger to the state—is what is chiefly torturing you. That is an evil so great that, however philosophers may talk, I fear it admits of no real consolation being found, except that which is exactly proportioned to the strength and mettle of each man's mind. For if right thinking and right doing are sufficient to secure a good and happy life, I fear that it is impious to call a man miserable who can support himself by the consciousness of having acted on the best motives. For neither do I consider that we abandoned country and children and property at that time from the hope of the rewards of victory—on the contrary, I think we were following a just and sacred duty, due at once to the Republic and our own honour—neither, at the time we did so, were we so mad as to feel certain of victory. Wherefore, if that has happened, of which, when we were entering upon the cause, the possibility was fully before us, we ought not to be crushed in spirit, as though something had happened which we never contemplated as possible. Let us then take the view, which reason and truth alike enjoin, that in this life we should not feel ourselves bound to guarantee anything except to do nothing wrong: and that, since we are free from that imputation, we should bear every misfortune incident to humanity with calmness and good temper. And so my discourse amounts to this, that, though all be lost, virtue should shew that she can after all support herself. But if there is some hope of a public recovery, you certainly ought not to be without your share in it, whatever the constitution of the future is to be.

And yet, as I write this, it occurs to me that I am the man whose despair you were wont to blame, and whom you used your influence to rouse from a state of hesitation and anxiety. It was at a time, indeed, when it was not the goodness of our cause, but the wisdom of our policy with which I was dissatisfied. For I saw that, when too late, we were opposing arms which had long before been rendered formidable by ourselves, and I grieved that a constitutional question should be settled by spears and swords, not by consultation and the weight of our influence. Nor, when I said that those things would occur, which actually did do so, was I *divining* the future. I was only expressing a fear lest what I saw to be possible and likely to be ruinous, if it did occur, should happen; especially as, if I had to promise one way or the other about the result and end of the campaign, what did actually occur would have been the more obvious promise for me to make. For the points in which we had the advantage were not those which appear on the field of battle, while in the use of arms and the vigour of our soldiers we were at a disadvantage. But pray shew the spirit now which you thought that I ought to have shewn then. I write this because on my making all sorts of inquiries about you from your freedman Philargyrus, he told me with feelings, as I thought, of the utmost devotion to you, that at times you were apt to be excessively anxious. You ought not to be so, nor to doubt either that, if any form of constitution is restored, you will have your due place in it, or that, if it is gone for ever, you will be in no worse position than the rest. The present position, indeed, which is one of alarm and suspense for us all, you ought to bear with the greater calmness of spirit from the fact that you are living in a city which gave birth to and fostered a systematic rule of life, and that you have with you in Servius Sulpicius one for whom you have always had a singular affection: one who no doubt consoles you by his kindness and wisdom; whose example and advice, if we had followed, we should have remained at peace under Cæsar's supremacy, rather than have taken up arms and submitted to a conqueror.

But perhaps I have treated these points at too great a length: the following, which are more important, I will express more briefly. There is no one to whom I owe more

than to yourself. Those, to whom I was indebted to an extent of which you are aware, the result of this war has snatched from me. My position at the present moment I fully understand. But since there is no one so utterly prostrate as not to be able, if he gives his whole attention to what he is doing, to accomplish and carry out something, I should wish you to consider as deservedly at the service of yourself and your children, of course all my zeal, but also all my powers of counsel and action.

DXXXVIII (F VI, 3)

TO AULUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS (AT ATHENS)

ROME (JANUARY)

IN my former letter I was somewhat lengthy, more from warmth of affection than because the occasion demanded it. For neither did your virtue require fortifying by me, nor were my own case and position of such a nature as to allow of my encouraging another when in want of every source of encouragement myself. On the present occasion I ought to be briefer. For if there was no need of so many words then, there is no more need of them now, or if there was need of them then, what I said is enough, especially as there has been nothing new to add. For though I am every day told some items of news, which I think are conveyed to you, yet the upshot is the same, as is also the result: a result which I see as clearly in my mind as what I actually see with my eyes; and yet in truth I see nothing that I am not well assured that you see also. For though no one can prophesy the result of a battle, yet the result of a war I can see: and if not that, yet at least this—since one or the other side must win—how victory on the one side or the other will be used. And having a clear grasp of this, what I see convinces me that no evil will occur, if that

shall have happened to me, even before, which is held out as the most formidable of all terrors. For to live on the terms on which one would then have to live, is a most miserable thing, while no philosopher has asserted death to be a miserable thing even for a prosperous man. But you are in a city in which the very walls of the houses seem capable of telling you these things, even at greater length and in nobler style. I assure you of this—though the miseries of others supply but a poor consolation—that you are now in no greater danger than anyone else, either of those who went away,[1] or of those who remained. The one party are now in arms, the other in terror of the conqueror. But this, I repeat, is a poor consolation. There is another, which I hope you use, as I certainly do: *I will never, while I live, let anything give me pain, so long as I have done nothing wrong: and if I cease to live, I shall cease to have any sensation.* But to write this to you is again a case of "an owl to Athens."[2] To me both you and your family and all your interests are, and while I live will be, the subject of the greatest concern. Good-bye.

DXXXIX (F VI, 4)

TO AULUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS (AT ATHENS)

ROME (JANUARY)

I HAVE no news to give you, and if there is some after all, I know that you are usually informed of it by your family. About the future, however, difficult as it always is to speak, you may yet sometimes get nearer the truth by conjecture, when the matter is of the kind whose issue admits of being foreseen. In the present instance I think that I perceive thus much, that the war will not be a protracted one, though

[1] *I.e.*, from the Pompeian army after Pharsalia.
[2] Τλαῦκ' εἰς Ἀθήνας. See vol. i., p. 290; vol. iii., p. 73.

even as to that there are some who think I am wrong. For myself, even as I write this, I believe that something decisive has occurred, not that I know it for certain, but because the conjecture is an easy one. For while all chances in war are open, and the results of all battles are uncertain, yet on this occasion the forces on both sides are so large, and are said to be in such a state of preparation for a pitched battle, that whichever of the two conquers it will be no matter of surprise. It is an opinion that grows daily stronger that, even if there is considerable difference in the merits of the causes of the combatants, there will yet be little difference in the way in which they will use their victory. Of the one side we have now had a pretty full experience: of the other there is no one that does not reflect how much reason there is to fear an armed victor inflamed with rage.

On this point, if I appear to increase your anxiety while I ought to have been lightening it by consolation, I confess that I can find no consolation for our common disasters except that one, which after all—if you can avail yourself of it—is the highest and the one to which I have daily greater recourse: namely, that the consciousness of good intentions is the greatest consoler of misfortune, and that there is no serious evil except misconduct. As from this last we are so far removed, that our sentiments have been absolutely unimpeachable, while it is the result of our policy, not the policy itself, which is criticised: and as we have fulfilled all our obligations, let us bear what has happened without excessive grief. But I do not take upon myself, after all, to console you for misfortunes affecting all alike. Rightly to console them requires a greater intelligence, and to bear them requires unique courage. But anyone can easily shew you why you ought not to feel any sorrow peculiar to yourself. For as to Cæsar's decision concerning your restoration, though he has been somewhat slower in relieving you than I had thought he would be, I have no doubt whatever. As to the other party, I do not think that you are at a loss to know my sentiments. Finally, there is the pain that you feel at being so long absent from your family. It is distressing, especially considering the character of your sons, than which nothing can be more charming. But, as I said in my last letter, the state of things is such that everyone

thinks his own position the most miserable of all, and most dislikes being precisely where he is. For my part, I consider that the most wretched of all are we who are at Rome, not merely because in all misfortunes it is more painful to see than to hear, but also because we are more exposed to all the risks of sudden perils, than if we were out of town. For myself however, who set up to console you, my feelings have become softened, not so much by literature, to which I have always been devoted, as by lapse of time. You remember how keen my sorrow was. In regard to that the first consolation is that I shewed greater foresight than the rest, when I desired to have peace on any terms however inequitable. And although this was from chance, and not from any prophetic powers of mine, yet I take pleasure in this poor reputation for wisdom. Another source of consolation common to us both is that, if I am called upon to end my life, I shall not be torn from a republic such as I should grieve to lose, especially as I shall then be beyond all consciousness. An additional consolation is my age and the fact that my life is now all but over, which both gives me pleasure in reflecting upon its honourably accomplished career, and forbids my fearing any violence at a period to which nature herself has now almost brought me. Lastly, considering what a great man, or rather what great men, fell in that war, it seems shameless to decline to share the same fortune, if circumstances render it necessary. For my part, I regard everything as possible for myself, nor is there any evil too great for me to believe to be hanging over my head. But since there is more evil in fear than in the thing itself which is feared, I cease to indulge in it, especially as that now hangs over me, in which there will not only be no pain, but also the end of all pain. But I have said enough, or rather more than was needed. It is not love of talking, however, but affection for you that makes my letters too long. I was sorry to hear that Servius had left Athens; for I do not doubt that your daily meeting, and the conversation of a man at once most intimate and of the highest character and wisdom have been a great alleviation to you. Pray keep up your spirits, as you ought and are accustomed to do, by your own virtue. For myself, I shall look after everything with zeal and diligence which I may think to be

in accordance with your wishes or for the interests of yourself and your family. In doing so I shall imitate your goodness to me, I shall never equal your services.

DXL (F XV, 17)

TO C. CASSIUS LONGINUS (AT BRUNDISIUM)

ROME (JANUARY)

YOU have most unreasonable letter-carriers, though I am not personally angry with them. But, after all, when they are leaving me they demand a letter, when they come to me they bring none. And even as to the former, they would have consulted my convenience better if they had given me some interval for writing; but they come to me with their travelling caps on, declaring that their company is waiting for them at the city gate. Therefore you must pardon me: you shall have here another short note, but expect full details presently. Yet why should I apologize to you, when your men come to me with empty hands and return to you with letters. Here—for after all I will write *something* to you—we have the death of P. Sulla[1] the elder: according to some from an attack of footpads, according to others from an attack of indigestion. The people don't trouble themselves, for they are assured that he is dead and burnt. Your philosophy will enable you to bear this; though we have lost a well-known "feature of the city." People think that Cæsar will be vexed for fear of his auctions becoming flat. Mindius Marcellus[2] and Attius the paintseller are delighted at having lost a rival bidder.

There is no news from Spain, and a very great anxiety for some: the rumours are rather gloomy, but are not authenticated. Our friend Pansa left town in military

[1] See p. 185.

[2] Madvig conjectures *macellarius*, "victualler," to correspond with the trade of Attius. But it is not necessary.

array[1] on the 29th of December. It is enough to convince anyone of what you have recently begun to doubt, that "the good is desirable for its own sake."[2] For because he has relieved many of their misfortunes, and has shewn humanity in these evil times, he was attended by an extraordinary display of affection on the part of good men. I very much approve of your having stayed on at Brundisium, and I am very glad you have done so, and, by Hercules, I think that you will act wisely if you don't trouble yourself about vain things.[3] Certainly I, who love you, shall be glad if it is so. And pray, next time you are sending a packet home, don't forget me. I will never allow anyone, if I know it, to go to you without a letter from me.

DXLI (F XV, 19)

C. CASSIUS LONGINUS TO CICERO (AT ROME)

BRUNDISIUM (JANUARY)

IF you are well, I am glad. There is nothing, by Hercules, that I more like doing on this tour of mine than writing to you: for I seem to be talking and joking with you in person. Nor does this come to pass owing to Catius's "images":[4] for which expression I will in my next retort on you by quoting such a number of ill-educated Stoics, that you will acknowledge Catius to have been a true-born Athenian. That our friend Pansa left the city in military array with such expressions of goodwill from everybody, I rejoice both for his own sake and also, by Hercules, for the sake of all our party. For I hope that people will understand how odious cruelty is to everybody, and how attractive honesty

[1] As proconsul of Gallia Cisalpina. See p. 201.
[2] The Stoic doctrine, which Cassius had abandoned for Epicurism. See p. 175.
[3] ἀκενόσπουδος, apparently a Stoic word.
[4] See p. 175; vol. i., p. 68.

and clemency: and that the objects which bad men seek and desire above everything come spontaneously to the good. For it is difficult to persuade men that "the good is desirable for its own sake": but that "pleasure" and "peace of mind" [1] are obtained by virtue, justice, and "the good" is both true and convincing. In fact, Epicurus himself says—from whom all your Catiuses and Amafiniuses, those poor translators of his words, proceed—"to live pleasantly is impossible without living well and justly." So it is that Pansa, whose *summum bonum* is "pleasure," keeps his virtue; and those too who are called by you "pleasure-lovers" are "lovers of the good" and "lovers of the just," [2] and practise and maintain all the virtues. Accordingly Sulla, whose judgment we are bound to respect, seeing that philosophers disagreed, did not ask what was good, but bought up all *goods* indifferently: whose death, by Hercules, I have borne with some fortitude! Nor will Cæsar, after all, allow us to feel his loss very long: for he has plenty of condemned persons to restore for us in his place, nor will he be without some one to bid at his auctions as long as Sulla's son is in his sight.

Now for public affairs. Write and tell me what is going on in Spain. Upon my life I feel anxious, and prefer to have our old and merciful master rather than a new and bloodthirsty one. You know what a fool Gnæus is: you know how he thinks cruelty is courage: you know how he always thinks that we laugh at him. I am afraid he will want to retort the joke in rustic fashion with a blow of the sword. If you love me, write and say what is happening. Dear, dear, how I wish I knew whether you read this with an anxious or a quiet mind! For then I should at the same time know what it becomes me to do. Not to be too wearisome, I will say good-bye. Love me as ever. If Cæsar has conquered, expect me with all speed.

[1] *ἀταραξίαν*, a Stoic term. Cassius retorts on the Stoics that this *ἀταραξία* which they advocate is best obtained by the Epicurean doctrines.

[2] Cassius uses Greek words for these philosophical terms—*φιλήδονοι*, *φιλόκαλοι*, *φιλοδίκαιοι*. For Sulla, see p. 185.

DXLII (F IX, 13)

TO P. CORNELIUS DOLABELLA (IN SPAIN)

(ROME, FEBRUARY)

C. SUBERNIUS of Cales is both my friend and very closely connected with Lepta, who is a very intimate friend of mine. Having for the express purpose of avoiding the war gone to Spain with M. Varro before it began, with a view of being in a province in which none of us had thought that there was likely to be any war after the defeat of Afranius,[1] he found himself plunged into the precise evils which he had done his very best to avoid. For he was overtaken by a sudden war, which being set in motion by Scapula was afterwards raised to such serious proportions by Pompey, that it became impossible for him to extricate himself from that unhappy affair.[2] M. Planius Heres, also of Cales, and also a very close friend of our friend Lepta, is in much the same position. These two men, therefore, I commend to your protection with a care, zeal, and heartfelt anxiety beyond which I cannot go in commending anyone. I wish it for their own sake, and in this matter I am also strongly influenced by motives of humanity no less than by friendship. For since Lepta is so anxious that his fortunes would seem to be at stake, I cannot but be in a state of anxiety next or even equal to his. Therefore, although I have often had proof of how much you loved me, yet I would have you be convinced that I shall have no better opportunity than this of judging that to be so. I therefore ask you, or, if you allow

[1] Afranius and Petreius were conquered by Cæsar in B.C. 49. See p. 1.

[2] Bætica and the legions there were disaffected to Cæsar all along. They turned out Cæsar's first governor, Cassius, and afterwards Trebonius. After Thapsus (B.C. 46) they invited the surviving Pompeians to come to them, and meanwhile elected Titus Quintus Scapula and Quintus Afranius to command them. When Cn. and Sextus Pompeius and the other survivors of Thapsus arrived, the state of things became so serious that Cæsar had to go to Spain himself.

it, I implore you to save from disfranchisement two unhappy men, who owe their loss of citizenship to fortune—which none can avoid—rather than to any fault of their own. Be so good as to allow me by your help to bestow this favour both on the men themselves, who are my friends, and also on the *municipium* of Cales, with which I have strong ties, and lastly upon Lepta, whom I regard more than all the rest. What I am going to say I think is not much to the point, yet, after all, there is no harm in saying it. The property of one of them is very small, of the other scarcely up to the equestrian standard. Wherefore, seeing that Cæsar, with his usual high-mindedness, has granted them their lives, and since there is very little else that can be taken from them, do secure these men their return, if you love me as much as I am sure you do. The only possible difficulty is the long journey; which their motive for not shirking is their desire to be with their families and to die at home. That you do your best and exert yourself, or rather that you carry it through—for as to your ability to do it I have no doubt—I strongly and repeatedly entreat you.

DXLIII (F XIII, 16)

CICERO TO CÆSAR (IN SPAIN)

ROME (FEBRUARY)

OF all our men of rank there is no one of whom I have been fonder than of Publius Crassus the younger; and though I have had very great hopes of him from his earliest years, I began at once to entertain brilliant ideas of his abilities when I was informed of your high opinion of him. His freedman Apollonius I always valued and thought well of even when Crassus was alive: for he was very attentive to Crassus and extremely well suited to promote his best tastes: and, accordingly, was much liked by him. But after the death of Crassus he seemed the more worthy of admission to my confidence and friendship, because he regarded it as

his duty to be attentive and polite to those whom the late Crassus had loved and by whom he had been beloved. Accordingly, he came to stay with me in Cilicia, and in many particulars his fidelity and good sense were of great use to me; and, as I think, he rendered you all the service in the Alexandrine war that was within the range of ability and fidelity. Hoping that you would think the same, he has started to join you in Spain—chiefly indeed on his own initiative, but also on my advice. I did not promise him a letter of recommendation, not because I doubted its weight with you, but because he did not seem to want any, for he had been on active service in your army, and had been put on your staff from respect to the memory of Crassus. And if he did choose to avail himself of introductions, I saw that he could accomplish that by means of others. It is a testimony to my opinion of him, which he values highly and which I also have found to have weight with you, that I hereby give him with pleasure.

Well, then, I have found him to be well instructed and devoted to the highest pursuits, and that from a boy. For he lived much at my house from his boyhood along with the Stoic Diodotus, a man in my opinion of the most profound learning. At present, fired with admiration of your achievements, he desires to write a history of them in Greek. I think he is capable of doing it. He has great genius: great experience: for a long time past he has been engaged in that branch of study and literature: he is wonderfully eager to do justice to the immortal fame of your glorious achievements. You have here the record of my opinion, but your supreme wisdom will enable you to decide with much greater ease upon this point. Yet, after all, though I said I would not do so, I recommend him to you. Whatever favour you shew him will be more than ordinarily gratifying to me.

[The death of Cicero's daughter Tullia, after confinement, occurred, it seems, in the last days of February, either at Rome (p. 181) or Tusculum. His grief seems to have been very acute, though not very lasting. He was minded to purchase and throw open some gardens near Rome, containing a shrine dedicated to her to commemorate her name, but

this scheme, like that of building a porticus for the Academy at Athens, went gradually off, probably from considerations as to means: for the necessity of repaying Terentia's dowry made him seriously embarrassed at this time.]

DXLIV (A XII, 13)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (7 MARCH[1])

I AM disturbed about Attica, though I agree with Craterus.[2] Brutus's letter, full of wisdom and affection as it is, has yet cost me many tears. This solitude is less painful to me than the crowds of Rome. The only person I miss is yourself; but although I find no more difficulty in going on with my literary work than if I were at home, yet that passionate unrest haunts and never quits me, not, on my word, that I encourage it, I rather fight against it: still it is there. As to what you say about Appuleius, I don't think that there is any need for your exerting yourself, nor for applying to Balbus and Oppius, to whom he undertook to make things right, and even sent me a message to say that he would not be troublesome to me in any way. But see that my excuse of ill-health for each separate day is put in. Lænas undertook this. Add C. Septimius and L. Statilius. In fact, no one, whomsoever you ask, will refuse to make the affidavit. But if there is any difficulty, I will come and make a sworn deposition myself of chronic ill-health.[3] For

[1] The dates of this and the following letters to Atticus are deduced from DLX and DLXI, which give us the first indication—23rd of March. As Cicero says he will write every day, supposing no letter to be missing, we can feel fairly certain of their correctness.

[2] A doctor mentioned by Horace, *Sat.* ii. 3, 161.

[3] The augurs met regularly on the Nones of each month. The only admissible excuse for non-attendance (besides absence from Rome on official duty) was ill-health. See *de Am.* § 8, where Cicero represents his own case in the person of Lælius. There is nothing to shew whether M. Appuleius was the senior augur, to whom the excuse was to be given,

since I am to absent myself from the entertainments, I would rather be thought to do so in virtue of the augural law, than in consequence of grief. Please send a reminder to Cocceius, for he does not fulfil his promise: while I am desirous of purchasing some hiding-place and refuge for my sorrow.

DXLV (A XII, 14)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (8 MARCH)

I WROTE to you yesterday about making my excuses to Appuleius. I think there is no difficulty. No matter to whom you apply, no one will refuse. But see Septimius, Lænas, and Statilius about it. For three are required. Lænas, however, undertook the whole business for me. You say that you have been dunned by Iunius: Cornificius[1] is certainly a man of substance, yet I should nevertheless like to know when I am said to have given the guarantee, and whether it was for the father or son. None the less pray do as you say, and interview the agents of Cornificius and Appuleius the land-dealer.

You wish me some relaxation of my mourning: you are kind, as usual, but you can bear me witness that I have not been wanting to myself. For not a word has been written by anyone on the subject of abating grief which I did not read at your house. But my sorrow is too much for any consolation. Nay, I have done what certainly no one ever did before me—tried to console myself by writing a book, which I will send to you as soon as my amanuenses have

or a recently elected augur, at whose inauguration and accompanying banquet Cicero felt unable to attend. The excuse appears to have needed the attestation of three other augurs.

[1] There are two men named Q. Cornificius, father and son, mentioned in the correspondence. The former was a candidate with Cicero for the consulship (vol. i., p. 13); the latter was now going as governor to Africa (see p. 131).

made copies of it. I assure you that there is no more efficacious consolation. I write all day long, not that I do any good, but for a while I experience a kind of check, or, if not quite that—for the violence of my grief is overpowering—yet I get some relaxation, and I try with all my might to recover composure, not of heart, yet, if possible, of countenance. When doing that I sometimes feel myself to be doing wrong, sometimes that I shall be doing wrong if I don't. Solitude does me some good, but it would have done me more good, if you after all had been here: and that is my only reason for quitting this place, for it does very well in such miserable circumstances. And even this suggests another cause of sorrow. For you will not be able to be to me now what you once were: everything you used to like about me is gone. I wrote to you before about Brutus's letter to me: it contained a great deal of good sense, but nothing to give me any comfort. As to his asking in his letter to you whether I should like him to come to see me—by all means: he would be sure to give me some help, considering his strong affection for me. If you have any news, pray write and tell me, especially as to when Pansa goes.[1] I am sorry about Attica: yet I believe in Craterus. Tell Pilia not to be anxious: my sorrow is enough for us all.

DXLVI (A XII, 15)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (9 MARCH)

SINCE you do not approve of a standing plea of ill-health, please see that my excuse is made each day to Appuleius.[2] In this lonely place I have no one with whom to converse,

[1] *I.e.*, to his province. Pansa had left Rome at the end of the previous year *paludatus* (p. 193). Boot supposes that he stayed in some villa till March, which was the usual time of going to a province.

[2] See p. 199.

and plunging into a dense and wild wood early in the day I don't leave it till evening. Next to you, I have no greater friend than solitude. In it my one and only conversation is with books. Even that is interrupted by tears, which I fight against as long as I can. But as yet I am not equal to it. I will answer Brutus, as you advise. You will get the letter to-morrow. Whenever you have anyone to take it, write me a letter.

DXLVII (A XII, 16)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (10 MARCH)

I DON'T wish you to come to me to the neglect of your business. Rather I will come to you, if you are kept much longer. And yet I should never have gone so far as to quit your sight, had it not been that I was getting absolutely no relief from anything. But if any alleviation had been possible, it would have been in you alone, and as soon as it will be possible from anyone, it will be from you. Yet at this very moment I cannot stand being without you. But to stay at your town house was not thought proper, and it was impossible at mine; nor, if I had stopped at some place nearer Rome, should I have been with you after all. For the same reason would have hindered you from being with me, as hinders you now. As yet nothing suits me better than this solitude, which I fear Philippus[1] will destroy: for he arrived at his villa yesterday evening. Writing and study do not soften my feelings, they only distract them.

[1] L. Marcius Philippus, step-father of Augustus. See p. 313.

DXLVIII (A XII, 18)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (11 MARCH)

To fly from recollections, which make my soul smart as though it were stung, I take refuge in recalling my plans to your memory. Pray pardon me, whatever you think of this one. The fact is that I find that some of the authors, whom I am now continually reading, suggest as a proper thing to do just what I have often discussed with you, and for which I desire your approval. I mean about the shrine—pray think of it as earnestly as your affection for me should suggest.[1] About the design I do not feel any doubt, for I like that of Cluatius, nor about the building of it at all—for to that I have made up my mind: but about the site I do sometimes hesitate. Pray therefore think over it. To the fullest capacity of such an enlightened age, I am quite resolved to consecrate her memory by every kind of memorial borrowed from the genius of every kind of artist, Greek or Latin. This may perhaps serve to irritate my wound: but I look upon myself as now bound by a kind of vow and promise. And the infinite time during which I shall be non-existent has more influence on me than this brief life, which yet to me seems only too long. For though I have tried every expedient, I find nothing to give me peace of mind. For even when I was composing that essay, of which I wrote to you before, I was in a way nursing my sorrow. Now I reject every consolation, and find nothing more endurable than solitude, which Philippus did not, as I feared, disturb. For after calling on me yesterday, he started at once for Rome. The letter which, in accordance with your advice, I have written to Brutus I herewith send you. Please see it delivered to him with your own. However, I am send-

[1] Cicero wished to build a shrine in honour of Tullia's memory. His first idea was to do this at Astura (p. 206): but he soon changed to the plan of purchasing suburban *horti*.

ing you a copy of it, in order that, if you disapprove, you should not send it. You say my domestic affairs are being managed properly: please tell me what they are. For there are some points on which I am expecting to hear. See that Cocceius does not play me false. For Libo's promise, mentioned by Eros in his letter, I regard as secure. As to my capital, I trust Sulpicius, and, of course, Egnatius. About Appuleius why need you trouble yourself, when my excuse is so easily made? Your coming to me, as you shew an intention of doing, may, I fear, be difficult for you. It is a long journey, and when you went away again, which you will perhaps have to do very quickly, I should be unable to let you go without great pain. But all as you choose. Whatever you do will in my eyes be right, and done also in my interest.

DXLIX (A XII, 17)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (12 MARCH)

MARCIANUS has written to tell me that my excuse was made to Appuleius by Laterensis, Naso, Lænas, Torquatus, Strabo: please see that a letter is sent to each of them in my name, thanking them for their kindness. As for the assertion of Flavius that more than twenty-five years ago I gave a guarantee for Cornificius, though he is a man of substance, and Appuleius is a respectable dealer in land, yet I should like you to take the trouble to ascertain by inspecting the ledgers of my fellow guarantors whether it is so. For before my ædileship I had no dealings with Cornificius, yet it may be the case all the same, but I should like to be sure. And call upon his agents for payment, if you think it right to do so. However, what does it matter to me? Yet, after all ——! Write and tell me of Pansa's departure for his province when you know. Give my love to Attica, and take good care of her, I beseech you. My compliments to Pilia.

DL (A XII, 18 a)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (13 MARCH)

HAVING learnt yesterday from the letters of others of Antony's arrival, I was surprised to find no mention of it in yours. But perhaps it was written the day before it was sent. It does not matter to me: yet my own idea is that he has hurried back to save his securities.[1] You say that Terentia speaks about the witnesses to my will: in the first place, pray believe that I am not paying attention to things of that sort, and that I have no leisure for business which is either unimportant or fresh. Yet, after all, where is the analogy between us? She did not invite as witnesses those whom she thought would ask questions unless they knew the contents of her will. Was that a danger applicable to me? Yet, after all, let her do as I do. I will hand over my will for anyone she may select to read: she will find that nothing could have been in better taste than what I have done about my grandson. As for my not having invited certain witnesses: in the first place, it did not occur to me; and, in the second place, it did not occur to me because it was of no consequence. *You* know, if you have not forgotten, that I told you at the time to bring some of your friends: what need of a great many was there?[2] For my part, I had bidden members of my household. At the time it was your opinion that I ought to send word to Silius: hence it came about that a message was sent to Publilius.[3] But neither was necessary. This matter you will handle as you shall think right.

[1] This is the "return from Narbo," of which Cicero makes such large use in the second Philippic (§§ 76, 77). The "securities" were those given for the confiscated property which Antony had bought, especially that of Pompey, for which he had not paid.

[2] Seven was the legal number.

[3] Brother of his second wife.

DLI (A XII, 19)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (14 MARCH)

THIS is certainly a lovely spot, right in the sea, and within sight of Antium and Cerceii: but in view of the whole succession of owners—who in the endless generations to come may be beyond counting, supposing the present empire to remain—I must think of some means to secure it being made permanent by consecration.[1] For my part, I don't want large revenues at all, and can put up with a little. I think sometimes of purchasing some pleasure-grounds across the Tiber, and principally for the reason that I don't think that there is any other position so much frequented. But what particular pleasure-grounds I shall purchase we will consider when we are together; but it must be on condition that the temple is finished this summer. Nevertheless, settle the contract with Apella of Chius for the columns. What you say about Cocceius and Libo I quite approve, especially as to my jury-service. If you have seen light at all about the question of my guarantee, and what after all Cornificius's agents say, I should like to know about it: but I don't wish you, when you are so busy, to bestow much trouble on that affair.

About Antony, Balbus also in conjunction with Oppius wrote me a full account, and said that you had wished them to write to save me from anxiety.[2] I have written to thank them. I should wish you to know however, as I have already written to tell you, that I was not alarmed by that news, and am not going to be alarmed by any in future. If

[1] If consecrated, the building would not change hands with a change of owners of the property.

[2] In the second Philippic (§ 77) Cicero says that Antony's sudden and secret return from Narbo caused great alarm in Italy. Probably people thought that he had bad news from Spain, or orders from Cæsar to take some strong measures.

Pansa has started for his province to-day, as you seemed to expect, begin telling me henceforward in your letters what you are expecting about the return of Brutus, that is to say, about what days.[1] You will be easily able to guess that, if you know where he is. I note what you say to Tiro about Terentia: pray, my dear Atticus, undertake that whole business. You perceive that there is at once a question of duty on my part involved—of which you are cognizant—and, as some think, of my son's pecuniary interest.[2] For myself, it is the former point that affects my feelings much the more strongly: it is more sacred in my eyes and more important, especially as I do not think we can count on the latter as being either sincerely intended or what we can rely upon.

DLII (A XII, 20)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (15 MARCH)

YOU don't yet appear to me to be fully aware how indifferent I have been about Antony, and how impossible it is for anything of that sort now to disturb me. I wrote to you about Terentia in my letter of yesterday. You exhort me—saying that other people look for it also—to hide the fact that my grief is as deep as it is. Could I do so more than by spending whole days in literary composition? Though my purpose in doing so is not to hide, but rather to soften and heal my feelings: yet, if I don't do myself any good, I at least do what keeps up appearances. I write the less fully to you because I am waiting your answer to my letter of yesterday. What I most want to hear is about the temple,

[1] *Ad quos dies.* Perhaps the plural may allude to the several *stages* of his journey, stopping—as we have often seen Cicero doing—at one villa after another for the night. See Letter DCXXI (A XIII, 9).

[2] As getting an allowance from his mother when her dower was refunded.

and also something about Terentia. Pray tell me in your next whether Cn. Cæpio, father of Claudius's wife Servilia, perished in the shipwreck before or after his father's death: also whether Rutilia died in the lifetime of her son C. Cotta, or after his death.[1] These facts affect the book I have written "On the Lessening of Grief."

DLIII (A XIII, 6, §§ 1-3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (16 MARCH)

ABOUT the aqueduct you did quite right. You may perhaps find that I am not liable to the pillar-tax. However, I think I was told by Camillus that the law had been altered. What more decent answer can be given to Piso than the absence of Cato's guardians? Nor was it only from the heirs of Herennius that he borrowed money, as you know, for you discussed the matter with me, but also from the young Lucullus: and this money his guardian had raised in Achaia. I mention this because it is one element in the case also.[2] But Piso is behaving well about it, for he says that he will do nothing against my wishes. So when we meet, as you say, we will settle how to untangle the business. You ask me for my letter to Brutus: I haven't got a copy of it, but it is in existence all the same, and Tiro says that you ought to have it. To the best of my recollection, along with his letter of remonstrance I sent you my answer to it also. Pray see that I am not troubled by having to serve on a jury.

[1] We know nothing of this Cæpio. Boot quotes Seneca (*Consol. ad Helviam*, 16, 7) to show that Rutilia survived her son. C. Aurelius Cotta, consul B.C. 75, was a great orator. These antiquarian questions, as well as the whole tone of the letter, shew that Cicero was conquering his sorrow.

[2] We cannot explain this, because we don't know the circumstances. The son of Cato Uticensis, still a minor, seems to have borrowed money through his guardian, payment of which was being claimed by Piso.

DLIV (F IV, 5)

SERVIUS SULPICIUS TO CICERO (AT ASTURA)

ATHENS (MARCH)

WHEN I received the news of your daughter Tullia's death, I was indeed as much grieved and distressed as I was bound to be, and looked upon it as a calamity in which I shared. For, if I had been at home, I should not have failed to be at your side, and should have made my sorrow plain to you face to face. That kind of consolation involves much distress and pain, because the relations and friends, whose part it is to offer it, are themselves overcome by an equal sorrow. They cannot attempt it without many tears, so that they seem to require consolation themselves rather than to be able to afford it to others. Still I have decided to set down briefly for your benefit such thoughts as have occurred to my mind, not because I suppose them to be unknown to you, but because your sorrow may perhaps hinder you from being so keenly alive to them.

Why is it that a private grief should agitate you so deeply? Think how fortune has hitherto dealt with us. Reflect that we have had snatched from us what ought to be no less dear to human beings than their children—country, honour, rank, every political distinction. What additional wound to your feelings could be inflicted by this particular loss? Or where is the heart that should not by this time have lost all sensibility and learn to regard everything else as of minor importance? Is it on her account, pray, that you sorrow? How many times have you recurred to the thought—and I have often been struck with the same idea—that in times like these theirs is far from being the worst fate to whom it has been granted to exchange life for a painless death? Now what was there at such an epoch that could greatly tempt her to live? What scope, what hope, what heart's solace? That she might spend her life with some young and distinguished husband? How impossible for a man of

your rank to select from the present generation of young men a son-in-law, to whose honour you might think yourself safe in trusting your child! Was it that she might bear children to cheer her with the sight of their vigorous youth? who might by their own character maintain the position handed down to them by their parent, might be expected to stand for the offices in their order, might exercise their freedom in supporting their friends? What single one of these prospects has not been taken away before it was given? But, it will be said, after all it is an evil to lose one's children. Yes, it is: only it is a worse one to endure and submit to the present state of things.

I wish to mention to you a circumstance which gave me no common consolation, on the chance of its also proving capable of diminishing your sorrow. On my voyage from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to survey the localities that were on every side of me. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara, on my right Piræus, on my left Corinth: towns which at one time were most flourishing, but now lay before my eyes in ruin and decay. I began to reflect to myself thus: "Hah! do we mannikins feel rebellious if one of us perishes or is killed—we whose life ought to be still shorter—when the corpses of so many towns lie in helpless ruin? Will you please, Servius, restrain yourself and recollect that you are born a mortal man?" Believe me, I was no little strengthened by that reflexion. Now take the trouble, if you agree with me, to put this thought before your eyes. Not long ago all those most illustrious men perished at one blow: the empire of the Roman people suffered that huge loss: all the provinces were shaken to their foundations. If *you* have become the poorer by the frail spirit of one poor girl, are you agitated thus violently? If she had not died now, she would yet have had to die a few years hence, for she was mortal born. You, too, withdraw soul and thought from such things, and rather remember those which become the part you have played in life: that she lived as long as life had anything to give her; that her life outlasted that of the Republic; that she lived to see you—her own father—prætor, consul, and augur; that she married young men of the highest rank; that she had enjoyed nearly every possible blessing; that,

when the Republic fell, she departed from life. What fault have you or she to find with fortune on this score? In fine, do not forget that you are Cicero, and a man accustomed to instruct and advise others; and do not imitate bad physicians, who in the diseases of others profess to understand the art of healing, but are unable to prescribe for themselves. Rather suggest to yourself and bring home to your own mind the very maxims which you are accustomed to impress upon others. There is no sorrow beyond the power of time at length to diminish and soften: it is a reflexion on you that you should wait for this period, and not rather anticipate that result by the aid of your wisdom. But if there is any consciousness still existing in the world below, such was her love for you and her dutiful affection for all her family, that she certainly does not wish you to act as you are acting. Grant this to her—your lost one! Grant it to your friends and comrades who mourn with you in your sorrow! Grant it to your country, that if the need arises she may have the use of your services and advice.

Finally—since we are reduced by fortune to the necessity of taking precautions on this point also—do not allow anyone to think that you are not mourning so much for your daughter as for the state of public affairs and the victory of others. I am ashamed to say any more to you on this subject, lest I should appear to distrust your wisdom. Therefore I will only make one suggestion before bringing my letter to an end. We have seen you on many occasions bear good fortune with a noble dignity which greatly enhanced your fame: now is the time for you to convince us that you are able to bear bad fortune equally well, and that it does not appear to you to be a heavier burden than you ought to think it. I would not have this be the only one of all the virtues that you do not possess.

As far as I am concerned, when I learn that your mind is more composed, I will write you an account of what is going on here, and of the condition of the province. Good-bye.

DLV (A XII, 12)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (16 MARCH)

As to the dowry, make a clean sweep of the business all the more. To transfer the debt to Balbus is a rather high and mighty proceeding.[1] Settle it on any terms. It is discreditable that the matter should hang fire from these difficulties. The "island" at Arpinum might suit a real "dedication," but I fear its out-of-the-way position would diminish the honour of the departed. My mind is therefore set on suburban pleasure-grounds: but I will wait to inspect them when I come to town. As to Epicurus,[2] it shall be as you please: though I intend to introduce a change in future into this sort of impersonation. You would hardly believe how keen certain men are for this honour. I shall therefore fall back on the ancients: that can create no jealousy. I have nothing to say to you; but in spite of that, I have resolved to write every day, to get a letter out of you. Not that I expect anything definite from your letters, but yet somehow or another I do expect it. Wherefore, whether you have anything or nothing to say, yet write something and—take care of yourself.

[1] Apparently Terentia owed Balbus money; she proposed that Cicero's debt to her, on account of dowry, should be transferred to him.

[2] *I.e.*, in assigning the part of defending the Epicurean philosophy to some friend as a speaker in the *de Finibus*.

DLVI (A XII, 21)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (17 MARCH)

I HAVE read Brutus's letter, and hereby return it to you. It was not at all a well-informed answer to the criticisms which you had sent him. But that is his affair. Yet it is discreditable that he should be ignorant of this. He thinks that Cato was the first to deliver his speech as to the punishment of the conspirators, whereas everyone except Cæsar had spoken before him. And whereas Cæsar's own speech, delivered from the prætorian bench, was so severe, he imagines that those of the consulars were less so—Catulus, Servilius, the Luculli, Curio, Torquatus, Lepidus, Gellius, Volcatius, Figulus, Cotta, Lucius Cæsar, Gaius Piso, Manius Glabrio, and even the consuls-designate Silanus and Muræna. "Why, then," you may say, "was the vote on Cato's motion?" Because he had expressed the same decision in clearer and fuller words. Our friend Brutus again confines his commendation of me to my having brought the matter before the senate, without a word of my having unmasked the plot, of my having urged that measures should be taken, of having made up my mind on the subject before I brought it before the senate. It was because Cato praised these proceedings of mine to the skies, and moved that they should be put on record, that the division took place on his motion. Brutus again thinks he pays me a high compliment in designating me as "the most excellent consul." Why, what opponent ever put it in more niggardly terms? But to your other criticisms what a poor answer! He only asks you to make the correction as to the decree of the senate. He would have done that much even at the suggestion of his copyist. But once more that is his affair.

As to the suburban pleasure-grounds, as you approve of them, come to some settlement. You know my means.

If, however, we get any more out[1] of Faberius, there is no difficulty. But even without him I think I can get along. The pleasure-grounds of Drusus at least are for sale, perhaps those of Lamia and Cassius also. But this when we meet.

About Terentia I can say nothing more to the point than you say in your letter. Duty must be my first consideration: if I have made any mistake, I would rather that I had reason to be dissatisfied with her than she with me. A hundred sestertia have to be paid to Ovia, wife of C. Lollius. Eros says he can't do it without me: I suppose because some land has to pass at a valuation between us.[2] I could wish that he had told you. For if the matter, as he writes, is arranged, and he is not lying on that very point, it could have been settled by your agency. Pray look into and settle the business.

You urge me to reappear in the forum: that is a place which I ever avoided even in my happier days. Why, what have I to do with a forum when there are no law courts, no senate-house, and when men are always obtruding on my sight whom I cannot see with any patience? You say people call for my presence at Rome, and are unwilling to allow me to be absent, or at any rate beyond a certain time: I assure you that it is long since I have valued your single self higher than all those people. Nor do I undervalue myself even, and I much prefer abiding by my own judgment than by that of all the rest. Yet, after all, I go no farther than the greatest philosophers think allowable, all whose writings of whatever kind bearing on that point I have not only read—which is itself being a brave invalid and taking one's physic—but have transcribed in my own essay. That at least did not look like a mind crushed and prostrate. From the use of these remedies do not call me back to the crowds of Rome, lest I have a relapse.

[1] Reading *accedit*. But the MSS. have *recedit*, and many other emendations have been proposed. Faberius (Cæsar's secretary) owed Cicero money, and was slow in paying.

[2] Ovia it seems had to take a property at a valuation for her debt. See Letter DCXXXII (A XIII, 22), cp. p. 93, note. Eros is Atticus's steward.

DLVII (A XII, 22)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (18 MARCH)

I DO not recognize your usual consideration for me in throwing the whole burden upon my shoulders in regard to Terentia. For those are precisely the wounds which I cannot touch without a loud groan. Therefore I beg you to make the fairest settlement in your power. Nor do I demand of you anything more than you can do; yet it is you alone who can see what is fair.

As to Rutilia, since you seem to be in doubt, please write and tell me when you ascertain the truth, and do so as soon as possible. Also whether Clodia survived her son Decimus Brutus, the ex-consul. The former may be ascertained from Marcellus, or at any rate from Postumia; the latter from M. Cotta or Syrus or Satyrus.

As to the suburban pleasure-grounds, I am particularly urgent with you. I must employ all my own means, and those of men whom I know will not fail to help me: though I shall be able to do it with my own. I have also some property which I could easily sell. But even if I don't sell, but pay the vendor interest on the purchase money—though not for more than a year—I can get what I want if you will assist me. The most readily available are those of Drusus, for he wants to sell. The next I think are those of Lamia; but he is away. Nevertheless, pray scent out anything you can. Silius does not make any use of his either, and he will be very easily satisfied by being paid interest on the purchase money. Manage the business your own way; and do not consider what my purse demands—about which I care nothing—but what I want.

DLVIII (A XII, 23)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (19 MARCH)

I THOUGHT that your letter was going to tell me some news, to judge from the opening sentence, which said that though I did not care about what was going on in Spain, you would yet write and tell me of it: but in point of fact you only answered my remark about the forum and senate-house. "But your town-house," you say, "is a forum." What do I want with a town-house itself, if I have no forum? Ruined, ruined, my dear Atticus! That has been the case for a long while, I know: but it is only now that I confess it, when I have lost the one thing that bound me to life. Accordingly, I seek solitude: and yet, if any necessity *does* take me to Rome, I shall try, if I possibly can—and I know I can—to let no one perceive my grief except you, and not even you if it can by any means be avoided. And, besides, there is this reason for my not coming. You remember the questions Aledius asked you. If they are so troublesome even now, what do you think they will be, if I come to Rome? Yes, settle about Terentia in the sense of your letter; and relieve me from this addition—though not the heaviest—to my bitter sorrows. To shew you that, though in mourning, I am not prostrate, listen to this. You have entered in your Chronicle the consulship in which Carneades and the famous embassy came to Rome. I want to know now what the reason of it was. It was about Oropus I think, but am not certain. And if so, what were the points in dispute?[1] And farther, who was the best known Epicurean of that time and head of the Garden at Athens? Also who were the famous political writers at Athens? These facts too, I think, you can ascertain from the book of Apollodorus.

[1] B.C. 155 Carneades the Academic, Diogenes the Stoic, and Critolaus the Peripatetic came to Rome to plead against the fine of 500 talents imposed on Athens for a raid upon Oropus.

I am sorry to hear about Attica; but since it is a mild attack, I feel confident of all going well. About Gamala I had no doubt. For why otherwise was his father Ligus so fortunate?[1] For what could I say of myself, who am incapable of having my grief removed, though all my wishes should be gratified. I had heard of the price put on Drusus's suburban pleasure-grounds, which you mention, and, as I think, it was yesterday that I wrote to you about it: but be the price what it may, what one is obliged to have is a good bargain. In my eyes, whatever you think—for I know what I think of myself—it brings a certain alleviation, if not of sorrow, yet of my sense of solemn obligation. I have written to Sicca because he is intimate with L. Cotta. If we don't come to terms about pleasure-grounds beyond the Tiber, Cotta has some at Ostia in a very frequented situation, though confined as to space. Enough, however, and more than enough for this purpose. Please think the matter over. And don't be afraid of the cost of the pleasure-grounds. I don't want plate, nor rich furniture coverings, nor particular picturesque spots: I want this. I perceive too by whom I can be aided. But speak to Silius about it. There's no better fellow. I have also given Sicca a commission. He has written back to say that he has made an appointment with him. He will therefore write and tell me what he has arranged, and then you must see to it.

DLIX (A XII, 24)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (20 MARCH)

I AM much obliged to Aulus Silius for having settled the business: for I did not wish to disavow him, and yet I was

[1] We know nothing of the persons named. It seems to refer to some instances mentioned by Cicero in his *Consolatio* of a son (or daughter) of eminent qualities lost in the father's lifetime.

nervous as to what I could afford. Settle about Ovia on the terms you mention. As to my son, it seems time to arrange. But I want to know whether he can get a draft changed at Athens, or whether he must take the money with him. And with regard to the whole affair, pray consider how and when you think that he ought to go. You will be able to learn from Aledius whether Publilius is going to Africa, and when: please inquire and write me word.

To return to my own triflings, pray inform me whether Publius Crassus, son of Venuleia, died in the lifetime of his father P. Crassus the ex-consul, as I seem to remember that he did, or after it. I also want to know about Regillus, son of Lepidus, whether I am right in remembering that his father survived him. Pray settle the business about Cispius, as also about Precius. As to Attica—capital! Give my kind regards to her and Pilia.

DLX (A XII, 25)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (21 MARCH)

SICCA has written to me fully about Silius, and says that he has reported the matter to you—as you too mention in your letter. I am satisfied both with the property and the terms, only I should prefer paying ready money to assigning property at a valuation. For Silius will not care to have mere show-places: while, though I can get on with my present rents, I can scarcely do so with less. How am I to pay ready money? You can get 600 sestertia (about £4,800) from Hermogenes, especially if it is absolutely necessary, and I find I have 600 in hand. For the rest of the purchase money I will even pay interest to Silius, pending the raising of the money from Faberius or from some debtor of Faberius. I shall besides get some from other quarters. But manage the whole business yourself. I, in fact, much prefer these suburban pleasure-grounds to those

of Drusus: and the latter have never been regarded as on a level with them. Believe me, I am actuated by a single motive, as to which I know that I am infatuated. But pray continue as before to indulge my aberration. You talk about a "solace for my old age": that is all over and done with; my objects now are quite different.

DLXI (A XII, 26)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 22 MARCH

SICCA says in his letter that, even if he has not concluded the business with Aulus Silius, he is coming to me on the 23rd. Your engagements are sufficient excuse in my eyes, for I know what they are. Of your wish to be with me, or rather your strong desire and yearning, I feel no doubt. You mention Nicias:[1] if I were in a frame of mind to enjoy his cultivated conversation, there is no one whom I would have preferred to have with me. But solitude and retirement are now my proper sphere. And it was because Sicca is likely to be content with them, that I am the more looking forward to his visit. Besides, you know how delicate our friend Nicias is, how particular about his comforts and his habitual diet. Why should I consent to be a nuisance to him, when I am not in a state of mind to receive any pleasure from him? However, I am gratified by his wish. Your letter was all on one subject,[2] as to which I have resolved to make no answer. For I hope I have obtained your consent to relieve me of that vexation. Love to Pilia and Attica.

[1] A learned grammarian of Cos, who was with Cicero in Cilicia (vol. ii., p. 221).

[2] As to the arrangements with Terentia for the repayment of her dowry.

DLXII (A XII, 27)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 23 MARCH

As to the bargain with Silius, though I am acquainted with the terms, still I expect to hear all about it to-day from Sicca. Cotta's property, with which you say that you are not acquainted, is beyond Silius's villa, which I think you do know: it is a shabby and very small house, with no farm land, and with sufficient ground for no purpose except for what I want it. What I am looking out for is a frequented position. But if the bargain for Silius's pleasure-grounds is completed, that is, if you complete it—for it rests entirely with you—there is of course no occasion for us to be thinking about Cotta's. As to my son, I will do as you say: I will leave the date to him. Please see that he is able to draw for what money he needs. If you have been able to get anything out of Aledius, as you say, write me word. I gather from your letter, as you certainly will from mine, that we neither of us have anything to say. Yet I cannot omit writing to you day after day on the same subjects—now worn threadbare—in order to get a letter from you. Still, tell me anything you know about Brutus. For I suppose he knows by this time where to expect Pansa. If, as usual, on the frontier of his province, it seems likely that he will be at Rome about the 1st of April. I could wish that it might be later: for I have many motives for shunning the city.[1] Accordingly, I am even thinking whether I should draw up some excuse to present to him. That I see might easily be found. But we have time enough to think about it. Love to Pilia and Attica.

[1] Cicero thinks he will be forced to go to Rome to join in the complimentary reception of Brutus, customary on the return from a province. See vol. ii., p. 234.

DLXIII (A XII, 28)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (24 MARCH)

I HAVE learnt nothing more about Silius from Sicca in conversation than I knew from his letter: for he had written in full detail. If, therefore, you have an interview with him, write and tell me your views. As to the subject on which you say a message was sent to me, whether it was sent or not I don't know; at any rate not a word has reached me. Pray therefore go on as you have begun, and if you come to any settlement on such terms as to satisfy her—though I, for my part, think it impossible—take my son with you on your visit, if you think it right. It is of some importance to him to seem to have wished to do something to please. I have no interest in it beyond what you know, which I regard as important.

You call upon me to resume my old way of life: well, it had long been my practice to bewail the republic, and that I was still doing, though somewhat less violently, for I had something capable of giving me ease. Now I positively cannot pursue the old way of life and old employments; nor do I think that in that matter I ought to care for the opinion of others. My own feeling is more in my eyes than the talk of them all. As to finding consolation for myself in literature, I am content with my amount of success. I have lessened the outward signs of mourning: my sorrow I neither could, nor would have wished to lessen if I could.

About Triarius you rightly interpret my wishes. But take no step unless the family are willing. I love him though he is no more, I am guardian to his children, I am attached to the whole household. As to the business of Castricius,—if Castricius will accept a sum for the slaves, and that at the present value of money, certainly nothing could be more advantageous. But if it has come to the point of his taking the slaves themselves away, I don't think it is fair,

as you ask me to tell you what I really think: for I don't want my brother Quintus to have any trouble, and in that I think I have gathered that you agree with me. If Publilius is waiting for the æquinox—as you say that Aledius tells you —I think he must be on the point of sailing. He told me, however, that he was going by way of Sicily.[1] Which of the two it is, and when, I should like to know. And I should like you some time or other, when convenient to yourself, to see young Lentulus,[2] and assign to his service such of the slaves as you may think right. Love to Pilia and Attica.

DLXIV (A XII, 29)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 25 MARCH

SILIUS, you say, sees you to-day. To-morrow therefore, or rather as soon as you can, you will write and tell me, if there is anything to tell after you have seen him. I neither avoid Brutus, nor after all expect any consolation from him. But there are reasons for my not wishing to be at Rome at the present juncture; and if those reasons remain in force, I must find some excuse with Brutus, and as at present advised they seem likely to remain in force. About the suburban pleasure-grounds do, I beseech you, come to some conclusion. The main point is what you know it to be. Another thing is that I want something of the sort for myself: for I cannot exist in a crowd, nor yet remain away from you. For this plan of mine I find nothing more suitable than the spot you mention, and on that matter pray tell me what you advise.

[1] Publilius, brother of Cicero's second wife, was going to Africa. The question is whether he is going by the long sea voyage from Rome, or the overland route by Sicily.

[2] The young son of Dolabella and Tullia, of whose birth see vol. ii., p. 403. Dolabella had been adopted into the plebeian family of Lentulus in B.C. 49 in order to obtain the tribuneship. Hence his son's name.

I am quite convinced—and the more so because I perceive that you think the same—that I am regarded with warm affection by Oppius and Balbus. Inform them how strongly and for what reason I wish to have suburban pleasure-grounds, and that it is only possible if the business of Faberius[1] is settled; and ask them therefore whether they will promise the future payment. Even if I must sustain some loss in taking ready money, induce them to go as far as they can in the matter—for payment in full is hopeless. You will discover, in fact, whether they are at all disposed to assist my design. If they are so, it is a great help; if not, let us push on in any way we can. Look upon it—as you say in your letter—as a solace for my old age, or as a provision for my grave. The property at Ostia is not to be thought of. If we can't get this one—and I don't think Lamia will sell—we must try that of Damasippus.

DLXV (A XII, 33)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (26 MARCH)

As I wrote to you yesterday, if Silius is the sort of man you think and Drusus will not be obliging, I would have you approach Damasippus. He, I think, has broken up his property on the Tiber into lots of I don't know how many acres apiece, with a fixed price for each, the amount of which is not known to me. Write and tell me therefore whatever you have settled upon. I am very much troubled about our dear Attica's ill-health: it almost makes me fear that some indiscretion has been committed. Yet the good character of her tutor,[2] the constant attention of her doctor, and

[1] Cæsar's secretary—now in Spain—owed Cicero money.

[2] This man's name was Q. Cæcilius Epirota, a freedman of Atticus (taking his patron's adoptive name, see vol. i., p. 168). The scandal seems to have got abroad, see Suet. *Gramm.* 16. That Cicero should suggest such a thing to Atticus shews the extraordinary intimacy between them.

the careful conduct in every particular of the whole establishment forbid me on the other hand to entertain that suspicion. Take care of her therefore. I can write no more.

DLXVI (A XII, 30)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 27 MARCH

I AM trying to think of something to say to you; but there is nothing. The same old story every day. I am much obliged to you for going to see Lentulus.[1] Assign some slaves to his service: I leave the number and choice of them to you. As to Silius being willing to sell, and on the question of price, you seem to be afraid first that he won't sell, and secondly not at that price. Sicca thought otherwise; but I agree with you. Accordingly, by his advice I wrote to Egnatius. Silius wishes you to speak to Clodius: you have my full consent; and it is more convenient that you should do so than, as he wished me to do, that I should write to Clodius[2] myself. As to the slaves of Castricius I think Egnatius is making a very good bargain, as you say that you think will be the case. With Ovia pray let some settlement be made. As you say it was night when you wrote, I expect more in to-day's letter.

[1] See p. 222.

[2] There is nothing to shew who this is. It may be the Hermogenes of Letter DCXXXVII.

DLXVII (A XII, 31, § 3, AND 32)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 28 MARCH

EGNATIUS has written to me. If he has said anything to you, as the matter can be settled most conveniently through him, please write and tell me. I think too that the negotiation should be pressed. For I don't see any possibility of coming to terms with Silius. Love to Pilia and Attica.

What follows is by my own hand. Pray see what is to be done. Publilia has written to tell me that her mother, on the advice of Publilius, is coming to see me with him and that she will come with them if I will allow it: she begs me in many words of intreaty that she may be allowed to do so, and that I would answer her letter. You see what an unpleasant business it is. I wrote back to say that it would be even more painful than it was when I told her that I wished to be alone, and that therefore I did not wish her to come to see me at this time. I thought that, if I made no answer, she would come with her mother: now I don't think she will. For it is evident that her letter is not her own composition. Now this is the very thing I wish to avoid, which I see will occur—namely, that they will come to my house: and the one way of avoiding it is to fly away. I would rather not, but I must. I beg you to find out the last day I can remain here without being caught. Act, as you say, with moderation.

I would have you propose to my son, that is, if you think it fair, to adapt the expenses of this sojourn abroad to what he would have been quite content with, if, as he thought of doing, he had remained at Rome and hired a house—I mean to the rents of my property in the Argiletum and Aventine. And in making that proposal to him, pray arrange the rest of the business for our supplying him with what he needs from those rents. I will guarantee that neither Bibulus nor Acidinus nor Messalla, who I hear are to be at Athens,

will spend more than the sum to be received from these rents. Therefore, please investigate who the tenants are and what their rent is, and take care that the tenant is a man to pay to the day. See also what journey money and outfit will suffice. There is certainly no need of a carriage and horses at Athens. For such as he wants for the journey there is enough and to spare at home, as you observe yourself.

DLXVIII (A XII, 31, §§ 1-2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (29 MARCH)

SICCA expresses surprise at Silius having changed his mind. He makes his son the excuse, and I don't think it a bad one, for he is a son after his own heart. Accordingly, I am more surprised at your saying that you think he will sell, if we would include something else which he is anxious to get rid of, as he had of his own accord determined not to do so. You ask me to fix my maximum price and to say how much I prefer those pleasure grounds of Drusus. I have never set foot in them. I know Coponius's villa to be old and not very spacious, the wood a fine one, but I don't know what either brings in, and that after all I think we ought to know. But for me either one or the other is to be valued by my occasion for it rather than by the market price. Pray consider whether I could acquire them or not. If I were to sell my claim on Faberius, I don't doubt my being able to settle for the grounds of Silius even by a ready money payment, if he could only be induced to sell. If he had none for sale, I would have recourse to Drusus, even at the large price at which Egnatius told you that he was willing to sell. For Hermogenes can give me great assistance in finding the money. But I beg you to allow me the disposition of an eager purchaser; yet, though I am under the influence of this eagerness and of my sorrow, I am willing to be ruled by you.

DLXIX (A XII, 34, 35, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 30 MARCH

I COULD get on here even without Sicca—for Tiro is better—very comfortably considering my troubles, but as you urge me to take care not to be caught [1] (from which I am to understand that you are unable to fix a day for the departure I mentioned), I thought it would be more convenient to go to Rome, which I see is your opinion also. To-morrow therefore I shall be in Sicca's suburban villa; thence, as you advise, I think I shall stay in your house at Ficulea.[2] We will talk about the subject you mention when we meet, as I am coming in person. I am extraordinarily touched by your kindness, thoroughness, and wisdom, both in carrying out my business and in forming and suggesting plans to me in your letters. However, if you come to any understanding with Silius, even on the very day on which I am to arrive at Sicca's house, please let me know, and above all, what part of the site he wishes to withdraw from the sale. You say "the farthest"—take care that it isn't the very spot, for the sake of which I thought about the matter at all.[3] I enclose a letter from Hirtius just received, and written in a kindly spirit.

[1] By Publilius and his mother and sister. See p. 225.

[2] Some villa of Atticus's at Ficulea or Ficulnea, about ten miles from Rome on the Via Nomentana.

[3] That is, the part of the property on which he would build the memorial fane to Tullia.

DLXX (F XIII, 15)

TO C. IULIUS CÆSAR (IN SPAIN)

ASTURA (MARCH [1])

CICERO to Cæsar, imperator. I recommend Precilius to your special favour, the son of a connexion of your own, a very intimate friend of mine, and a most excellent man. For the young man himself I have an extraordinary affection on account of his rectitude, culture, and the spirit and affection he has displayed to myself: but of his father also I have had practical reason to know and thoroughly learn what a warm friend he has ever been to me. Now see! —this is the man that more than anyone else has been used to ridicule and chide me for not attaching myself to you, especially when invited to do so by you in the most complimentary manner:

> "But in my breast my heart he ne'er could move."

For I heard our nobles shouting: "Be staunch, and unborn men shall speak thee fair."

> "He spake, and on him fell black clouds of woe."

However, these same men give me consolation also: they wish even now—though once singed—to inflame me with the fire of glory, and speak thus:

> "Nay, not a coward's death nor shorn of fame,
> But after some high deed to live for aye." [2]

But they move me less than of yore, as you see. Accord-

[1] I leave this letter in the position it occupies in Tyrrell and Purser's work with great doubt. On the one hand, it seems very unlikely to have been written after Tullia's death; on the other, Cicero—who is careful in such matters—gives Cæsar the title of *imperator*, with which his soldiers greeted him on the 19th of February. Mueller puts it close to Letter CXLII.

[2] *Il.* xxii. 304, quoted more than once before. See vol. ii., p. 357.

ingly from the high style of Homer I transfer myself to the true maxims of Euripides:

"Out on the sage that cannot guide himself!"

This is a verse that the elder Precilius praises to the skies, and says that a man may be able to see both "before and behind," and yet

"Still may excel and rise above the crowd."

But to return to what I began with: you will greatly oblige me, if you give this young man the benefit of the kindness which so distinguishes you, and will add to what I think you would do for the sake of the Precilii themselves as much as my recommendation may be worth. I have adopted a new style of letter to you, that you might understand that my recommendation is no common one.[1]

DLXXI (F V, 13)

TO L. LUCCEIUS

ASTURA (MARCH)

ALTHOUGH the consolation contained in your letter is in itself exceedingly gratifying to me—for it displays the greatest kindness joined to an equal amount of good sense—yet quite the greatest profit which I received from that letter was the assurance that you were shewing a noble disdain of human vicissitudes, and were thoroughly armed and pre-

[1] Cicero may well have apologized for the style of letter. The accumulation of not very apt tags from Homer, the rather flippant allusion to his own conduct to Cæsar, the familiar *En, hic ille est*, etc., all go to make up a letter very unlike even the most off-hand of Cicero's letters, though full of his usual phrases. It is not the sort of letter which one would expect to be written to the head of the state, and I should not be surprised if it was never sent.

The quotations from Homer are from *Odyss.* vii. 258; i. 302; xxiv. 315; *Iliad*, xxii. 304-5; i. 343; xi. 784. The line of Euripides is a fragment of some play not known.

pared against fortune. And I assert it to be the highest compliment to philosophy that a man should not depend upon externals, nor allow his calculations as to the happiness or unhappiness of his life to be governed by anything outside himself. Now this conviction, though it had never been altogether lost—for it had sunk deep—had yet by the violence of tempests and a combination of misfortunes been considerably shaken and loosened at its roots. I see that you are for giving it support, and I also feel that by your last letter you have actually done so, and that with considerable success. Therefore, in my opinion, I ought to repeat this often, and not merely hint to you, but openly to declare, that nothing could be more acceptable to me than your letter. But while the arguments which you have collected with such taste and learning help to console me, yet nothing does so more than the clear perception I have got of the unbending firmness and unshaken confidence of your spirit, not to imitate which I think would be an utter disgrace. And so I consider that I am even braver than yourself—who give me lessons in courage—in this respect, that you appear to me still to cherish a hope that things will be some day better: at least "the changes and chances of gladiatorial combats" and your illustrations, as well as the arguments collected by you in your essay, were meant to forbid me entirely to despair of the republic. Accordingly, in one respect it is not so wonderful that you should be braver, since you still cherish hope: in another it is surprising that you *should* still have any hope. For what is there that is not so weakened as to make you acknowledge it to be practically destroyed and extinct? Cast your eye upon all the limbs of the republic, with which you are most intimately acquainted: you will not find one that is not broken or enfeebled. I would have gone into details, if I had seen things more clearly than you see them, or had been able to mention them without sorrow: though in accordance with your lessons and precepts all sorrow ought to be put away. Therefore I will bear my domestic misfortunes in the spirit of your admonition, and those of the state perhaps with even a little more courage than even you, who admonish me. For you are supported, as you say, by *some* hope; but I shall keep up my courage though I despair of everything, as in spite

of that you exhort and admonish me to do. Yes, you give me pleasant reminders of what my conscience tells me I have done, and of those achievements which I performed with you among my foremost supporters. For I did for my country at least not less than I was bound to do, certainly more than was demanded from the spirit or wisdom of any one human being. Pray pardon my saying something about myself. You wished me to be relieved from my sorrow by thinking over these things. Well, even by mentioning them I obtain alleviation. Therefore, according to your advice, I will withdraw myself to the best of my power from all sorrows and anguish, and fix my mind on those topics by which prosperity receives an added charm, and adversity a support. I will be in your society also exactly as much as our respective age and health will allow; and if we cannot be together as much as we desire, we will so enjoy our union of hearts and community of tastes as to seem never separated.

DLXXII (F VI, 21)

TO C. TORANIUS (IN CORCYRA)

(ROME? MARCH?[1])

ALTHOUGH at the moment of my writing this letter, the end of this most disastrous war appears to be approaching, and

[1] There is nothing to shew where this letter was written, and only the allusion to the expectation of a decisive blow in Spain to put the time as late as March. Yet Cicero had begun speaking of expected news from Spain ever since January, and the absence of a reference to Tullia's death is an argument—though not quite decisive—of an earlier date. It does not much matter, however, as it represents Cicero's abiding view of the political situation, and is somewhat a relief in the rather monotonous lamentations for Tullia and plans for her memorial. C. Toranius was ædile with Octavius, father of Augustus, and one of the *tutores* of Augustus himself. He perished in the proscription of B.C. 43, betrayed by his son. Perhaps Augustus acquiesced in it because he had found him an unfaithful *tutor*. See Suet. *Aug.* 27; App. *B. C.* 4, 12, 18; Valer. Max. 9, 11, 5; Nic. Damasc. *Vit. Aug.* 2.

already some decisive blow to have been struck, yet I daily mention that you were the one man in that immense army who agreed with me and I with you, and that we two alone saw what terrible evil was involved in that war. For when all hope of peace was shut out, victory itself was likely to be calamitous in its results, since it meant death if you were on the losing, and slavery if on the winning, side. Accordingly I, whom at the time those brave and wise men the Domitii and Lentuli declared to be frightened—and I was so without doubt, for I feared that what actually happened would occur—am now in my turn afraid of nothing, and am prepared for anything that may happen. So long as any precaution seemed possible, I was grieved at its being neglected. Now, however, when all is ruined, when no good can be done by wise policy, the only plan seems to be to bear with resignation whatever occurs: especially as death ends all, and my conscience tells me that, as long as I was able to do so, I consulted for the dignity of the republic and, when that was lost, determined to save its existence.[1] I have written thus much, not with the object of talking about myself, but that you, who have been most closely united with me in sentiment and purpose, might entertain the same thoughts: for it is a great consolation to remember, even when there has been a disaster, that your presentiments were after all right and true. And I only hope we may eventually enjoy *some* form of constitution, and may live to compare the anxieties which we endured at the time when we were looked upon as timid, because we said that what has actually happened would do so. For your own fortunes I assure you that you have nothing to fear beyond the destruction affecting the republic in general; and of me I would have you think as of one who, to the best of his ability, will ever be ready with the utmost zeal to support your safety and that of your children. Good-bye.

[1] Reading *voluisse* with the MSS. The *noluisse* adopted by some appears to me to misrepresent what Cicero always maintains, that his joining Pompey was right and his duty to the constitution, yet that his abandoning the Pompeians after Pharsalia was necessary for the safety of the state. He did not refuse to maintain his own safety.

DLXXIII (F IV, 6)

TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS (IN ACHAIA)

(FICULEA, APRIL)

YES, indeed, my dear Servius, I would have wished—as you say—that you had been by my side at the time of my grievous loss. How much help your presence might have given me, both by consolation and by your taking an almost equal share in my sorrow, I can easily gather from the fact that after reading your letter I experienced a great feeling of relief. For not only was what you wrote calculated to soothe a mourner, but in offering me consolation you manifested no slight sorrow of heart yourself. Yet, after all, your son Servius by all the kindnesses of which such a time admitted made it evident, both how much he personally valued me, and how gratifying to you he thought such affection for me would be. His kind offices have of course often been pleasanter to me, yet never more acceptable. For myself again, it is not only your words and (I had almost said) your partnership in my sorrow that consoles me, it is your character also. For I think it a disgrace that I should not bear my loss as you—a man of such wisdom—think it should be borne. But at times I am taken by surprise and scarcely offer any resistance to my grief, because those consolations fail me, which were not wanting in a similar misfortune to those others, whose examples I put before my eyes. For instance, Quintus Maximus, who lost a son who had been consul and was of illustrious character and brilliant achievements, and Lucius Paullus, who lost two within seven days, and your kinsman Gallus and M. Cato, who each lost a son of the highest character and valour,—all lived in circumstances which permitted their own great position, earned by their public services, to assuage their grief. In my case, after losing the honours which you yourself mention, and which I had gained by the greatest possible exertions, there was only that one solace left which has

now been torn away. My sad musings were not interrupted by the business of my friends, nor by the management of public affairs: there was nothing I cared to do in the forum: I could not bear the sight of the senate-house; I thought—as was the fact—that I had lost all the fruits both of my industry and of fortune. But while I thought that I shared these losses with you and certain others, and while I was conquering my feelings and forcing myself to bear them with patience, I had a refuge, one bosom where I could find repose, one in whose conversation and sweetness I could lay aside all anxieties and sorrows. But now, after such a crushing blow as this, the wounds which seemed to have healed break out afresh. For there is no republic now to offer me a refuge and a consolation by its good fortunes when I leave my home in sorrow, as there once was a home to receive me when I returned saddened by the state of public affairs. Hence I absent myself both from home and forum, because home can no longer console the sorrow which public affairs cause me, nor public affairs that which I suffer at home. All the more I look forward to your coming, and long to see you as soon as possible. No reasoning can give me greater solace than a renewal of our intercourse and conversation. However, I hope your arrival is approaching, for that is what I am told. For myself, while I have many reasons for wishing to see you as soon as possible, there is this one especially—that we may discuss beforehand on what principles we should live through this period of entire submission to the will of one man who is at once wise and liberal, far, as I think I perceive, from being hostile to me, and very friendly to you. But though that is so, yet it is a matter for serious thought what plans, I don't say of action, but of passing a quiet life by his leave and kindness, we should adopt. Good-bye.

DLXXIV (F VI, 2)

TO AULUS MANLIUS TORQUATUS (AT ATHENS)

(FICULEA, 20 APRIL)

I BEG you not to think that forgetfulness of you is the cause of my writing to you less often than I used to do; but either illness—from which however I am now recovering—or absence from the city, which prevents my knowing who is starting to where you are. Wherefore I would have you make up your mind that I always remember you with the most perfect affection, and regard all your interests as of no less concern to me than my own. That your case has experienced more vicissitudes than people either wished or expected is not, believe me, in these bad times a thing to give you anxiety. For it is inevitable that the republic should either be burdened by an unending war, or should at last recover itself by its cessation, or should utterly perish. If arms are to carry the day, you have no need to fear either the party by whom you are being taken back, nor that which you actually assisted; if—when arms are either laid down by a composition or thrown down from sheer weariness—the state ever recovers its breath, you will be permitted to enjoy your position and property. But if universal ruin is to be the result, and the end is to be what that very clear-sighted man Marcus Antonius used long ago to fear when he suspected that all this misfortune was impending, there is this consolation—a wretched one indeed, especially for such a citizen and such a man as yourself, but yet the only one we can have—that no one may make a private grievance of what affects all alike. If, as I am sure you will, you rightly conceive the meaning of these few words—for it was not proper to trust more to an epistle—you will certainly understand even without a letter from me that you have something to hope, nothing under this or any definite form of the constitution to fear. If there is general ruin, as you would not wish, even if you could, to

survive the republic, you must bear your fortune, especially one which involves no blame to you. But enough of this. Pray write and tell me how you are and where you intend to stay, that I may know where to write or come.

DLXXV (F IX, 11)

TO P. CORNELIUS DOLABELLA (IN SPAIN)

(FICULEA, 20 APRIL)

I HAD rather that even my own death had been the cause of your being without a letter from me than the misfortune which has so grievously afflicted me. I should have borne it at least with greater firmness if I had had you; for your wise conversation, no less than your marked affection for me, would have been a support. But since I am about, as I think, to see you before long, you shall find that though much broken I am yet in a state to receive great assistance from you; not that I am so crushed as to be unable to remember my manhood, or to think it right to give in to fortune. But in spite of that the old cheerfulness and gaiety, in which you took more delight than anybody else, have all been taken from me. Nevertheless, you will find in me the same fortitude and firmness—if I ever had these qualities—as you left.

You say that you have to fight my battles: I don't so much care about my detractors being refuted by you, as I wish it to be known—as is plainly the case—that I retain your affection. I urge you repeatedly to let it be so, and to pardon the brevity of my letter; for in the first place I think I shall see you very shortly, and in the second place I have not yet sufficiently recovered my calmness for writing.

DLXXVI (A XII, 35, § 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

(IN SICCA'S SUBURBAN VILLA, 1 OR 2 MAY?)

BEFORE I left your house[1] last it never occurred to me that if a sum was spent on the monument in excess of some amount or other allowed by the law, the same sum has to be paid to the exchequer.[2] This would not have disturbed me at all, except that somehow or another—perhaps unreasonably—I should not like it to be known by any name except that of a "shrine." That being my wish, I fear I cannot accomplish it without a change of site. Consider, please, what to make of this. For though I am feeling the strain less than I did, and have almost recovered my equanimity, yet I want your advice. Therefore I beg you again and again—more earnestly than you wish or allow yourself to be intreated by me—to give your whole mind to considering this question.

DLXXVII (A XII, 36)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (2 MAY)

I WISH to have a shrine built, and that wish cannot be rooted out of my heart. I am anxious to avoid any likeness to a tomb, not so much on account of the penalty of the law as

[1] During April Cicero seems to have been at or near Rome. See p. 227.

[2] A *lex Cornelia* of the dictator Sulla regulated the expenses of funerals (Plut. *Sull.* 35). It may—though it is not known—have also limited the amount to be expended on monuments. The recent *lex Iulia* may also have contained some regulation on the subject.

in order to attain as nearly as possible to an *apotheosis*. This I could do if I built it in the villa itself, but, as we often observed to each other, I dread the changes of owners. Wherever I constructed it on the land, I think I could secure that posterity should respect its sanctity.[1] These foolish ideas of mine—for I confess them to be so—you must put up with: for I don't feel such confidence in taking even myself into my own confidence as I do in taking you. But if you approve of the idea, the site, and the plan, pray read the law and send it to me. If any method of evading it occurs to you, I will adopt it.

If you are writing to Brutus at all, reproach him, unless you think you had better not, for not staying at my Cuman villa for the reason he gave you. For when I come to think of it I am of opinion that he couldn't have done anything ruder. Finally, if you think it right to carry out the idea of the shrine as we began, pray urge on Cluatius and stir him up: for even if we decide on a different site, I think I must avail myself of his labour and advice. Perhaps you'll be at your villa to-morrow.

DLXXVIII (A XII, 37, §§ 1-3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (4 MAY)

I RECEIVED two letters from you yesterday, the first delivered on the previous day to Hilarus, the other on the same day to a letter-carrier; and I learnt from my freedman Ægypta, on the same day, that Pilia and Attica were quite well. Thanks for Brutus's letter. He wrote me a letter also, which did not reach me till the 13th day. I am

[1] By exempting it from following the proprietorship of the land. Such monuments had on them the letters H. M. N. S., "this monument does not go with (the land)"; or H. M. H. N. S., *hoc monumentum heredem non sequitur*, "does not belong to the heir." It was a regulation as old as the Twelve Tables, see *de Leg.* ii. § 61.

sending you that letter itself, and the copy of my answer to it.

As to the shrine, if you don't find me some sort of suburban pleasure-grounds, which you really must find me, if you value me as highly as I am sure you do, I much approve of your suggestion as to the Tusculan site. However acute in hitting on plans you may be, as you are, yet unless you had been very anxious for me to secure what I greatly wished, that idea could never have come into your head so aptly. But somehow or other what I want is a frequented spot. So you must manage to get me some suburban pleasure-grounds. This is best to be found on Scapula's land: besides, there is the nearness to the city, so that you can go there without spending the whole day at the villa. Therefore, before you leave town, I should much like you to call on Otho,[1] if he is at Rome. If it comes to nothing, I shall succeed in making you angry with me, however accustomed you are to putting up with my folly. For Drusus at least is willing to sell. So, even if nothing else turns up, it will be my own fault if I don't buy. Pray take care that I don't make a mistake in this business. The only way of making certain of that is our being able to get some of Scapula's land. Also let me know how long you intend being in your suburban villa. With Terentia I need your power of conciliation as well as your influence. But do as you think right. For I know that whatever is to my interest is a subject of more anxiety to you than to myself.

DLXXIX (A XII, 37, § 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (5 MAY)

HIRTIUS has written to tell me that Sextus Pompeius has quitted Cordova and fled into Northern Spain, and that

[1] L. Roscius Otho, the proposer of the *lex theatralis* (see vol. i., p. 113). Scapula apparently had died in Spain (see p. 241), and Otho was one of his heirs.

Gnæus has fled I don't know whither, nor do I care.[1] I know nothing more. Hirtius wrote from Narbo on the 18th of April. You mention Caninius's shipwreck as though the news was doubtful. Please write, therefore, if there is any more certain intelligence. You bid me dismiss my melancholy: you will have done much to remove it if you secure me a site for the shrine. Many thoughts occur to me in favour of an *apotheosis;* but I must certainly have a site. Therefore, go and call on Otho also.

DLXXX (A XII, 38, §§ 1, 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (MAY)

I HAVE no doubt that your being overwhelmed with business accounts for your not sending me a letter. But what a rascal not to wait for your convenience, when that was the sole motive for my having sent him! By this time, unless anything has happened to detain you, I suspect that you are in your suburban villa. But I am here, writing from one day's end to another without getting any relief, though I do at any rate distract my thoughts. Asinius Pollio has written to me about my infamous relation.[2] The younger Balbus told me about him pretty plainly, Dolabella in dark hints, and now Pollio has done so with the utmost openness. I should have been much annoyed, if there had been room in my heart for any new sorrow. Yet, could there be anything more blackguardly? What a dangerous fellow! Though in my eyes indeed— But I must restrain my indignation! As there is nothing that is pressing, only write to me if you have time.

[1] Gnæus Pompeius was no favourite of Cicero's. He had threatened, indeed, to kill him, when he wished to quit the fleet after the battle of Pharsalia. He was killed by Didius (11 April) when landing to get water on his flight from Carteia after the battle of Thapsus.

[2] His nephew, still calumniating him in Cæsar's camp.

DLXXXI (A XII, 38, §§ 3, 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (7 MAY)

YOU think that by this time my composure of spirit ought to be *en évidence*, and you say that certain persons speak with more severity of me than either you or Brutus repeat in your letters: if anybody supposes me to be crushed in spirit and unmanned, let them know the amount of my literary labours and their nature. I believe, if they are only reasonable men, they would think, if I am so far recovered as to bring a disengaged mind to writing on difficult subjects, that I am not open to their criticism; or if I have selected a diversion from sorrow in the highest degree noble and worthy of a scholar, that I even deserve to be praised. But though I do everything I can to relieve my sorrow, pray bring to a conclusion what I see that you are as much concerned about as I am myself. I regard this as a debt, the burden of which cannot be lightened unless I pay it, or see a possibility of paying it, that is, unless I find a site such as I wish. If Scapula's heirs, as you say that Otho told you, think of cutting up the pleasure-grounds into four lots, and bidding for them between themselves, there is of course no room for a purchaser. But if they are to come into the market we will see what can be done. For that ground once belonging to Publicius, and now to Trebonius and Cusinius, has been suggested to me. But you know it is a town building site. I don't like it at all. Clodia's I like very much, but I don't think they are for sale. As to Drusus's pleasure-grounds, though you say that you dislike them, I shall take refuge in them after all, unless you find something. I don't mind the building, for I shall build nothing that I should not build even if I don't have them. "Cyrus, books IV and V" pleased me about as much as the other works of Antisthenes[1] —a man of acuteness rather than of learning.

[1] Founder of the Cynic School at Athens about B.C. 366. One of his many dialogues was called *Cyrus*.

DLXXXII (A XII, 39)

TO ATTICUS (AT A VILLA NEAR ROME)

ASTURA (8 MAY)

As the letter-carrier arrived without a letter from you, I imagined that your reason for not writing was what you mentioned yesterday in the very epistle to which I am now replying. Yet, after all, I was expecting to hear something from you about Asinius Pollio's letter. But I am too apt to judge of your leisure by my own. However, if nothing imperative occurs, I absolve you from the necessity of writing, unless you are quite at leisure. About the letter-carriers I would have done as you suggest, had there been any letters positively necessary, as there were some time ago, when, though the days were shorter, the carriers nevertheless arrived every day up to time, and there was something to say—about Silius, Drusus, and certain other things. At present, if Otho had not cropped up, there would have been nothing to write about: and even that has been deferred. Nevertheless, I feel relieved when I talk to you at a distance, and much more even when I read a letter from you. But since you are out of town—for so I suppose—and there is no immediate necessity for writing, there shall be a lull in our letters, unless anything new turns up.

DLXXXIII (A XII, 40)

TO ATTICUS (IN HIS SUBURBAN VILLA)

ASTURA (9 MAY)

WHAT the nature of Cæsar's invective in answer to my panegyric[1] is likely to be, I have seen clearly from the book, which Hirtius has sent me, in which he collects Cato's faults, but combined with very warm praise of myself. Accordingly, I have sent the book to Musca with directions to give it to your copyists. As I wish it to be made public: to facilitate that please give orders to your men. I often try my hand at an "essay of advice."[2] I can't hit upon anything to say: and yet I have by me Aristotle and Theopompus "to Alexander." But where is the analogy? They were writing what was at once honourable to themselves and acceptable to Alexander. Can you find any similar circumstance in my case? For my part nothing occurs to me. You say in your letter that you fear that both our popularity and influence will suffer by such mourning as mine. I don't know what people object to or expect. That I should not grieve? How can that be? That I should not be prostrated? Who was ever less so? While I was finding consolation in your house, who was ever refused admittance to me? Who ever came to see me who felt any awkwardness? I came to Astura from your house. Those cheerful friends of yours who find fault with me cannot read as much as I have written. Well or ill is not the question: but the substance of my writings was such as no one could have composed who was broken down in spirit. I have been

[1] That is, an answer to Cicero's *Cato*. Hirtius—under Cæsar's direction—appears to have published an answer, which was meant to be a prologue to a fuller one by Cæsar himself, which appeared afterwards in two books (Suet. *Iul.* 56).

[2] Addressed to Cæsar, on the resettlement of the constitution. Aristotle addressed a treatise to Alexander *περὶ βασιλείας*. Theopompus (b. B.C. 378) wrote among his orations (*συμβουλευτικοὶ λόγοι*) one addressed to Alexander on the state of his native Chios.

thirty days in your suburban villa.[1] Who ever failed to find me at home or reluctant to converse? At this very moment the amount of my reading and writing is such that my people find a holiday more laborious than I do working days. If anyone wants to know why I am not at Rome,—"because it is the vacation." Or why I am not staying at the humble places of mine on this coast, which are now in season,—"because I should have been annoyed by the crowd of visitors there." I am therefore staying at the place, where the man who considered Baiæ the queen of watering-places used year after year to spend this part of the season. When I come to Rome I will give no cause for unfavourable remark either by my look or my conversation. That cheerfulness by which I used to temper the sadness of the situation I have lost for ever; but firmness and fortitude either of heart or speech will not be found wanting.

As to Scapula's pleasure-grounds, it seems possible that as a favour, partly to you and partly to me, we might secure their being put up to auction. Unless that is done, we shall be cut out. But if we come to a public auction, we shall outbid Otho's means by our eagerness. For as to what you say about Lentulus, he is not solvent.[2] If only the Faberian business is certain,[3] and you are making an effort, as I am sure you are doing, we shall get what we want. You ask how long I am staying on here. Only a few days: but I am not certain. As soon as I have settled, I will write to you: and write to me yourself, and tell me how long you intend to be in your suburban villa. The day on which I am sending this to you, I have the same news as you give me about Pilia and Attica, both by letter and messenger.

[1] That is during April, in which there are no letters to Atticus. I do not think *in hortis* can refer to Astura. It is always used of a suburban residence or grounds.

[2] I suggest *non est solvendo* for *non est in eo* (cp. 2 *Phil.* § 4). Others suggest *non extimesco* (Madvig), *non timeo* (Tyrrell and Purser). Taking *solvendo*, the reference would be to some (to us unknown) Lentulus who was said to be wishing to buy the *horti Scapulani*.

[3] The recovery of his debt from Faberius. See p. 223.

DLXXXIV (F V, 14)

L. LUCCEIUS TO CICERO (AT ASTURA)

ROME (9 MAY)

IF you are well, I am glad: I am as usual, or even a little worse than usual. I have often wished to see you. I was surprised to find that you have not been at Rome since your departure:[1] and I am still surprised at it. I don't feel certain as to the exact motive which withdraws you from Rome. If it is solitude that charms you, provided that you write or carry on some of your accustomed pursuits, I rejoice, and have no fault to find with your resolution. For nothing can be pleasanter than *that*, I don't mean merely in such unhappy and grievous times as these, but even when everything is peaceful and answerable to our wishes. Especially if your mind is either so far wearied as to need repose after heavy engagements, or so richly endowed as ever to be producing something capable of charming others and adding brilliancy to your own reputation. If, however, as you indicate, you have surrendered yourself to tears and melancholy thoughts, I grieve that you are grieving and suffering: I cannot—if you permit me to say what I really think—altogether acquit you of blame. For reflect: will you be the only man not to see what is as clear as day, you whose acuteness detects the most profound secrets? Will *you* fail to understand that you do no good by daily lamentations? Will you fail to understand that the sorrow is doubled, which your wisdom expects you to remove? Well, if I cannot prevail upon you by persuasion, I put it to you as a personal favour and as a special request, that, if you care to do anything for my sake, you would free yourself from the bonds of that sorrow and return to our society and to your ordinary way of life, whether that which we share in common with you, or that

[1] Reading (with Mueller) *discesseras*. The phrase is rather elaborate and fanciful, but so is the whole style of Lucceius throughout the letter.

which is characteristic of and peculiar to yourself. My desire is not to worry you, if I cannot give you pleasure, by a display of earnestness on my part: what I desire is to prevent you from abiding by your present purpose. At present these two opposite desires do somewhat puzzle me—I should wish you either in regard to the latter of them to yield to my advice, or in regard to the former not to feel any annoyance with me. Good-bye.

DLXXXV (A XII, 42, §§ 1-3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME OR A SUBURBAN VILLA)

ASTURA (10 MAY)

I NEVER desired you to have a regular day for writing: for I understood the state of things you mention,[1] and yet I suspected or rather was quite aware that there was nothing for you to tell me. On the 10th of the month, indeed, I think you must be out of town and quite see that you have no news to give. However, I shall continue sending you a letter nearly every day. For I prefer writing for nothing to your not having a carrier at hand to whom to give a letter, if anything does turn up which you think I ought to know. Accordingly, I have received on the 10th your letter with its dearth of news. For what was there for you to send? To me however that was not unpleasing, whatever it contained, even if I learnt nothing else but that you had nothing to tell me. Yet, after all, you did say something—about Clodia. Where then is she, and when does she arrive? I like her property so much, that I put it next to Otho's above all others. But I don't think that she will sell, for she likes it and is rich: and as for that other, you are quite aware of the difficulty. But pray let us exert ourselves to hit upon some way of obtaining what I desire. I think

[1] Of Atticus being very busy. See p. 242.

of leaving this place on the 16th: but it will be either to Tusculum or my town house, and thence perhaps to Arpinum. When I know for certain I will write you word.

DLXXXVI (F V, 15)

TO L. LUCCEIUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (MAY)

YOUR perfect affection manifests itself in every sentence of the last letter which I received from you: not that it was anything new to me, but all the same it was grateful to my feelings and all that I could desire. I should have called it "delightful," had not that word been lost to me for ever: and not for that one reason which you imagine, and in regard to which you chide me severely, though in the gentlest and most affectionate terms, but because what ought to have been the remedies for that sorrow are all gone. Well then! Am I to seek comfort with my friends? How many of them are there? You know—for they were common to us both. Some of them have fallen, others I know not how have grown callous. With you indeed I might have gone on living, and there is nothing I should have liked better. Long-standing affection, habit, community of tastes—what tie, I ask, is there lacking to our union? Is it possible then for us to be together? Well, by Hercules, I know not what prevents it: but, at any rate, we have not been so hitherto, though we were neighbours at Tusculum and Puteoli, to say nothing of Rome; where, as the forum is a common meeting-place, nearness of residence does not matter. But by some misfortune our age has fallen upon circumstances, which, just when we ought to be at the very height of prosperity, make us ashamed even of being alive. For what had I to fly to when deprived of everything that could afford me distinction or console my feelings at home or in public life? Literature, I suppose. Well, I devote myself to that without ceasing. But

in some indefinable way literature itself seems to shut me out from harbour and refuge, and as it were to reproach me for continuing a life in which there is nothing but extension of utter wretchedness. In these circumstances, do you wonder at my keeping away from the city, in which my own house has no pleasure to offer me, while the state of affairs, the men, the forum, and the senate-house are all utterly repulsive to me? Accordingly, what I seek from literature, on which I spend my whole time, is not a lasting cure but a brief oblivion of pain. But if you and I had done what on account of our daily fears it never occurred to us to do, we should have been always together, and neither would your weak health have annoyed me, nor my sorrow you. Let us aim at securing this as far as it may be possible: for what could suit both of us better? I will see you therefore at an early day.

DLXXXVII (A XII, 41)

TO ATTICUS (AT OR NEAR ROME)

ASTURA (11 MAY)

I HAVE nothing to write about. However, I want to know where you are: if you are out of town or about to be so, when you intend to return. Please, therefore, let me know. And, as you wish to be informed when I leave this place, I write to tell you that I have arranged to stay at Lanuvium on the 16th, thence next day at Tusculum or Rome. Which of the two I am going to do you shall know on the day itself. You know how misery is inclined to grumble. It is not at all in regard to yourself, yet I feel a restless desire as to the shrine. I don't say unless it is built, but unless I see it being built—I venture to say this much, and you will take it as you ever do words of mine—my vexation will redound upon you, not that you deserve that it should do so; but you will have to endure what I say, as you endure and always have endured everything that affects me. Pray

concentrate all your methods of consoling me upon this one thing. If you want to know my wishes, they are these: first Scapula's, second Clodia's; then, if Silius refuses and Drusus does not behave fairly, the property of Cusinius and Trebonius. I think there is a third owner; I know for certain that Rebilus *was* one. If however you are for Tusculum, as you hinted in one of your letters, I will agree to your suggestion. Pray bring this business to a conclusion in any case, if you wish me to feel consoled. You are already finding fault with me in somewhat severer terms than is customary with you; but you do so with the utmost affection, and perhaps tired out by my weakness. Yet all the same, if you wish me to be consoled, this is the very greatest of consolations and, if you would know the truth, the only one.

If you have read Hirtius's letter, which appears to me to be a kind of "first sketch" of the invective which Cæsar has composed against Cato, please let me know, when you can conveniently do so, what you think of it. To return to the shrine: unless it is finished this summer, which you perceive is all before us, I shall not consider myself cleared of positive guilt.

DLXXXVIII (A XII, 42, § 3, 43)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (12 MAY)

IT has occurred to me to remind you to do the very thing which you are doing. For I think you can transact the business you have in hand more conveniently at home by preventing any interruption. For myself, I intend, as I told you before, to stay at Lanuvium on the 16th, and thence to go to Tusculum or Rome. You shall know which of the two. You say truly that this erection will be a consolation to me. Thank you for saying so: but it is a consolation to

a degree beyond what you can conceive.[1] It is a sufficient proof of how keenly desirous I am for it, that I venture to confess it to you, though I think you do not approve of it so very warmly. But you must put up with my aberration in this matter. Put up with it, do I say? Nay, you must even assist it. About Otho I feel uncertain: perhaps because I am eager for it. But after all the property is beyond my means, especially with a competitor in the field anxious to purchase, rich, and one of the heirs. The next to my taste is Clodia's. But if that can't be secured, make any bargain you please. I regard myself as under a more sacred obligation than anyone ever was to any vow. See also about the pleasure-grounds of Trebonius, though the owners are away. But, as I said yesterday, please also consider the Tusculan suggestion, lest the summer slip away. That must not be allowed on any account.

DLXXXIX (A XII, 44, AND 45, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 13 MAY

THAT Hirtius wrote to you in an agitated tone about me does not trouble me—for he meant it kindly—and that you did not forward me his letter troubles me much less. For that was even kinder of you. His book which he sent me about Cato I wish to be published by your copyists, to enhance Cato's reputation from the nature of their invectives.

So you are negotiating through Mustela: well, he is well suited for the purpose, and much attached to me since the affair of Pontianus. Therefore make some bargain or other. Why, what else is wanted except an opening for a purchaser? And that could be secured by means of any one of the heirs. But I think Mustela will accomplish that, if

[1] The text of this clause is very corrupt. I have translated the reading of Tyrrell and Purser.

you ask him. For myself, you will have secured for me not only a site for the purpose I have at heart, but also a solace for my old age. For the properties of Silius and Drusus do not seem to me to be sufficiently suited to a paterfamilias. What! spend whole days in the country house![1] My preference therefore is—first Otho's, second Clodia's. If neither of them comes off, we must try and outwit Drusus, or have recourse to the Tusculan site. You have acted prudently in shutting yourself in your house. But pray finish off your business and let me find you once more at leisure. I leave this place for Lanuvium, as I told you, on the 16th. Next day I shall be at Tusculum. For I have well disciplined my feelings, and perhaps conquered them, if only I keep to it.[2] You shall know, therefore, perhaps to-morrow, at the latest the day after.

But what does this mean, pray? Philotimus reports that Pompeius is not invested at Carteia, and that a serious war remains to be fought. Oppius and Balbus had sent me a copy of a letter written to Clodius of Patavium on this investment, saying that they thought it was so. It is just like Philotimus to act the second-rate Fulvinius.[3] Nevertheless, tell me anything you know. About the shipwreck of Caninius also I want to know the truth.[4]

While here I have finished two long treatises.[5] It was the only way I had to give my unhappiness the slip, if I may use the expression. As for you, even if you have nothing to tell, as I foresee will be the case, still write to say that you have nothing to say—so long as you don't use these exact words.

[1] That is, the property is too far from Rome, and would necessitate staying a night there. It could not be visited for a few hours.

[2] From these and some similar expressions afterwards it has been inferred that Tullia died at Tusculum. From p. 181 it would seem to be more likely that it was at Rome.

[3] We know nothing of Fulvinius: he must have been notorious for spreading false news. Philotimus was so also (see vol. ii., p. 384). Very characteristically the report was true in fact, though only half the truth. Gnæus Pompeius was not invested at Carteia, for he escaped on board ship. But not long afterwards he was killed when landing to take in water. See p. 240.

[4] See p. 240.

[5] The *Academica* and the *de Finibus*. Or, as some think, the two books of the original edition of the *Academica*.

DXC (A XIII, 26)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 14 MAY

ABOUT Vergilius's share I quite approve.[1] Settle it that way therefore. And indeed it will be my first choice, next to Clodia. If neither comes off, I fear I shall cast prudence to the winds and go for Drusus.[2] My eagerness for the object with which you are acquainted deprives me of all self-control. Accordingly, I come back again and again to the idea of Tusculum. Anything rather than not have it completed this summer. For myself, considering my circumstances, there is no place where I can live at greater ease than Astura. But because my people—I suppose from being unable to endure my melancholy—are in a hurry to get to Rome, though there is nothing to prevent my staying on, yet, as I told you, I shall leave this place, that I may not appear altogether stranded. But whither? From Lanuvium *my* endeavour is to go to Tusculum.[3] But I will let you know at once. Yes, please write the letters for me. The amount I write is in fact beyond belief—for I work in the night hours also, as I cannot sleep. Yesterday I even finished a letter to Cæsar; for you thought I ought to do so. There was no harm in its being written, in case you thought that it was by any chance needed. As things stand now, there is certainly no necessity to send it. But that is as you shall think good. However, I will send you a copy perhaps from Lanuvium, unless it turns out that I come to Rome. But you shall know to-morrow.

[1] Vergilius was one of the co-heirs of Scapula.
[2] Who was asking an unfair price. See p. 249.
[3] Though my establishment want to go to Rome.

DXCI (A XII, 46 AND 47, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 15 MAY

I SHALL conquer my feelings, I think, and go from Lanuvium to Tusculum. For either I must for ever give up the use of that property—for the sorrow will remain unchanged, only somewhat less evident—or I must regard it as immaterial whether I go now or ten years hence.[1] For it will not remind me a whit more vividly than the thoughts by which I am racked day and night. What then, you will say, can literature do nothing for you? In this particular I fear rather the reverse. For perhaps I should have been less sensitive without it. In a cultivated mind there is no coarse fibre, no insensibility. Yes, do come as you suggest, but not if it is inconvenient to you. One letter and its answer will be enough. I will even come to see you if necessary. So that shall be as you find it possible.

DXCII (A XII, 47, §§ 1, 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

LANUVIUM (16 MAY)

ABOUT Mustela[2] do as you say in your letter, though it is a big business. All the more am I inclining to Clodia. However, in either case we must find out about the money due from Faberius.[3] On that subject it will do no harm if you talk to Balbus, telling him indeed—what is the fact—that we neither will nor can buy unless we recover that debt, and should not venture upon it whilst any doubt remained on that point. But when is Clodia to be at Rome, and at what do you value

[1] See p. 251, note. [2] See p. 250.
[3] See p. 223.

her property? My eyes are quite turned in her direction: not but that I should prefer the other, but it is a serious venture; and it is besides difficult to outbid one who is at once eager, rich, and an heir. Though in the matter of eagerness I shall yield to none; in other respects we are in a weaker position. But of this when we meet.

DXCIII (A XII, 47, § 3, AND 48, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

LANUVIUM (17 MAY)

YES, go on to publish Hirtius's book. As to Philotimus, I think the same as you do. I can see that the market value of your house will go up with Cæsar for a neighbour.[1] I am expecting my letter-carrier to-day: he will give me news of Pilia and Attica. I can easily believe that you are glad to be at home. But I should like to know how much you have still to do, or whether you have finished by this time. I expect you at Tusculum, and the more because you wrote word to Tiro that you were coming, and added that you thought it necessary.

DXCIV (A XII, 45, §§ 2, 3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 17 MAY

As to Attica,—excellent! Your depression makes me uneasy, though you say in your letter that it is nothing. I shall find being at Tusculum all the more convenient that I shall

[1] That is, a statue of Cæsar in the temple of Quirinus on the Quirinal (Dio, 47, 45). The house of Atticus was on the Quirinal, near the temple of Salus. See vol. i., p. 187 [A IV, 11].

get letters from you more frequently and shall see you personally from time to time. In other respects life was more tolerable at Astura, but the thoughts that re-open my wounds do not give me greater pain here than there; though after all, wherever I am, they are ever with me. I mentioned your "neighbour"[1] Cæsar to you because I learnt about it from your own letter. I would rather he shared temples with Quirinus than with "Safety." Yes, publish Hirtius.[2] For I entertained precisely the opinion expressed in your letter, that while our friend's ability was shewn by it, the purpose of discrediting Cato was rendered ridiculous.

DXCV (A XII, 50)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 18 MAY

As your arrival cheered, so your departure has depressed me. Wherefore, as soon as you can, that is, after attending Sextus's auction, repeat your visit. Even one day will do me good, to say nothing of the pleasure. I would come to Rome myself, that we might enjoy each other's society, *if* I could see my way on a certain matter.

DXCVI (A XII, 48 AND 49)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 19 MAY

I FELT all along how much good your presence was doing me, but I feel it much more since your departure. Where-

[1] See last letter.

[2] See pp. 243, 250. The tract of Hirtius contained a complimentary reference to Cicero himself.

fore, as I wrote to you before, either I must come bodily to you or you to me, as may be possible. Yesterday, not much after you left my house, I think, some men from the city, as they seemed, brought me a message and a letter from "Gaius Marius, son of Gaius, grandson of Gaius,"[1] written at great length: "they begged me in the name of our relationship to them, in the name of the famous Marius on whom I had composed a poem,[2] in the name of the eloquence of his grandfather L. Cassius, to undertake his defence,"—he then stated his case in full detail. I wrote back to say that he had no need of counsel, as all power was in the hands of his relation Cæsar, who was a most excellent and fair-minded man, but that I would support him.

What times we live in! To think that Curtius should be hesitating as to whether he should stand for the consulship![3] But enough of this. I am anxious about Tiro. But I shall know directly how he is: for I sent a man yesterday to see, to whom also I entrusted a letter for you. I enclose a letter for my son. Please let me know what day is advertised for the sale of the pleasure-grounds.

[1] Cicero quotes the full description that this man gave of himself. He was apparently an impostor named Amatias or Herophilus (a veterinary surgeon), but he claimed to be a grandson of the great Marius, and therefore a relation of Cæsar, whose aunt Iulia was wife of Marius. He met the young Octavius on his return after Munda, and begged him to acknowledge his relationship, but was cautiously though politely declined. After Cæsar's assassination he again made a parade of his relationship by putting up the column raised to mark the spot in the forum where Cæsar's body was burnt; this became the centre of much rioting, and Antony at length interfered and put the would-be Marius to death. See Letters DCCV, DCCVI, DCCVII; Nicolas Dam. *vit. Cæs.* 14; Valer. Max. 1, 15, 2; App. *B. C.* iii. 2, 3. Cicero would be his quasi-relation through his grandmother Gratidia, whose brother adopted the younger Marius, the impostor's supposed father. L. Cassius the orator had a daughter married to this same younger Marius, and therefore claimed by the impostor as his mother.

[2] See vol. i., Introduction, p. xiv.

[3] The same M. Curtius Postumus, whose expected augurship in B.C. 49 Cicero laughed at. See vol. ii., p. 287.

DXCVII (A XII, 51)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 20 MAY

TIRO is come back sooner than I hoped. Nicias has also arrived, and I hear that Valerius is coming to-day. However many they may be, I shall still be more alone than if you were here by yourself. But I expect you, at any rate after you have done with Peducæus.[1] You however give some hints of an earlier date; but that must be as you find it possible. As to Vergilius,[2] it is as you say. Yet what I should like to know is when the auction is to be. I see you are of opinion that the letter should be sent to Cæsar. Well! I was very much of that opinion also, and the more so that there is not a word in it unbecoming the most loyal of citizens, that is, as loyal as the state of the times permit, to which all political writers teach us that we must bow. But observe, I stipulate that your Cæsarian friends read it first.[3] So please see to it. But unless you clearly understand that they approve, it must not be sent. Now *you* will detect whether they really approve or only pretend to do so. Pretence will in my eyes be equivalent to rejection. You must probe that question.

Tiro told me what you thought ought to be done about Cærellia: that it was unbecoming to me to be in debt; that you were in favour of an assignment:[4]

[1] That is, the auction of Sextus Peducæus. See pp. 255, 268.
[2] One of the heirs of Scapula. See pp. 241, 252.
[3] He means Oppius and Balbus.
[4] That is, of some debts to himself. He was to assign them to Cærellia in payment of his debt to her. If we translate it "note of hand"—as though that would clear Cicero of his debt—we should be following the precedent of Mr. Micawber. The point of the quotation is that there is a great chance of Cicero not being able to get the debts to himself paid. For the word *perscriptio* see vol. i., p. 301 (*Att.* iv. 17).

"Fear this and not the other? passing strange!"[1]

But this and much besides when we meet. However, we must suspend the payment of the debt to Cærellia till we know about Meton and Faberius.

DXCVIII (A XII, 52)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 21 MAY

You know L. Tullius Montanus, who has gone abroad with my son. I have received a letter from his sister's husband saying that Montanus owes Plancus twenty-five sestertia (about £200) as security for Flaminius; and that you had received some request from Montanus on that subject. I should be much obliged if you could assist him either by making an application to Plancus, if that is necessary, or by any other way. I think myself bound to do something for him. If it happens that you know more about the business than I do, or if you think application should be made to Plancus, please write and tell me, that I may know how the matter stands and what sort of application ought to be made. I am waiting to hear what you have done about the letter to Cæsar. About Silius I don't so very much care. Yes, you must secure either the grounds of Scapula or Clodia. But you seem to have some hesitation about Clodia—is it as to the time of her return or as to whether her grounds are for sale? But what is this I hear of Spinther having divorced his wife?[2] As to the Latin language, set your mind at ease. You will say—"What, when you write on such subjects?"[3]

[1] A line from some unknown comedy, often quoted by Cicero.

[2] The wife of P. Cornelius Lentulus Spinther was Cæcilia Metella, who was believed to have intrigued with Dolabella (see p. 44), and with Æsopus, son of the actor (Hor. *Sat.* ii. 3, 239).

[3] Philosophy—in which the Greek terms would be difficult to represent in Latin.

They are translations. They don't cost so much trouble therefore; I only contribute the language, in which I am well provided.

DXCIX (A XII, 53)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (22 MAY)

THOUGH I have nothing to write about to you, I write all the same, because it makes me think that I am talking to you. I have Nicias and Valerius with me here. I am expecting a letter from you early to-day. Perhaps there will be another in the afternoon, unless your Epirus correspondence hinders you, which I do not wish to interrupt. I am sending you letters for Marcianus and Montanus. Please put them into the same packet, unless you chance to have already despatched it.

DC (A XIII, 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 23 MAY

IN your letter to my son you spoke with a serious gravity, and yet with a moderation which nothing could surpass. It is exactly what I should have wished. Your letters to the Tullii[1] also are extremely wise. So either these letters will fulfil their object or we must think of other measures.

As to money moreover I perceive that you are making every effort or rather have done so. If you succeed, I shall owe the suburban pleasure-grounds to you. There is indeed no other kind of property that I should prefer, principally of

[1] Marcianus and Montanus of the previous letter, both at Athens with young Cicero.

course for the purpose which I have resolved to carry out. And in regard to this you relieve my impatience by your promise, or rather your undertaking as to this summer. In the second place, there is nothing that can possibly be better adapted for my declining years and for an alleviation of my melancholy. My eagerness for this drives me at times to wish to spur you on. But I suppress the impulse: for I have no doubt that, when you know me to be very much set on a thing, your eagerness will surpass my own. Accordingly I look upon it as already done.

I am anxious to hear what those friends of yours[1] decide as to the letter to Cæsar. Nicias is as devoted to you as he is bound to be, and is greatly delighted at your remembering him. I am indeed strongly attached to our friend Peducæus. For I have on the one hand transferred to him all the esteem which I had for his father, and on the other I love him for his own sake as much as I loved the other,—but it is you that I love the most for wishing us to be thus mutually attached. If you inspect the pleasure-grounds and tell me about the letter, you will give me something to write to you about: if not, I shall yet write something. For a subject will never be quite wanting.

DCI (A XIII, 2, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (24 MAY)

YOUR promptitude pleases me better than the contents of your letter.[2] For what could be more insulting? However,

[1] Balbus and Oppius.

[2] There is nothing to shew to what this refers; but the next letter shews that Atticus had had to tell Cicero that Oppius and Balbus did not approve of his letter to Cæsar. Perhaps they thought it too didactic, and unbecoming in Cicero's position. He would be particularly sensitive on that point, as he had plumed himself on being able to offer political advice which might affect the situation. See pp. 261, 262.

I am by this time hardened to such things, and have divested myself of all human feelings. I look forward to your letter to-day, not that I expect anything new, for what should there be? But all the same——

DCII (A XIII, 27)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (25 MAY)

I HAD always determined, and on very good grounds, that your friends should read my letter to Cæsar before it was sent. If I had acted otherwise, I should have been wanting in courtesy to them, and almost rash in regard to my own danger in case my letter should prove offensive to him. Now your friends have acted frankly, and have obliged me by not suppressing their opinion; but best of all by suggesting so many alterations, that I have no reason for writing it all over again. And yet, in the matter of the Parthian war, what ought I to have kept in view except what I thought was Cæsar's wish?[1] What, in fact, was the point of my letter at all except to say smooth things to him?[2] Do you suppose that if I had wanted to give him the advice which I thought best, I should have been at a loss for language? Therefore the whole letter is altogether superfluous. For when no great "hit" is possible, and a "miss," however slight, would bring unpleasant consequences, what need to run the risk? Especially as it occurs to me that, as I have not written to him before, he will think that I should probably not have written had not the war been over. Moreover, I fear his thinking that I meant

[1] The Parthians were again threatening Syria, and Cæsar seems to have let it be known that he wished to lead an army against them. He was, in fact, preparing to do so when he was assassinated.

[2] κολακεία, a strong word. Speaking frankly to Atticus, Cicero makes no concealment of his real dislike of Cæsar's policy and of his own unwilling submission to *force majeure*.

this as a sop for my "Cato." There is no more to be said. I am extremely sorry I wrote it; nor could anything in this affair have fallen out more in accordance with my wishes, than to find that my intrusion is not approved. For I should have found myself also involved with that party, and among them with your relative.[1] But to return to the pleasure-grounds. I absolutely will not have you go to them unless entirely convenient to yourself. There is no hurry. Whatever happens let us devote our efforts to Faberius. However, tell me the day of the auction, if you know it. The bearer of this has just come from Cumæ, and as he reported that Attica was quite recovered, and said that he had a letter from her, I have sent him straight to you.

DCIII (A XIII, 28 AND 29, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (26 MAY)

As you are going to inspect the pleasure-grounds to-day, I shall hear of course to-morrow what you think of them. About Faberius again you will write when he has arrived.

As to the letter to Cæsar, believe my solemn assertion, —*I cannot!* Nor is it the dishonour of the thing that deters me, though it ought to do so most of all. For where is the disgrace of flattery, in view of the disgrace of living at all? But as I began by saying, it is not the dishonour that deters me: and, indeed, I only wish it could—for then I should have been the man I ought to be—but I cannot think of anything to say. For those exhortations addressed to Alexander by men of eloquence and learning—think of the circumstances in which they were delivered! Here was a young man fired with ambition for the purest glory, desiring to have some suggestions made to him as to how to win undying fame, and they exhort him to follow honour.

[1] Their common nephew Quintus.

There is no lack of something to say in such a case. But what can I say? Nevertheless, I had roughhewn what seemed to me a kind of model. Because there were some things in it which were slightly coloured beyond the actual facts—present and past—adverse criticism is provoked, and I am not sorry for it. For if that letter had reached its destination, believe me, I should have repented it. Why, don't you see that even that famous pupil of Aristotle, distinguished for the very best ability and the most perfect conduct, no sooner got the title of king than he became haughty, cruel, and ungovernable? Well now, do you think that this god of the procession, this messmate of Quirinus,[1] is likely to be gratified by temperate letters such as I should write? In truth, I would rather that he felt annoyed at not receiving what I had not written, than disapprove of what I had. In fine, let it be as he pleases. What was goading me on to action, at the time I put the "Archimedian problem"[2] before you, is now all gone. By Heaven, I am now actually desirous—and much more earnestly—of that same misfortune of which I was then afraid,[3] or any other he chooses. Unless anything else prevents you, pray come to me: you will be very welcome. Nicias having been urgently summoned by Dolabella—for I read the letter—has gone against my will, yet at the same time on my advice. What follows I have written with my own hand.

While I was by way of questioning Nicias about other matters in regard to men of learning, we fell upon the subject of Thalna. He did not speak highly of his genius, but said that he was steady and of good character. But what follows did not seem to me to be satisfactory. He said that he knew him to have lately tried to marry Cornificia, daughter of Quintus, who was quite an old woman and had often

[1] Alluding to Cæsar's statue in the temple of Quirinus (see p. 255), and to his bust being carried with those of the gods in the procession with which the *ludi Circenses* were opened (Suet. *Iul.* 76). See p. 310.

[2] See p. 85.

[3] Of losing a hold upon Cæsar's favour. This shews a decided change in the tone of Cicero's references to Cæsar. The extraordinary honours voted to him after the news of Munda—among which was the life dictatorship—may account for this, as destroying all hope of a constitutional government.

been married before: that the ladies did not accept his proposal because they found that his property did not amount to more than 800 sestertia. I thought you ought to know this.[1]

DCIV (A XIII, 29, §§ 2, 3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (27 MAY)

I WAS informed about the suburban pleasure-grounds by your letter and by Chrysippus. In the villa, the vulgarity of which I have known of old, I see that nothing or very little has been changed: however, he praises the larger bath, and says that of the smaller one winter apartments might be made. Therefore, a small covered passage will have to be added, the building of which on the same scale as the one I constructed at Tusculum will cost about half less in that district. For the erection of the fane also, which I desire, nothing could be better suited than the grove which I used to know. But at that time it was not at all frequented, now I hear it is very much so. I couldn't have anything I should like better. In this matter "in heaven's name indulge my whim."[2] All I have to say more is—if Faberius pays his debt, don't stop to inquire the price: outbid Otho. I don't think, however, that he will lose his head about it, for I think I know the man. Moreover, I am told that he has been so hard hit, that I don't think that he is a buyer. Otherwise would he have let it come to the hammer? But why discuss that? If you get the money from Faberius, let us purchase even at a high price: if not, we can't do it even at a low one. So then we must go to Clodia. From her also I seem to have more hope, because, in the first place,

[1] Iuventius Thalna was perhaps a candidate for the hand of Atticus's daughter Attica (properly Cæcilia), who eventually married Agrippa.

[2] *τὸν τῦφόν μου πρὸς θεῶν τροποφόρησον.* The last word—of which the Latin *morigerari* is a translation—seems only to occur in Acts, xiii. 18.

the property is much less costly, and in the next place, Dolabella's debt[1] seems so safe that I feel certain of being also able to get ready money to pay for it. Enough about the pleasure-gardens. To-morrow I shall see you, or hear some reason for your not coming: I expect it will be in connexion with Faberius. But do come, if you can.

DCV (A XIII, 2, §§ 1, 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (27 MAY)

PLEASE order the letters to be delivered to Oppius and Balbus; and, by the way, see Piso whenever you can about the gold. If Faberius comes to town, you will please see that I am credited with the right amount, if there is to be any crediting at all.[2] You will learn what it is from Eros. Ariarathes son of Ariobarzanes[3] has come to Rome. He wants, I suppose, to buy some kingdom from Cæsar. For, as at present situated, he hasn't a foot of ground to call his own. After all, our friend Sextus—as a sort of official entertainer—has monopolized him, for which I am not sorry. However, as I am very intimate with his brothers, owing to the great services I did them, I am writing to invite him to stay in my house. As I was sending Alexander for that purpose, I have given him this letter to take.

[1] The dowry of Tullia, which Dolabella owed after the divorce.

[2] The debt of Faberius, Cæsar's secretary, to Cicero, so often mentioned, see p. 223, etc. There seems to have been some question as to a payment in gold—perhaps in foreign coin. See p. 271.

[3] The king of Cappadocia whom Cicero had supported and saved in B.C. 51-50. See vol. ii., p. 102. *Sextus* is Sextus Peducæus.

DCVI (A XIII, 31)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 28 MAY

ON the morning of the 28th Demeas handed me a letter written the day before, according to which I should expect you to-day or to-morrow. But while longing for your arrival, it is I after all, as I think, who will hinder you. For I don't suppose the Faberius business will be so promptly settled, even if it is ever to be so, as not to cause some delay. Come when you can then, since your arrival is still deferred. I should be much obliged if you would send me the books of Dicæarchus which you mention: add also the book of the "Descent."[1] As to the letter to Cæsar, my mind is made up. And yet the very thing which your friends assert that he writes—that he will not go against the Parthians until everything is settled at home—is exactly the advice I gave all through that letter. I told him to do whichever he chose: that he might rely on my support. No doubt he is waiting for that, and is not likely to do anything except on my advice! Pray let us dismiss all such follies, and let us at least be half-free. That we can obtain by holding our tongues and living in retirement.

Yes, approach Otho as you suggest, and finish that business, my dear Atticus: for I can hit on no other place where I can at once keep away from the forum and enjoy your society. As to the price however, the following occurs to me. Gaius Albanius is the nearest neighbour: he bought 1,000 *iugera* of M. Pilius, as far as I can remember, for 11,500 *sestertia*.[2] Prices are lower all round now. But we must add a great desire to buy, in which, with the exception

[1] A description of a descent into the cave of Trophonius in Bœotia.

[2] A 1,000 *iugera* amount to 625 English acres; 11,500 *sestertia* to about £92,000. That gives about £147 per acre, which for property close to the city is not perhaps too much.

of Otho, I do not think we shall have any competitor. But you will be able to influence him personally: you could have done so still more easily if you had had Canus with you. What vulgar gluttony! I am ashamed of his father.[1] Write by return if you want to say anything.

DCVII (A XIII, 30)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 28 MAY

I AM sending you back Q. Cicero's letter.[2] How hard-hearted of you not to be agitated by his dangers! He has something to say against me also. I am sending you half the letter. For the other half, with the account of his achievements, I think you have in duplicate. I have sent a letter-carrier to Cumæ to-day. I have given him your letter to Vestorius, which you had given Pharnaces. I had just sent Demeas to you when Eros arrived, but there was nothing new in the letter he brought except that the auction was to last two days. So you will come after it is over, as you say; and I hope with the Faberius affair settled. But Eros says that he won't settle to-day: he thinks he will to-morrow morning. You must be very polite to him. But such flatteries are almost criminal. I shall see you, I hope, the day after to-morrow. If you can do so from any source, find out who Mummius's ten legates were. Polybius doesn't give their names. I remember the consular Albinus and

[1] This may refer to some story of young Quintus. But we cannot be sure.

[2] The younger Quintus Cicero was with Cæsar in Spain. He appears to have written to his uncle Atticus, making the most of his adventures. His habit of romancing is again illustrated in Letter DCCL (*Att.* xv. 21). Some editors put this paragraph (down to "to-day") at the end of Letter DCIII: but it seems no more in place there, and leaves this letter beginning with *ei dedi*, without anyone for *ei* to refer

Spurius Mummius: I think Hortensius told me Tuditanus; but in Libo's annals Tuditanus was prætor fourteen years after Mummius's consulship. That certainly doesn't square with it. I have in my mind a Political Conference, to be held at Olympia or where you will, after the manner of your friend Dicæarchus.[1]

DCVIII (A XIII, 2, § 3, AND 3, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 29 MAY

So the auction of Peducæus is to-morrow. Come when you can, therefore. Although perhaps Faberius will delay you; yet as soon as you are free. Our friend Dionysius complains loudly, and with some justice after all, that he is so long away from his pupils. He has written a long letter to me, and I believe also to you. In my opinion he will be still longer away. Yet I could have wished it were otherwise, for I miss him much. I am hoping for a letter from you: that is, not just yet, for I am writing this answer early in the morning.

DCIX (A XIII, 32)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 29 MAY

HAVING received a second letter from you to-day I did not wish you to be content with only one from me. Yes, pray do as you say about Faberius. For on our success in that

[1] He is referring to the ten commissioners sent out to settle the affairs of the towns of Achaia after the destruction of Corinth by Mummius, B.C. 146. They drew out constitutions for the several towns,

depends entirely what I have in my mind. If that idea had never occurred to me I should, believe me, have been as indifferent to that as I am about everything else. Wherefore as you are doing at present—and I am sure it cannot be improved upon—push the matter on: don't let it rest: carry it through. Please send me both the books of Dicæarchus —on the "Soul" and on the "Descent." I can't find his "Tripoliticus" and his letter to Aristoxenus. I should be specially glad to have these three books; they would bear upon what I have in my mind. "Torquatus" is at Rome: I have ordered it to be given to you. "Catulus" and "Lucullus" I think you have already. To these books a new preface has been added, in which both of them are spoken of with commendation. I wish you to have these compositions,[1] and there are some others. You didn't quite understand what I said to you about the ten legates, I suppose, because I wrote in shorthand. What I wanted to know was about Tuditanus. Hortensius once told me that he was one of the ten. I see in Libo's annals that he was prætor in the consulship of P. Popilius and P. Rupilius.[2] Could he have been a *legatus* fourteen years before he was prætor, unless his quæstorship was very late in life?[3] And I don't think that that was so. For I notice that he easily obtained

which Polybius was employed to explain to the inhabitants. The labours of the commissioners occupied six months, and Polybius thinks that they did a very noble piece of work in the way of constitution-building. Hence Cicero meant to choose them as speakers in a dialogue on constitutions, which, however, was never composed (Polyb. xxxix. 15-16).

[1] *Literas* (see vol. i., p. 34). "Torquatus" means the first book of the *de Finibus*, "Catulus" and "Lucullus" the first and second books of the *Academica*, in which they are the speakers.

[2] B.C. 132.

[3] For the ten commissioners in the Peloponnesus, see p. 268. Cicero's difficulty is this. To be a commissioner in B.C. 146 a man must have been a senator, that is, he must at least have been quæstor in B.C. 147 (at latest). But if Tuditanus was quæstor in B.C. 147 and obtained the prætorship in his regular year (*legitimo anno*) he would be prætor in B.C. 139; whereas Tuditanus was not quæstor till B.C. 145 and prætor till B.C. 132, seven years late. The solution is given in Letter DCXII. It was a son who was quæstor in B.C. 145, prætor in B.C. 132. The commissioner was his father and had held his offices (not, however, the consulship) many years before, and therefore was eligible for the commissionership in B.C. 146.

the curule magistracies in his regular years. However, I did not know that Postumius, whose statue you say you remember in the Isthmus, was one of them. He is the man who was consul with L. Lucullus.[1] I have to thank you for this addition of a very suitable person to my "Conference." So please see to the rest, if you can, that I may make a fine show even with my *dramatis personæ*.

DCX (A XIII, 3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 30 MAY

YES, the debtors you mention appear to be so satisfactory that my only hesitation arises from the fact that you seem to have doubts. The fact is, I don't like your referring the matter to me. What! was I to manage my own business without your advice? But, after all, I quite understand that you do so more from your habitual caution than because you doubt the soundness of the debtors. The fact is, you don't think well of Cælius, and you don't want a multiplicity of debtors. In both sentiments I concur. We must therefore be content with the present list.[2] Sooner or later, indeed, you would have had to go security for me even in the auction with which we are now concerned.[3] All then

[1] B.C. 151.

[2] The question is of certain debts due to Faberius, which he offers to assign to Cicero in payment of the money owed to him (see p. 265). Cicero is satisfied with the list of names; but Atticus would rather have had one name, or at least fewer, and yet does not approve of the substitution of Cælius for all or some of them. Thereupon Cicero says that they had better make the best of the list as it stands.

[3] The auction of the *horti Scapulani* which Cicero had contemplated buying for Tullia's shrine. He goes on to say that Atticus, no doubt, would have to be his security for the purchase-money till the debts above-mentioned were got in, but a corresponding time of grace can be obtained from the vendors, so that Atticus's guarantee would not be called upon, and the money would be paid out of his own pocket. This sense I think can be fairly got from the text as given by Tyrrell

shall be provided from my own pocket: but as to the delay in getting in the debts, I think—if we do but hit upon what we want—that a time of grace may be obtained from the auctioneer, and at any rate from the heirs.

See about Crispus and Mustela, and let me know what the share of the two is. I had already been informed of the arrival of Brutus;[1] for my freedman Ægypta brought me a letter from him. I am sending it to you, because it is expressed in obliging terms.

DCXI (A XII, 5, § 2)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 31 MAY

YES, inquire about Cælius[2] as you say; I know nothing. We ought to ascertain his character, not only his means. Do the same as to Hortensius and Verginius, if you feel any doubt: yet I don't think you will easily find anybody more eligible, as far as I can see. Yes, negotiate with Mustela in the manner you suggest, when Crispus arrives. I have written to tell Avius to inform Piso of the facts, with which he is well acquainted, as to the gold.[3] For I quite agree with you: that business has dragged on too long, and we must now call in money from all directions. I have no difficulty in seeing that you neither do nor think of anything but what is to my interests, and that it is by my business that your eagerness to visit me is foiled. But I imagine you by my side, not merely because you are employed in my service, but also because I seem to see how you are acting. And, indeed, not a single hour which you devote to my business escapes my observation.

I see that Tubulus was prætor in the consulship of

and Purser; but it is very likely corrupt. Dr. Reid, in particular, rejects *a me igitur omnia.*

[1] From his province of Gallia Cisalpina. Mustela and Marcius Crispus were two of the co-heirs of Scapula.

[2] See previous letter. [3] See p. 265.

Lucius Metellus and Quintus Maximus.[1] At present I should like to ascertain in what consulship Publius Scævola, the Pontifex Maximus, was tribune. I *think* it was in that of Cæpio and Pompeius:[2] for he was prætor in the year of Lucius Furius and Sextus Atilius.[3] Please therefore tell me the year of Tubulus's tribunate, and, if you can, on what charge he was tried. And pray look to see whether Lucius Libo, who brought in the bill about Servius Galba, was tribune in the consulship of Censorinus and Manilius, or T. Quinctius and Manius Acilius.[4] Also I am puzzled about Brutus's epitome of the history of Fannius. I put down what I found at the end of that epitome, and taking it as my guide, I stated that Fannius—the author of the history—was son-in-law to Lælius. But you proved to demonstration that I was wrong. Now Brutus and Fannius refute you. However, I had good authority—that of Hortensius—for my statement as it appears in the "Brutus."[5] Please therefore set this matter right.

DCXII (F IV, 12)

SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS TO CICERO (AT TUSCULUM)

ATHENS, 31 MAY

SERVIUS sends many good wishes to Cicero. Though I know that I shall be giving you no very pleasant news,

[1] B.C. 142. L. Tubulus was accused of taking a bribe when presiding at a trial for murder (*de Fin.* 2, § 54).

[2] B.C. 141.

[3] B.C. 136.

[4] B.C. 150 or 149. The crime of Servius Galba was the treacherous treatment of the Lusitani, whom he sold as slaves, though they had surrendered on promise of freedom. He was impeached by L. Scribonius Libo in B.C. 147 (according to Livy, *Ep.* 49), who was supported by one of the last speeches made by Cato the censor. See *Brutus*, § 89, where Cicero says that the Lusitani were killed.

[5] *Brutus*, § 101.

yet since chance and nature bear the sway among us men, I thought it incumbent on me to give you information of whatever kind it might be. On the 23rd of May, on sailing into the Piræus, I met my colleague M. Marcellus,[1] and spent the day there in order to enjoy his society. Next day, when I parted from him with the design of going from Athens to Bœotia, and finishing what remained of my legal business,[2] he told me that he intended to sail round Cape Malea and make for Italy. On the third day after that, just as I was intending to start from Athens, at the tenth hour of the night my friend Publius Postumius called on me with the information that my colleague M. Marcellus just after dinner had been stabbed with a dagger by his friend P. Magius Cilo, and had received two wounds, one in the stomach, a second in the head behind the ear; but that hopes were entertained that he might survive; and that Magius had killed himself afterwards. He added that he had been sent by Marcellus to tell me this, and to ask me to send some physicians. Accordingly, I summoned some physicians, and immediately started just as day was breaking. When I was not far from Piræus, a slave of Acidinus met me bearing a note containing the information that Marcellus had expired a little before daybreak. So there is a man of most illustrious character cut off in a most distressing manner by the vilest of men. His personal enemies had spared him in consideration of his character; but one of his own friends was found to inflict death upon him. However, I continued my journey to his tent. There I found two freedmen and a few slaves: they said the rest had run away in terror, because their master had been killed in front of the tent.[3] I was obliged to carry him back to the city in the same litter in which I had ridden down and to use my own bearers: and there, considering the means at my disposal at Athens, I saw to his having an

[1] This is the M. Marcellus, whose restoration by Cæsar called out Cicero's senatorial speech *pro Marcello*. He had been consul with Sulpicius in B.C. 51. His assassination appears to have arisen from jealousy on the part of Cilo, who had not been recalled.

[2] The *conventus* or assizes. Sulpicius had been appointed by Cæsar to govern Greece. See p. 136.

[3] Slaves of a murdered master were liable to be put to death.

honourable funeral. I could not induce the Athenians to grant him a place of burial within the city,[1] as they alleged that they were prevented by religious scruples from doing so; and it is a fact that they had never granted that privilege to anyone. But they allowed us, which was the next best thing, to bury him in any gymnasium we chose.[2] We chose a place in the most famous gymnasium in the world—that of the Academy—and there we burnt the body, and afterwards saw to these same Athenians giving out a contract for the construction of a marble monument over him. So I think I have done all for him alive and dead required by our colleagueship and close connexion. Good-bye.

31 May, Athens.

DCXIII (A XIII, 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 1 JUNE

I HAVE received the result of your kind labours as to the ten legates. I agree with you about Tuditanus; it was his son that was quæstor the year after the consulship of Mummius.[3]

Well, since you repeatedly ask me whether I am satisfied about the debtors, I also repeatedly tell you in answer that I am satisfied.[4] If you can come to any settlement with Piso, do so. For I think Avius will fulfil his obligations. I wish you could come before Brutus; but if you can't, at least stay with me when he comes to Tusculum. It is of

[1] Athens was a *libera civitas*, and had complete management of internal affairs. The Athenians had been rather Pompeian in sympathy, and were perhaps afraid to shew special favour now to a prominent member of the beaten party.

[2] That is, in the grounds about a gymnasium.

[3] B.C. 145. See *ante*, p. 269.

[4] See p. 270.

great importance to me that we should be together. And you will be able to ascertain the day if you tell your servant to ask.

DCXIV (A XIII, 5)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 2 JUNE

I HAD thought that Spurius Mummius was one of the ten legates; but he was, of course—as was natural—a *legatus* to his brother. For he was at the capture of Corinth. I am sending "Torquatus"[1] to you. Yes, do talk to Silius, as you suggest, and urge him on. He said the day for payment was not in May;[2] he didn't deny that it was the day you mention. But pray be careful about this business, as you always are. As to Crispus and Mustela[3]—of course: as soon as you have come to any settlement. As you promise to be with me by the time Brutus comes, that's enough: especially as the intervening days are being spent in important business of my own.

DCXV (A XIII, 33, §§ 1-3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 3 JUNE

ASTONISHING carelessness! Do you suppose that Balbus and Faberius only once told me that the return was made?

[1] See p. 269.
[2] That is, for the payment of the *horti* which Cicero wished to buy (the *Scapulani*). See p. 270.
[3] See p. 271.

Why, I even sent a man at their bidding to make the return. For they said that that was what the law required.[1] My freedman Philotimus made the return. I believe you know my copyist. But write, and tell me too that it has been settled. I am sending a letter to Faberius as you think I ought. But with Balbus I think you have come to some arrangement in the Capitol to-day.[2]

I have no scruple about Vergilius: for I am not bound to consider him, and if I purchase, what right will he have to expostulate? But see that he is not in Africa when the time comes, like Cælius. As to the debt, please look into the matter along with Cispius: but if Plancus bids,[3] then a difficulty arises. Yes, both of us wish you to come here, but this business on which you are engaged must on no account be abandoned. I am very glad to hear you say that you hope that Otho can be outbidden. As to the assignment on valuation we will consider, as you say, when we have begun discussing terms: although he did not say a word in his letter, except about the amount of land. Yes, talk to Piso, in case he may be able to do anything. I have received Dicæarchus's book, and I am waiting for his "Descent."[4] If you will commission some one, he will find the information in the book containing the decrees of the senate in the consulship of Gnæus Cornelius and Lucius Mummius.[5] Your opinion about Tuditanus is very reasonable, that at the time that he was at the siege of Corinth—for Hortensius did not speak at random—he was quæstor or military tribune, and I rather think it was so. You will be able to ascertain from Antiochus, of course, in what year he was quæstor or military tribune. If he was neither,

[1] This seems to be the return of income (*professio*) required by the *lex Iulia municipalis* (B.C. 46). The first clause, as it is preserved, says that if a man is away from Rome, he must instruct his man of business or agent (*quei eius negotia curabit*) to make the return for him. See Bruns, *Fontes Iuris Romani*, p. 101.

[2] Reading *hodie in Capitolio*. The MSS. have *H. in Capitolio*. It refers to the return or *professio* which, according to the law, § 15, had to be entered in the public records (*in tabulas publicas referunda curato*) which were kept in the record office, the *tabularium*, at the foot of the Capitol.

[3] That is, for the *horti Scapulani*.

[4] See p. 266.

[5] B.C. 146.

hunt him up and see whether he was among the *præfecti*[1] or the *attachés*—always provided that he was engaged in that war at all.

DCXVI (A XIII, 6, § 4)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (4 JUNE)

THE Tuditanus you mention—great-grandfather of Hortensius—I was quite unacquainted with, and I had imagined it to have been the son, who at that time could not have been a *legatus*.[2] I hold it to be certain that Spurius Mummius was at Corinth. For the Spurius of our time, lately dead, frequently used to recite to me his letters written in witty verse sent to his friends from Corinth. But I feel sure he was *legatus* to his brother, not one of the ten. And, besides, I have been taught that it was not the custom of our ancestors to nominate on a commission men who were related to the imperators, as we—in our ignorance of the best principles of government, or rather from carelessness of them—sent Marcus Lucullus and Lucius Muræna and others closely connected with him as commissioners to Lucius Lucullus.[3] But it is exceedingly natural that he should have been among the first of his brother's legates. What an amount of trouble you have taken—in busying yourself with such matters as these, in clearing up my difficulties, and in being much less earnest in your own business than in mine!

[1] The *præfecti* accompanying a consul or proconsul in a province were officers of the cavalry, engineers, etc., as we have seen in vol. ii., p. 170. For the confusion between the elder and younger Tuditanus, see p. 269.

[2] Because not yet a senator.

[3] In the Mithridatic war, to organize the province of Pontus and Bithynia (B.C. 68).

DCXVII (A XIII, 8)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (8 JUNE)

I HAVE absolutely nothing to say to you. For you have only just left me, and shortly after your departure have sent me back my note-book. Please see that the accompanying packet is delivered to Vestorius, and instruct some one to inquire whether there is any land of Quintus Staterius's, on his Pompeian or Nolan properties, for sale. Please send me Brutus's epitome of the annals of Cælius; and ask Philoxenus for Panætius "On Foresight." Be sure I see you and your party on the thirteenth.

DCXVIII (A XIII, 7)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (9 JUNE)

SESTIUS came to see me yesterday and so did Theopompus. He told me that a letter had arrived from Cæsar to the effect that he was resolved to remain at Rome,[1] and that he gave as his reason the one mentioned in my letter[2]—for fear of his laws being disregarded if he were away, just as his sumptuary law had been. That is reasonable, and is what I had suspected. But one must give in to your friends, unless you think I might urge this same conclusion. He also told me that Lentulus had certainly divorced Metella. But you know all that better than I. Write back

[1] *I.e.*, instead of undertaking the Parthian war.

[2] The letter which was not sent, owing to the disapproval of Balbus and Oppius.

therefore anything you choose, so long as you write something. For at the moment I cannot think of anything you are likely to write about, unless by any chance you have seen your way at all in regard to Mustela, or have had an interview with Silius.

Brutus arrived at his Tusculan villa yesterday between four and five in the afternoon. To-day therefore he will see me, and I could have wished that you were here. I have myself given orders that he should be told that you had waited for his arrival as long as you could and would come if you were told of it, and that I would inform you at once, as I hereby do.[1]

DCXIX (F VI, 11)

TO TREBIANUS (IN EXILE)

(ROME, JUNE)

HITHERTO I have felt nothing more than a natural affection for Dolabella: I was under no obligation to him—for it never chanced to be necessary—and he was in my debt for my having stood by him in his hours of danger.[2] Now, however, I have become bound to him by so strong an obligation—for having previously in regard to your property, and on the present occasion in the matter of your recall, gratified me to the fullest possible degree—that I can owe no one more than I do him. In regard to this matter, while I warmly congratulate you, I wish you to congratulate rather than thank me. The latter I do not in the least desire, the former you will be able to do with truth. For the rest, since your high character and worth have secured

[1] Tyrrell and Purser and Mueller arrange this paragraph as a separate letter, a day later than the previous part. But there does not seem sufficient reason for departing from the ordinary arrangement. Cicero often began a letter early in the day, and added a postscript later, when anything turned up.

[2] Cicero had twice defended Dolabella (vol. ii., pp. 160-161).

your return to your family, you will be acting in a manner worthy of your wisdom and magnanimity if you forget what you have lost, and think of what you have recovered. You will be living with your family; you will be living with us; you have gained more in personal consideration than you have lost in property: though of course your recovered position would have been a greater source of pleasure to you, if there had been any constitution left. Our friend Vestorius tells me in a letter that you express very great gratitude to me. This avowal on your part is, of course, very gratifying to me, and I have nothing to say against your making it, whether to others, or by heaven! to our friend Siro:[1] for what one does one likes to have approved most by the wisest men. I desire to see you at the earliest opportunity.

DCXX (A XIII, 9)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (JUNE 17)

YOU had only just left me yesterday when Trebonius arrived and a little later Curtius—the latter merely intending to call, but he stayed on being pressed. We have Trebatius with us. Early this morning Dolabella arrived. We had much talk to a late hour in the day. I cannot exaggerate its cordial and affectionate tone. However, we came at last to the subject of Quintus.[2] He told me many things beyond words—beyond expression: but there was one of such a kind that, had it not been notorious to the whole army, I should not have ventured, I don't say to dictate to Tiro, but even to write it with my own hand. But enough of that. Very opportunely, while I had Dolabella with me Torquatus arrived; and in the kindest manner Dolabella repeated to him what I had been saying. For I had been just speaking

[1] An Epicurean philosopher (*de Fin.* 2, § 119).
[2] The younger Quintus, who was with Cæsar.

with very great earnestness in his cause,[1] an earnestness which seemed to gratify Torquatus. I am waiting to hear what news you have about Brutus. However, Nicias thinks that the matter is settled, but that the divorce[2] does not find favour.

All the more am I anxious for the same thing as you are.[3] For if any scandal has been caused, this step may put it right. I must go to Arpinum: for in the first place my small property there needs putting straight, and in the second place I fear I may not be able to leave town when once Cæsar has come, as to whose arrival Dolabella has the same opinion as you had—founded on your letter from Messalla.[4] When I have got there and ascertained what amount of business there is to do, I will write and tell you the days of my return journey.[5]

DCXXI (A XIII, 10)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (JUNE 20)

I AM not at all surprised either at your sorrow in regard to Marcellus or at your misgiving as to increased sources of danger. For who would have feared such a thing as this

[1] In urging Dolabella to stand his friend with Cæsar. Aulus Manlius Torquatus, after Pompey's defeat, had been living in exile at Athens. He appears now to have been allowed to return. See p. 235.

[2] From Claudia, to marry Porcia.

[3] *I.e.*, for the marriage with Porcia, a daughter of Cato and widow of Bibulus, a marriage which seems to have caused much excitement among the remains of the Pompeian party.

[4] Dolabella had been with Cæsar in Spain, but had come home direct, whereas Cæsar (according to Nicolas of Damascus, "Life of Augustus," c. 11-12) went with Octavius and others to Carthage to arrange for the settlement of his colony there.

[5] From Tusculum to Arpinum is about sixty miles, and it would be a two days' journey, which may possibly account for the plural *ad quos dies*, which, however, Dr. Reid would change to *quo die*; but see p. 207. Cicero was detained a considerable time at Arpinum.

—a thing that had never happened before and which nature seemed to forbid the possibility of happening? Therefore there is nothing that may not be feared.

But this is an historical slip of yours—the last person I should have expected to make it—that "I am the sole remaining consular." Why, what do you think of Servius?[1] However, this survival has of course no value of any sort—especially to me, who think that their fate is no less happy than my own. For what am I, and what influence do I possess? Is it at home or abroad? Well, if it had not occurred to me to write my poor books, I shouldn't have known what to do with myself. Yes, as you say, I think I must dedicate to Dolabella some treatise of a more general kind and more political in tone. Something certainly I must compose for him; for he is very desirous that I should do so. If Brutus takes any step,[2] pray be careful to let me know. I think he ought to do it as soon as possible, especially if he has made up his mind. He will thereby either entirely stop, or at any rate mitigate, any little talk there may be about it. For there are people who talk even to me. But he will settle these things best himself, especially if he also consults you. I intend starting on the 21st: for I have nothing to do here, nor, by Hercules! there either, or anywhere: yet there, after all, there is something. To-day I am expecting Spinther; for Brutus has sent him to me. He writes to clear Cæsar in regard to the death of Marcellus—on whom no suspicion would have fallen, even if his assassination had been the consequence of a plot. As it is, as there is no doubt whatever about Magius. Does not his madness account for the whole thing? I don't clearly understand what he means. Please explain therefore. However, for myself my only doubt is as to the cause of Magius's mad fury. Marcellus had even gone security for him. No doubt that is the true

[1] Servius Sulpicius Rufus, consul B.C. 51. Atticus must have meant that Cicero was the sole surviving consular of the militant Pompeian party. For several ex-consuls were still surviving. See a list of such consulars dead by B.C. 44 in 2 *Phil.* § 12. But perhaps, after all, he used the expression with that kind of careless exaggeration apt to rise to the lips at a sudden shock, such as the news of the assassination of Marcellus, and Cicero takes it too literally.

[2] About his marriage with Porcia.

explanation—he was insolvent. I suppose he had asked some indulgence from Marcellus, who—as was his way—had answered him somewhat decidedly.

DCXXII (A XIII, 11)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM, 22 JUNE

"NOT the same look."[1] I thought I shouldn't mind. It was quite the reverse, when I found myself more widely separated from you. But I had to do it, both in order to settle the small rents of my properties, and to avoid burdening Brutus with the necessity of shewing me attention. For at a future time we shall be able to keep up our acquaintance at Tusculum on easier terms. But at the present juncture, when he wanted to see me every day and I could not go to him,[2] he was losing all enjoyment of his Tusculan villa. Please therefore write and tell me whether Servilia[3] has arrived, whether Brutus has taken any decided step, even if he has determined on doing so, and when he starts to

[1] *οὐ ταὐτὸν εἶδος.* Cicero, as usual, expects Atticus to fill up any well-known quotation. It is from Euripides, *Ion*, 585:

οὐ ταὐτὸν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων
πρόσωθεν ὄντων, ἔγγυθεν θ' ὁρωμένων.

"Not the same look wear things when far removed
As when beneath our eyes and close at hand."

[2] Why not? It may refer to the morning call or *salutatio*. Cicero even in the country was accustomed to receive many guests at it, and perhaps as a *consularis* it was not etiquette for him to go to levées of men of lower official rank, and Brutus had as yet held no curule office. We may remember that Juvenal notices it as a corruption of his period that a prætor is seen at such a levée. Visiting later in the day was not usual except by intimate friends, and Cicero, when he paid a visit to Pompey in the evening, thinks it necessary to offer an explanation (vol. i., p. 223). He always seems to dislike the interruption of late visitors.

[3] The mother of Brutus.

meet Cæsar—anything in fact that I ought to know. If you can, call on Piso:[1] you see how pressing it is.[2] Yet only if it is no inconvenience to you.

DCXXIII (A XIII, 12)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (23 JUNE)

YOUR letters about our dear Attica stung me to the heart. However, they also healed the wound. For the fact that you consoled yourself in the same letter gave me sufficient assurance to alleviate my distress. You have given my speech for Ligarius[3] a famous start. Henceforth, whenever I write anything, I shall intrust the advertising to you. As to what you say in your letter about Varro, you are aware that heretofore my speeches and writings of that nature have been composed in a way that made the introduction anywhere of Varro impossible. But when I began these more literary works, Varro had already announced to me a dedication of an important treatise. Two years have passed, and that "Callippides,"[4] though perpetually on the move, has not advanced a yard. I, on the other hand, am preparing to return anything he sent me, "measure and all and even better"—if I had but the power: for even Hesiod adds the proviso "if you can."[5] As things stand at present

[1] A money-lender.

[2] Because the *horti Scapulani* were soon to be sold, and money would be wanted.

[3] Delivered in B.C. 46 before Cæsar at his house in defence of Q. Ligarius, accused of *maiestas*.

[4] Callippides appears to have been someone who, like Mr. Pecksniff's horse, made a great show but did little; but whether he was an actor or a runner seems uncertain.

[5] Hesiod, "W. and D." 347:

> εὖ μὲν μετρεῖσθαι παρὰ γείτονος, εὖ δ' ἀποδοῦναι
> αὐτῷ τῷ μέτρῳ καὶ λώιον αἴκε δύνηαι.

"From neighbour take full measure, and pay him back no lower,
Measure and all or better still, if thou but hast the power."

I have plighted to Brutus, as you advised, my treatise *de Finibus*, of which I think very highly, and you wrote to say that he was not unwilling to accept it. So let us transfer to Varro my *Academica*, in which the speakers are men of rank, as far as that goes, but being in no respect men of learning are made to speak with a subtlety beyond them. It contains the doctrines of Antiochus, with which he is in full agreement.[1] I will make it up to Catulus and Lucullus in some other work. However, this depends on your approval, so pray write me an answer on this point.

I have had a letter from Vestorius about the auction of Brinnius's estate. He says that the direction of the business has been unanimously confided to me [2]—they presumed evidently that I should be at Rome or at Tusculum on the 24th of June. Please therefore speak to my co-heir, your friend Spurius Vettius, or to our friend Labeo, to put off the auction a short time, and say that I shall be at Tusculum about the 7th of July. Yes, please settle with Piso. You have Eros with you. Let us give our whole minds to Scapula's pleasure-grounds. The day is close at hand.

DCXXIV (A XIII, 13)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (24 JUNE)

UNDER the influence of your letter—because you wrote to me on the subject of Varro—I have taken my *Academica*

[1] The first edition of the *Academica* was in two books, and the chief speakers were Catulus and Lucullus. It was afterwards arranged in four books, in which Varro takes the chief part in the dialogues. Antiochus of Ascalon was lecturing at Athens when Cicero was there in B.C. 79. He had also been a friend of Lucullus. His school is sometimes called the "Fifth Academy," approaching nearer to Stoicism and receding from the full scepticism of the New Academy.

[2] That is, as Manutius explains, Cicero has been named *magister auctionis* by his co-heirs, *i.e.*, he is to direct the realization and distribution of the estate.

bodily from men of the highest rank and transferred it to our friend and contemporary. I have also rearranged it so as to form four books instead of two.[1] They certainly have a more imposing effect than the previous edition, yet after all a good deal has been cut out. But I should much like you to write and tell me how you discovered that he wished it. This much at any rate I long to know—of whom you perceived him to have been jealous: unless perchance it was Brutus! By heaven, that's the last straw! However, I should be glad to know. The books themselves have left my hands—unless I am deceived by the usual author's self-love—so well elaborated, that there is nothing on the subject even among Greek writers to be compared with them. Pray do not be annoyed at your own loss in having had the treatise on the Academics now in your hands copied out in vain.[2] This second edition, after all, will be much more brilliant, concise, and better. In these circumstances, however, I don't know which way to turn. I wish to satisfy Dolabella's earnest desire. I don't see my way to anything, and at the same time "I fear the Trojans."[3] Now, even if I do hit on something, shall I be able to escape adverse criticism? I must therefore be idle or strike out some other kind of subject.

But why concern ourselves about these trivialities? Pray tell me how my dear Attica is. She causes me deep anxiety. But I pore over your letter again and again: I find comfort in it. Nevertheless, I wait anxiously for a fresh one.

[1] For this second edition of the *Academica*, see last letter. Cicero cannot mean that he effected the change in one day. He must refer to an old letter of Atticus.

[2] The first edition in two books, which Atticus's *librarii* had been copying.

[3] *I.e.*, public opinion, as often (see vol. i., p. 90, etc.). He could not dedicate anything with a political tinge in it to Dolabella—a Cæsarian—without being criticised by his own friends.

DCXXV (A XIII, 14)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (25 JUNE)

BRINNIUS'S freedman—my co-heir—has written to tell me that the joint heirs wish, if I am willing, that he and Sabinus Albius should come to see me. I won't have that at any price: the inheritance isn't worth it. Nevertheless they will be easily able to be present at the day of the sale—it is on the 9th of July—if they meet me at my Tusculan villa on the morning of the 6th. But if they wish to postpone the day of sale farther, they can do so for two or three days, or any time they choose. It makes no difference. Therefore, unless these gentlemen have started, please keep them from doing so. If any more news about Brutus or about Cæsar has come to your knowledge, pray write and tell me.

I should like you again and again to consider the question as to whether you think what I have written [1] should be sent to Varro. Although it is not altogether without interest to yourself personally; for let me tell you that you have been put in as a third interlocutor in that dialogue. In my opinion, then, we ought to think the matter over. Though the names have been entered, they can be crossed out or changed.

DCXXVI (A XIII, 15)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (26 JUNE)

PRAY let me know how our dear Attica is. For this is the third day since I received any letter from you. I am not

[1] The *Academica*.

surprised at that, for no one has come here; and there was perhaps no reason for sending. Accordingly, I have not anything to write about. But on the day on which I give this letter to Valerius I am expecting one of my men. If he arrives and brings anything from you, I see that I shall have no lack of subject-matter for a letter.

DCXXVII (A XIII, 16)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (27 JUNE)

THOUGH my object was to find streams[1] and solitary spots, in order the easier to keep up my spirits, I have not as yet stirred a foot outside my villa: so violent and persistent is the rain which we are having. The "Academic treatise" I have transferred bodily to Varro. At one time it was in the mouths of Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius. Next, as there seemed a lack of appropriateness in that, because those men were notoriously, I don't say ill-educated, but unversed in those particular subjects, immediately upon my arrival at the villa I transferred the same discourses to Cato and Brutus. Then came your letter about Varro. The argument of Antiochus seemed to suit him better than anyone else. Yet, after all, I should like you to write and say, first, whether you wish me to dedicate anything to him, and if so, whether this particular treatise.

What about Servilia? Has she yet arrived? Brutus, too, is he taking any steps, and when?[2] About Cæsar, what news? I shall arrive by the 7th of July, as I said. Yes, come to a settlement with Piso, if you can.

[1] The Fibrenus and Liris (Horace's *taciturnus amnis*).

[2] About the marriage with Porcia, which his mother Servilia—a close friend of Cæsar—would probably oppose.

DCXXVIII (A XIII, 17 AND 18)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM, 28 JUNE

I WAS expecting some news from Rome on the 27th, so I could wish that you had given your men some message.[1] As you have not, I have only the same questions to ask as before: What is Brutus doing? Or, if he has already taken any step, is there any news from Cæsar? But why talk of these things which I care less about? What I *am* anxious to know is how Attica is. Though your letter—which however is now rather out of date—bids me hope for the best, yet I am anxious for something recent. You see what advantage there is in our being near each other. By all means let us get suburban pleasure-grounds: we seemed to be conversing with each other when I was in my Tusculan villa—so frequent was the interchange of letters. But that at least will soon be the case again. Meanwhile, acting on your hint, I have completed some books—really quite clever ones — addressed to Varro. Nevertheless I await your answer to what I wrote to you: first, how you learnt that he wanted something of the sort from me, since he has never, for all his extraordinary literary activity, addressed a line to me: secondly, of whom he was jealous, unless I am to think it to be Brutus. For if he is not jealous of him, much less can he be so of Hortensius or of the interlocutors in the *de Republica*. I should like you to make this quite clear to me: especially whether you abide by your opinion that I should send him what I have written, or whether you think it unnecessary. But of this when we meet.

[1] The reading is very doubtful (*imperasses vellem igitur aliquid tuis*). Klotz (Teubner text) has *non quo imperassem tuis*, which would mean, "not that I had given your messengers any orders." Mueller (the new Teubner text) *imperassem igitur aliquid tuis*. The MSS. have *non imperassem*.

DCXXIX (A XIII, 19)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM, 29 JUNE

HILARUS the copyist had just left me on the 28th, to whom I had delivered a letter for you, when your letter-carrier arrived with yours dated the day before: in which the sentence that pleased me most was, "Our dear Attica begs you not to be cast down," and that in which you say that all danger is over. To my speech for Ligarius I see that your authority has served as an excellent advertisement. For Balbus and Oppius have written to say that they like it extremely, and have therefore sent that poor little speech to Cæsar. So this is what you meant by what you wrote to me before. As to Varro, I should not be influenced by the motive you mention, that is, to avoid being thought fond of great men—for my principle has always been not to include any living person among the interlocutors of my dialogues. But as you say that it is desired by Varro and that he will value it highly, I have composed the books and finished a complete review of the whole Academic philosophy in four books—how well I can't say, but with a minute care which nothing could surpass. In them the arguments so brilliantly deduced by Antiochus against the doctrine of ἀκαταλῆψία (impossibility of attaining certainty) I have assigned to Varro. To them I answer in person. You are the third personage in our conversation. If I had represented Cotta and Varro as keeping up the argument, according to the suggestion contained in your last letter, I should have been myself a *persona muta*. This is often the case with graceful effect in ancient *dramatis personæ*—for instance, Heraclides did it in many of his dialogues, and so did I in the six books of the *de Republica*. So again in my three books *de Oratore* with which I am fully satisfied. In these too the persons represented are of such a character that silence on my part was natural. For the speakers are

Antonius, the veteran Catulus, Gaius Iulius, the brother of Catulus, Cotta, and Sulpicius. The conversation is represented as taking place when I was a mere boy, so that I could have no part in it. On the other hand, my writings in the present period follow the Aristotelian fashion—the conversation of the other characters is so represented as to leave him the leading part. My five books *de Finibus* were so arranged as to give L. Torquatus the Epicurean arguments, Marcus Cato the Stoic, Marcus Piso the Peripatetic. I thought that could rouse no jealousy, as all those persons were dead. This new work *Academica*, as you know, I had divided between Catulus, Lucullus, and Hortensius. It was quite inappropriate to their characters: for it was more learned than anything they would appear likely to have ever dreamed of. Accordingly, I no sooner read your letter about Varro than I caught at the idea as a godsend. For there could be nothing more appropriate than Varro to that school of philosophy, in which he appears to me to take the greatest pleasure, and that my part should be such as to avoid the appearance of having arranged to give my side of the argument the superiority. For in fact the arguments of Antiochus are very convincing. As carefully translated by me they retain all the acuteness of Antiochus, with the polish peculiar to the language of our countrymen—if there is indeed any such to be found in me. But pray consider carefully whether I ought to present these books to Varro. Certain objections occur to me—but of those when we meet.

DCXXX (A XIII, 21, §§ 4-7)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (JUNE 30)

Now just tell me—do you think it right, to begin with, to publish at all without an order from me? Hermodorus himself used not to do that—the man who made a practice of circulating Plato's books, whence came the line: "In

note-books Hermodorus makes his gain."[1] And again: do you think it right to shew it to anyone before Brutus, to whom, on your advice, I dedicate it? For Balbus has written to tell me that you have allowed him to take a copy of the fifth book of the *de Finibus*, in which, though I have not made very many alterations, yet I have made some. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will keep back the other books, so that Balbus may not have what is uncorrected, and Brutus what is stale. But enough of that, lest I seem "to make a fuss about trifles."[2] Yet, in the present circumstances, these things are of the utmost consequence in my eyes. For what else is there to care about? What I have written[3] I am in such haste to send to Varro, as you advise, that I have already despatched it to Rome to be copied out. This you shall have at once, if you so wish. For I have written to tell the copyists that your men should have permission to make a copy of them if you chose. Please, however, keep it to yourself till I see you, as you always do with the greatest care when you have been told by me to do so. But how did it escape me to tell you? Cærellia—wonderfully inflamed no doubt by a zeal for philosophy—is taking a copy from yours: she already has those very books of the *de Finibus*. Now I assure you —though I am mortal and fallible—that she did not get them from mine, for they have never been out of my sight: and so far from my men having made two copies, they scarcely completed one copy of each book. However, I don't charge your men with any dereliction of duty, and so I would have you think: for I omitted to say that I did not wish them to get abroad yet. Dear me! what a time I am talking about trifles! The fact is, I have nothing to say on business. About Dolabella I agree with you. Yes, I will meet my co-heirs, as you suggest, at my Tusculan villa. As to Cæsar's arrival, Balbus writes to say that it will not be before the 1st of August. I am very glad to hear about Attica, that her attack is lighter and less serious, and that

[1] Hermodorus, a pupil of Plato, was said to have made money in Sicily by selling his master's discourses, which he had taken down. Cicero, as usual, does not give the whole quotation: λόγοισιν Ἑρμόδωρος ἐμπορεύεται.

[2] περὶ μικρὰ σπουδάζειν.

[3] The *Academica*, second edition.

she bears it cheerfully. You mention that idea of ours, in which I am as earnest as yourself. As far as my knowledge goes, I strongly approve of the man, the family, and the fortune. What is most important of all, though I don't know him personally, I hear nothing but good of him, among others recently from Scrofa. We may add, if that is of any consequence, that he is better born even than his father. Therefore when we meet I will talk about it, and with a predisposition in favour of him. I may add that I am—as I think you know—with good reason attached to his father, and have been so for a long time past, more even than not only you but even he himself is aware.[1]

DCXXXI (F IX, 22)

TO L. PAPIRIUS PÆTUS (AT NAPLES)

(ROME, JULY ?)

I LIKE modesty in language: you prefer plain speaking.[2] The latter I know was the doctrine of Zeno, a man by heaven! of keen insight, though our Academy had a serious quarrel with him. However, as I say, the Stoic doctrine is to call everything by its right name.[3] They argue as follows: nothing is obscene, nothing unfit to be expressed: for if there is anything disgraceful in obscenity, it consists either in the thing meant or in the word: there is no third alternative. Now it is not in the thing meant. Accordingly, in tragedies as well as in comedies there is no concealment.

[1] What all this refers to we cannot be sure. Possibly it is to a proposed husband for Attica, who eventually married the great minister of Augustus—M. Vipsanius Agrippa. But she was only about ten years old.

[2] Reading *Amo verecundiam, tu potius libertatem loquendi.* The MS. reading *vel potius*, etc., might be explained if *libertatem* could mean "freedom from the constraint of *double entendre*," as if Cicero had meant "I like a modest and simple use of language without suggestiveness." But it is very difficult.

[3] In the *de Off.* i. § 127-128, Cicero attributes this to the Cynics or Stoics, who were almost Cynics, and expresses disapproval of it.

For comedy, take the character in the *Demiurgus*:[1] you know the monologue beginning "Lately by chance," and you remember how Roscius recited, "So naked has she left me": the whole speech is covert in language, in meaning is very immodest. As for tragedy, what do you say to this: "The woman who"—notice the expression—"uses more than one bed." Or again, "He dared intrude upon her bed, Pheres." Or again:

> "A virgin I, and sheer against my will
> Did Iuppiter achieve his end by force."[2]

"Achieve his end" is a decent way of putting it; and yet it means the same as a coarser word, which however no one would have endured. You see then that though the thing meant is the same, yet, because the words are not so, there is thought to be no impropriety. Therefore obscenity is not in the thing meant: much less is it in the expressions. For if the thing meant by a word is not improper, the word which signifies it cannot be improper. For instance, you call the *anus* by another name; why not by its own? If mention of it is improper, don't mention it even under another name. If not, do so for choice by its own. The ancients called a tail a *penis;* whence comes the word *penicillus* ("paint-brush"), from its similarity in appearance. Nowadays *penis* is regarded as an obscene word. "But," you will say, "the famous Piso Frugi in his 'Annals' complains of young men being given up to lust (*peni*)." What you call in your letter by its own name, he, with more reserve, calls *penis*. Yes; but it is because many use the word in that sense that it has become as obscene as the word you used. Again, suppose we use the common phrase: "When we (*cum nos*) desired to visit you"—does that suggest obscenity? I remember once in the senate an eloquent consular expressing himself thus:

[1] A comedy of Sextus Turpilius (died about B.C. 101). We have no clue to the context of the words, though the few fragments of the play (Ribbeck, p. 78) shew that a *meretrix* was an important character in it.

[2] It is not known from what tragedies these scraps are taken (Ribbeck, *Trg. fragm.*, p. 217). Cicero quotes the first as from Accius in *Orator*, § 156.

"Am I to say that this or that is the greater culpability?" Could it have been expressed more obscenely?[1] "Not so," you say, "for he did not mean it in that sense." Therefore obscenity does not consist in the word used: I have shewn that it does not do so in the thing meant: therefore it does not exist anywhere. How entirely decent is the expression: "To exert oneself for children"? Even fathers beg their sons to do so, though they do not venture to mention the name of the "exertion." Socrates was taught the lyre by a very famous musician named Connus: do you think the name obscene? When we use the numeral *terni*, there is no suggestion of obscenity: but if I speak of *bini*, there is. "Only to Greeks,"[2] you will say. That shews that there is nothing obscene in a word, for I know Greek and yet use the word *bini* to you; and you assume that I am speaking Greek and not Latin. Again, we may speak without impropriety of "rue" (*ruta*) and "mint" (*menta*); but if I wish to use the diminutive of *menta* (*mentula*)—as one can perfectly well use that of *ruta* (*rutula*)—that is a forbidden word. So we may, without a breach of good manners, use the diminutive of *tectoria* (*tectoriola*); but if you try to do the same with *pavimenta* (*pavimentula*), you find yourself pulled up. Don't you see, then, that these are nothing but empty distinctions? That impropriety exists neither in word nor thing, and therefore is non-existent?

The fact is that we introduce obscene meaning into words in themselves pure. For instance, is not the word *divisio* beyond reproach? Yet in it there is a word (*visium* or *visio*, "a stench") which may have an improper meaning, to which the last syllables of the word *intercapedo* (*pedo* πέρδω) correspond. Are we, therefore, to regard these words as obscene? Again, we make a ridiculous distinction: if we say, "So-and-so strangled his father," we don't prefix any apologetic word. But if we use the word of Aurelia or Lollia we must use such an apology. Nay, more, words that are not obscene have come to be considered so. The word "grind," he says, is shameful; much more the

[1] The first syllable of *culpam* perhaps suggested *culleus*, the scrotum; *illam dicam* might produce *laudica*, the clitoris. But it is very far-fetched.

[2] From the Greek βινεῖν.

word "knead." And yet neither is obscene. The world is full of fools. *Testes* is quite a respectable word in a court of law: elsewhere not too much so. Again, "Lanuvinian bags" is a decent phrase; not so "bags" of Cliternum.

Again, can the same thing be at one time decent, at another indecent? Suppose a man to break wind—it is an outrage on decency. Presently he will be in a bath naked, and you will have no fault to find. Here's your Stoic decision—"The wise man will call a spade a spade."

What a long commentary on a single word of yours! I am pleased that you have no scruple in saying anything to me. For my own part I maintain and shall maintain Plato's modesty: and accordingly, in my letter to you, I have expressed in veiled language what the Stoics express in the broadest: for they say that breaking wind should be as free as a hiccough. All honour then to the Kalends of March![1] Love me and keep yourself well.

DCXXXII (A XIII, 20)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (2 JULY)

I HAVE received a letter of consolation from Cæsar, dated 31st of May, at Hispalis.[2] I did not understand the nature of the bill published for extending the boundaries of the city: I should much like to know about it.[3] I am glad that Torquatus is satisfied with what I have done for him, and I will not cease adding to those services. To the speech for Ligarius it is not now either possible to add a clause about

[1] The *Matronalia*, the feast of the matrons, when special respect was paid to women.

[2] The modern Seville on the Guadalquivir.

[3] It was proposed to divert the Tiber so as to include part of the Vatican district. See p. 300.

Tubero's wife and step-daughter[1]—for the speech is by this time very widely known—nor do I wish to annoy Tubero: for he is astonishingly sensitive. You certainly had a good audience! For my part, though I get on very comfortably in this place, I nevertheless long to see you. So I shall be with you as I arranged. I suppose you have met my brother. I am therefore anxious to know what you said to him. As to "reputation," I am not at all inclined to trouble myself, though I did say foolishly in that letter that it was "better than anything else." For it is not a thing for me to be anxious about. And don't you see how truly philosophical this sentiment is—"that every man is bound not to depart a nail's breadth from the strict path of conscience"? Do you think that it is all for nothing that I am now engaged in these compositions?[2] I would not have you feel distressed by that remark, which amounted to nothing. For I return to the same point again. Do you suppose that I care for anything in the whole question except not to be untrue to my past? I am striving, forsooth, to maintain my reputation in the courts! Not in them I trust! I only wish I could bear my home sorrows as easily as I can disregard *that!* But do you think that I had set my heart on something that has not been accomplished? Self-praise is no commendation: still, though I cannot fail to approve of what I did then,[3] yet I can with a good grace refrain from troubling myself about it, as in fact I do. But I have said too much on a trivial subject.

[1] Q. Ælius Tubero prosecuted Ligarius; we know nothing of his wife and step-daughter, or how it was proposed to bring them into the speech.

[2] The *Academica* and the *de Finibus*. Cicero means that his philosophical studies are not merely theoretical—they affect his view of life and of the value of fame.

[3] *I.e.*, in the earlier part of his career, especially in the consulship.

DCXXXIII (A XIII, 22)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ARPINUM (4 JULY)

As to Varro, I had my reasons for being so particular to ascertain your opinion. Certain objections occur to me, but of them when we meet. For yourself, I have introduced your name with the greatest possible pleasure, and I shall do it still more frequently; for from your last letter I have for the first time satisfied myself that you are not unwilling that it should be so. About Marcellus,[1] Cassius had written to me before; Servius sent details. What a melancholy thing! To return to my subject. There are no hands in which I would rather my writings were than yours: but I wish them not to be published before we both agree upon doing so. For my part, I absolve your copyists from all blame, nor do I find any fault with you; and yet, after all, what I mentioned in a previous letter was a breach of this understanding —that Cærellia had certain of my writings which she could only have had from you. As for Balbus, I quite understand that it was necessary to gratify him: only I don't like either Brutus being given anything stale, or Balbus anything unfinished. I will send it to Varro as soon as I see you, if you approve. Why I have hesitated about it, however, I will tell you when we meet. I fully approve of your calling in the money from the debtors assigned to me. I am sorry that you are being troubled about Ovia's estate. It is a great nuisance about our friend Brutus: but such is life! The ladies, however, don't shew very good feeling in their hostile attitude to each other—though both of them do all that propriety requires.[2] There was nothing in the possession of

[1] See p. 273.

[2] Reading *utraque*. By adopting Onelli's *in utraque*, Brutus is made the nominative to *pareat*, and Porcia and Servilia are made to be jealous of each other's hold on the affections of Brutus. I think this too recondite, and that the passage has been misunderstood. Brutus

my secretary Tullius for you to demand: if there had been I would have instructed you to do so. The fact is that he holds no money that was set apart for the vow, though there is something of mine in his hands. That sum I have resolved to transfer to this purchase. So we were both right—I in telling you where it was, he in denying it to you. But let us at once pounce upon this very money also. In the case of a shrine for human beings I don't think well of a grove, because it is not much frequented: yet there is something to say for it. However, this point too shall be settled in accordance with your opinion, as everything else is. I shall come to town the day I fixed: and I hope to heaven you will come the same day. But if anything prevents you —for a hundred things may do so—at any rate the next day. Why, think of the co-heirs, and of my being left to their tender mercies without your cunning! This is the second letter I have had without a word about Attica. However, I put a very hopeful construction on that. I don't lay the blame on you, but on her, that there isn't so much as a "kind regards." However, give my kindest, both to her and Pilia, and don't in spite of all hint that I am angry. I am sending you Cæsar's letter, in case you have not read it.

DCXXXIV (A XIII, 33, §§ 4, 5)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (9 JULY)

WE were talking of Varro . . . talk of a wolf, you know.[1] For he arrived at my house, and at such an hour of the day

has married or is going to marry Porcia, daughter of Cato and widow of Bibulus. Naturally the Cæsarians thought it a dangerous alliance, and especially his mother Servilia—the warm friend and perhaps mistress of Cæsar. Cicero says that it is a pity the two ladies are unfriendly to each other, but, he adds, they keep up appearances and do all that their respective positions demand.

[1] Like our "talk of the devil." But I don't know what the fable alluded to is.

that he had to be kept.[1] But I didn't quite "tear his cloak"[2] in my efforts to keep him (for I remember that expression of yours), and they were a large party and I was not prepared. How did that help me? Soon after came Gaius Capito with Titus Carrinas. I hardly laid a finger on *their* cloaks; yet they stopped, and very *à propos* (though by chance) Capito fell to talking about the enlargement of the city: the Tiber is to be diverted, starting from the Milvian bridge along the Vatican Hills: the Campus Martius is to be covered with buildings; while the Vatican plain is to become a kind of new Campus Martius. "What do you say?" said I, "why, I was going to the auction, to secure Scapula's pleasure-grounds if I could safely do so." "Don't do anything of the sort," said he, "for the law will be carried.[3] Cæsar wishes it."[4] I didn't betray any annoyance at the information, but I am annoyed at the scheme. What do you say to it? But I needn't ask: you know what a quidnunc Capito is, always finding some mare's nest: he is as bad as Camillus.[5] So let me know about the 15th:[6] for it is that business which is bringing me to Rome: I had combined some other pieces of business with it, which, however, I shall be easily able to do two or three days later. However, I don't want you to be tired out with travelling: I even excuse Dionysius. As to what you say in your letter about Brutus, I have left him quite free to do as he likes as far as I am concerned: for I wrote yesterday to tell him that I had no occasion for his assistance on the 15th.

[1] *I.e.*, to dinner.

[2] Both German and French have equivalent expressions; but I do not know of any in English. I agree with Dr. Reid in referring this proverb to a remark of Atticus which Cicero remembered.

[3] This scheme was never carried out, though both Dio (43, 58) and Aulus Gellius (13, 14) say that Cæsar did enlarge the *pomœrium*.

[4] The *horti Scapulæ* which Cicero wanted to buy seem to be included in the new district that Cæsar meant to make into a *Campus Martius*, and so Cicero would have been obliged to surrender them, probably at a loss. See p. 296.

[5] C. Furius Camillus. He was an authority on property law (vol. ii., p. 237).

[6] The day of the auction of Scapula's *horti*.

DCXXXV (A XIII, 23)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 10 JULY

YOUR morning letter of yesterday I answered at once. I will now answer your evening letter. I had rather that Brutus had asked me to come to Rome. For it would have been fairer, considering that a journey both unexpected and long was before him. And, by heaven! nowadays, as the state of our feelings forbids our getting on frankly together —for I certainly need not tell you what constitutes being "good company"—I should be glad if our meeting were at Rome rather than at Tusculum.

The books dedicated to Varro[1] won't be long delayed. They are completed, as you have seen. There only remains the correction of the mistakes of the copyists. About these books you know that I had some hesitation, but I leave it to you. Also those I am dedicating to Brutus[2] the copyists have in hand. Yes, as you say in your letter, get my business through. However, Trebatius says that everybody makes that rebate you mention; what, then, do you suppose those fellows will do?[3] You know the gang. So settle the affair without any friction. You'd scarcely believe how indifferent I am about such things. I solemnly declare to you, and pray believe me, that those trumpery properties are more a bore than a pleasure to me. For I grieve more at not having anyone to whom to transmit them than at being in want of

[1] The *Academica*. [2] The *de Finibus*.

[3] By the Iulian law, passed at the end of B.C. 49, mortgagers were not only allowed to satisfy their creditors by handing over property valued at the market price before the civil war, but were also authorized to deduct the amount of interest paid. It was only meant as a temporary measure to meet a temporary crisis, but Cicero says that of course his debtors will take advantage of it. For *nosti domum* Dr. Reid proposes *nosti dominum*: "You know their master (Cæsar), like master, like man." Tyrrell explains: "You know the house"—*i.e.*, the house to be sold.

immediate cash.[1] And so Trebatius says that he told you. Now perhaps you were afraid that I should be sorry to hear your report. That was like your kindness, but believe me I am now quite indifferent about those things. Wherefore devote your energies to these conferences: get your knife well in and finish the business. When talking to Polla consider that you are talking with that fellow Scæva,[2] and don't imagine that men who are accustomed to try to lay hands on what is not owed to them will abate anything that is. Only see that they keep their day, and even as to that be easy with them.

DCXXXVI (F V, 9)

P. VATINIUS[3] TO CICERO (AT ROME)

NARONA, 11 JULY

VATINIUS *imperator* to his friend Cicero greeting. If you are well, I am glad. I and the army are well. If you keep up your old habit of pleading causes for the defence, Publius Vatinius presents himself as a client and wishes a case pleaded on his behalf. You will not, I presume, repulse a man when in office, whom you accepted when in danger. While for myself, whom should I select or call upon in preference to one whose defence taught me how to win?

[1] It seems a harsh thing of Cicero to look upon his son—though he had given him some trouble—as already unworthy to be his heir. Young Marcus was now at Athens, though he had wished to join Cæsar's army in Spain. See p. 144.

[2] A well-known centurion and favourite of Cæsar. Nothing is known of Polla, and Dr. Reid suggests *Balbo*—for Cicero has before suggested talking to Balbus on the debt due by Faberius. On the other hand, Cicero is putting forward these names as of men harsh and barely honest: while of Balbus he generally speaks respectfully. The reading of the paragraph is very doubtful, and probably there are several corruptions.

[3] For Cicero's previous relations with Vatinius, see vol. i., pp. 219, 311, *sq.*

Should I have any fear that he, who in support of my political existence disregarded the coalition of the most powerful men in the state, will fail to hunt down and crush beneath your feet the slanders and jealousies of a set of malignant nobodies? Wherefore, if you retain your old affection for me, undertake me bodily, and look upon this burden and service to whatever it may amount, as what you are bound to undertake and support on behalf of my political position. You know that my success is such as somehow or other easily to find detractors—not, by heaven! from any fault of my own: but what does that matter, if nevertheless by some fatality it does happen? If it turns out that there is anyone who desires to prevent the compliment being paid me,[1] I beg you to let me count upon your usual good feeling to defend me in my absence. I append for your perusal an exact copy of my despatch to the senate on the result of my operations. I am told that your slave—the runaway reader—is with the Vardæi.[2] You gave me no instructions about him;[3] I, however, gave orders by anticipation that he should be hunted down by land and sea, and I shall certainly find him for you, unless he has escaped to Dalmatia,[4] and even thence I will extract him sooner or later. Be sure you maintain your affection for me. Good-bye.

11 July, Narona.

[1] Of a *supplicatio* for successes in Illyricum.

[2] The Vardæi or Ardiæi were a tribe living south of the Naro, on which Narona stands. They had been subdued in B.C. 135 by Fulvius Flaccus, but were probably imperfectly obedient (Livy, *Ep.* 56).

[3] Cicero had asked Vatinius's predecessor, Sulpicius Rufus, to see after Dionysius in the previous year (see Letter DXXVIII, p. 172), but apparently had not written to Vatinius on the subject.

[4] That is, apparently, into the interior; for Narona is in Dalmatia in one interpretation of the term.

DCXXXVII (A XIII, 24 AND 25, § 1)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (11 JULY)

WHAT is this about Hermogenes Clodius having said that Andromenes told him that he had seen my son at Corcyra? I supposed that you must have heard it. Didn't he then give any letter even to him? Or didn't he see him? Pray therefore let me know. What answer am I to give you about Varro? You have the four parchment rolls in your hands: whatever you do I shall approve. It isn't after all a case of "fearing the Trojans."[1] Why should I? But I am more afraid of his own disapprobation of the business. But since you undertake it—I shall sleep on both ears.[2]

About the "abatement" I have answered your full and careful letter. Please therefore settle the business, and that too without hesitation or reserve. This ought and must be done.

DCXXXVIII (F IX, 6)

TO M. TARENTIUS VARRO (*With a copy of the Academica*)

TUSCULUM (JULY 11 ?)

To demand a gift, even if a man has promised it,[3] is more than even a nation will generally do, unless under great

[1] *I.e.*, public opinion, as often. See vol. i., p. 90, etc.

[2] *In alteram aurem*, a proverb for undisturbed sleep, and so a quiet mind. It is used by Terence (*Haut.* 342), Plautus (*Pseud.* i. 1, 121), and Pliny (*Ep.* iv. 29). It was a Greek proverb also: ἐπ' ἀμφότερα τὰ ὦτα καθεύδειν (*Pollux*, ii. 84). It is also French: *dormir sur les deux oreilles*. I don't know of any English equivalent, but there is the converse, "to sleep with one eye (or ear) open."

[3] Varro had promised to dedicate some work to Cicero. See p. 289.

provocation: nevertheless I have so much looked forward to your present that I venture to remind you of it, though not to press for it. So I have sent you four reminders who are not afflicted with excessive modesty: for you know how brazen-faced the New Academy is. Accordingly, I am sending ambassadors enlisted from its ranks, who I fear may by chance lodge a demand, though I have only commissioned them to ask a favour. I have been waiting in fact for a long time now, and have been holding back, so as not to address any work to you before I had received something from you, in order that I might repay you as nearly as possible in your own coin. But as you were somewhat slow in doing it—that is, as I construe it, somewhat unusually careful—I could not refrain from making manifest by such literary composition as I was capable of producing the union of our tastes and affections. I have therefore composed a dialogue purposing to be held between us in my villa at Cumæ, Pomponius being there also. I have assigned to you the doctrines of Antiochus, which I thought I understood to have your approval; I have taken those of Philo for myself. I imagine that when you read it you will be surprised at our holding a conversation, which we never did hold; but you know the usual method of dialogues. At some future time, my dear Varro, we shall—if such is your pleasure—have many a long conversation of our own also. It may perhaps be some time hence: but let the fortune of the state excuse the past; it is our business to secure this ourselves. And oh! that we might pursue these studies together in a time of tranquillity and with the constitution established on some basis, which if not good may be at any rate definitely fixed! Though in that case there would be other calls upon us—honourable responsibilities and political activities. As things are now, however, what is there to induce us to live without these studies? In my eyes indeed, even with them, it is barely worth while: when they are withdrawn, not even so much as that. But of this when we meet, and often hereafter. I hope your change of houses and new purchase may turn out everything you can desire. I think you were quite right to make them. Be careful of your health.

DCXXXIX (A XIII, 25, §§ 2 AND 3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 12 JULY

ABOUT Andromenes, I thought what you say was the case. For you would have known and told me. Yet your letter is so full of Brutus, that you don't say a word about yourself. But when do you think he is coming? For I intend to arrive in Rome on the 14th. I meant in my letter to tell Brutus—but since you say that you have read it, I was not perhaps quite clear—that I understood from your letter that he did not wish me to come to Rome now out of compliment as it were to himself. But since my arrival in town is now approaching, pray take care that the Ides (the 15th)[1] don't prevent him from being at Tusculum if that suits his convenience. For I am not likely to want him at the auction. In a business of that kind why are you not sufficient by yourself? But I do want him at the making of my will. This, however, I wish to be on another day, that I may not appear to have come to Rome for that express purpose. I have written to Brutus, therefore, to say that there was not the occasion for his presence on the 15th, which I had contemplated. So I should like you to direct the whole of this business in such a way as to prevent our inconveniencing Brutus in any particular, however small.

But pray, why in the world are you in such a fright at my bidding you send the books to Varro at your own risk? Even at this eleventh hour, if you have any doubt, let me know. Nothing can be more finished than they are. I want Varro to take a part in them, especially as he desires it himself: but he is, as you know,

> "Keen-eyed for faults, to blame the blameless prone."[2]

The expression of his face often occurs to me as he per-

[1] The day of the auction of the *horti Scapulani*.
[2] Homer, *Il.* xi. 654.

haps complains, for instance, that in these books my side in the argument is defended at greater length than his own. That, on my honour, you will find not to be the case if you ever get your holiday in Epirus—for at present my works have to give place to Alexion's business letters. But after all I don't despair of the book securing Varro's approval, and I am not sorry that my plan should be persisted in, as I have gone to some expense in long paper;[1] but I say again and again—it shall be done at your risk. Wherefore, if you have any hesitation, let us change to Brutus, for he too is an adherent of Antiochus. What an excellent likeness of the Academy itself, with its instability, its shifting views, now this way and now that! But, please tell me, did you really like my letter to Varro? May I be hanged if I ever take so much trouble again about anything! Consequently I did not dictate it even to Tiro,[2] who usually takes down whole periods at a breath, but syllable by syllable to Spintharus.[3]

DCXL (A XIII, 35 AND 36)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 13 JULY

WHAT a disgraceful thing! A countryman of yours[4] enlarges the city, which he had never seen two years ago, and regards it as too small to hold the great man, too! So I am longing for a letter from you on the subject.

You say that you will hand the books to Varro as soon as

[1] *Macrocolla*, μακρόκολλα, was a particularly large and expensive kind either of paper or parchment. It was the size and shape, not the material, that gave the name. Cicero refers to it again in *Att.* xvi. 3. Pliny (*N. H.* xiii. 80) says that it was a cubit broad. Cicero had had the "presentation copy" written on this expensive material.

[2] Tiro's treatise on shorthand—*notæ Tironianæ*—survives.

[3] The letter to Varro is that which precedes this one.

[4] An Athenian—some architect employed to carry out Cæsar's scheme for enlarging the city. See p. 300.

he comes to town. So by this time they have been presented and the matter is out of your hands. Ah, well, if you could but know what a risk you are running! Or perhaps my letter has caused you to put it off, though you had not read it when you wrote your last. I am therefore in a flutter to know how the matter stands.[1]

About Brutus's affection and the walk you had together, though you have nothing new to tell me, only the old story, yet the oftener I hear it the more I like it. It gives me the greater gratification that you find pleasure in it, and I feel all the surer of it that it is you who report it.

DCXLI (A XIII, 43)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 14 JULY

YES, I shall avail myself of the postponement of the day;[2] and it was exceedingly kind of you to inform me, especially as I received the letter at a time when I wasn't expecting one, and you wrote it from your seat at the games.[3] I have in any case some matters of business to attend to at Rome, but I will settle them two days later.

[1] Varro was the most learned man of the day, and his opinion was as important as a review in "The Times" for the success of a book. Still this extraordinary nervousness as to his being pleased or not seems a little exaggerated.

[2] Of the auction, which had been fixed for the 15th.

[3] The games of Apollo, which were on the 12th and following days of July.

DCXLII (F VI, 20)

TO C. TORANIUS (IN CORCYRA)

TUSCULUM (JULY)

THREE days ago I delivered a letter for you to the servants of Gnæus Plancius. I shall therefore be briefer, and as I tried to console you before, on the present occasion I shall offer you some advice. I think your wisest course is to wait where you are until you can ascertain what you ought to do. For, over and above the danger of a long voyage in winter and along a coast very ill-furnished with harbours, which you will thus have avoided, there is this point also of no small importance—that you can start at a moment's notice from where you are as soon as you get any certain intelligence. There is besides no reason for your being all agog to present yourself to them on their way home.[1] Several other fears occur to me which I have imparted to our friend Cilo.

To cut a long story short: in your present unfortunate position you could be in no more convenient spot from which to transfer yourself with the greatest facility and despatch whithersoever it shall be necessary for you to go. Thus, if Cæsar gets home up to time, you will be at hand. But if—for many accidents may happpen—something either stops or delays him, you will be in a place to get full information. This I am strongly of opinion is your better course. For the future, as I have repeatedly impressed on you by letter, I would have you convince yourself that in regard to your position you have nothing to fear beyond the calamity common to the whole state. And though that is

[1] The idea of Toranius apparently was to go somewhere to meet Cæsar on his way from Spain. The "voyage without harbours" best suits the east coast of Italy, and it has been supposed that he meant to go to Ravenna, and thence cross the continent and meet Cæsar somewhere in Gaul. As a matter of fact, Cæsar did not come home that way.

exceedingly serious, yet we have lived in such a way and are at such a time of life, that we ought to bear with courage whatever happens to us without fault on our part. Here in Rome all your family are in good health, and with the most perfect loyalty regret your absence, and retain their affection and respect for you. Mind you take care of your health and do not move from where you are without full consideration.

DCXLIII (A XIII, 44)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (20 JULY)

WHAT a delightful letter! Though the procession was odious, it is nevertheless not odious "to know everything" —even about Cotta. The people were splendid not to clap even the figure of Victory owing to its impious neighbour. Brutus has been to see me, and is very strongly in favour of my writing something to Cæsar. I assented, but this procession puts me off it.[1]

Well, after all, did you venture to make the presentation to Varro? I am anxious for his opinion: but when will he read it through?

As to Attica, I quite approve: for it is something that her melancholy should be relieved both by taking part in the spectacle, as well as by the feeling of its sacred associations and the general talk about it.

Please send me a *Cotta;* I have got a *Libo* with me, and

[1] The *ludi Circenses* (at the feast of Apollo) were opened by a procession carrying the figures of the gods. Cæsar's bust was carried on a *tensa* and *fercula* next to that of Victory. COTTA is L. Cotta, one of the *quindecemviri*, who, having with his colleagues the charge of the Sibylline books, was reported to have said that they contained an oracle declaring that the Parthians could only be conquered by a Roman king, and to have expressed an intention of proposing that Cæsar should have that title (Suet. *Iul.* 76-79). L. Cotta was consul in B.C. 65. See *de Divin.* ii. § 110, *ante*, p. 263.

I had already possessed a *Casca*.[1] Brutus brought me a message from Titus Ligarius that the mention of L. Corfidius in my speech for Ligarius was a mistake of mine. But it was only what is called "a lapse of memory." I knew that Corfidius was very closely connected with the Ligarii, but I see now that he was already dead. Please therefore instruct Pharnaces, Antæus, and Salvius to erase that name from all the copies.[2]

DCXLIV (A XIII, 34)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 26 JULY

I ARRIVED at Astura on the evening of the 25th. For in order to avoid the heat I had rested three hours at Lanuvium. Pray, if it won't be a trouble to you, contrive that I shall not have to come to Rome before the 5th of next month—you can arrange it by means of Egnatius Maximus. Above all, come to a settlement with Publilius in my absence: as to which, write and tell me what people say.[3] "Much the people, of course, concern themselves about that!"[4] No, by heaven, I don't suppose they do. For it is already a nine days' wonder. But I wanted to fill my page. I need say no more, for I am all but with you unless you put me off. For I have written to you about the pleasure-grounds.[5]

[1] These are books, which Cicero apparently wanted for reference in writing his treatise to Cæsar, which, however, was never written. *L. Scribonius Libo* wrote annals (p. 268); the others are not known.

[2] These were Atticus's *librarii*. The mistake still remains in the text (*pro Lig.* § 33).

[3] In regard to his divorce of his second wife Publilia.

[4] Terence, *Andr.* 185.

[5] See p. 308. "I have written to say that the postponement of the auction will postpone my arrival for two days, but I shall come now unless you say that it is postponed again."

DCXLV (F VI, 19)

TO QUINTUS LEPTA (AT ROME)

ASTURA (ABOUT THE END OF JULY)

I AM glad Macula has done his duty. His Falernian villa always seemed to me suitable for a place of call, if only it is enough roofed in to receive our retinue. In other respects I don't otherwise than like the situation. But I shall not on that account desert your Petrinian villa,[1] for both the house and the picturesqueness of its situation make it suitable for residence rather than for a temporary lodging. As to some official management of these "royal" exhibitions,[2] I have spoken to Oppius; for I have not seen Balbus since you left. He has such a bad fit of the gout that he declines visits. On the whole you would, in my opinion, be certainly acting more wisely if you did not undertake it; for your object[3] in incurring all that labour you will in no wise attain. For the number of his intimate *entourage* is so great, that it is more likely that some one of them should drop off than that there should be an opening for anyone new, especially for one who has nothing to offer but his active service, in which Cæsar will consider himself—if indeed he knows anything about it—to have conferred a favour rather than received one. However, we should look out for something, but something which may give you some distinction; otherwise I think that you not only ought not to seek for it, but should even avoid it. For myself, I think I shall prolong my stay at Astura until Cæsar's return, whenever that may be. Good-bye.

[1] Near Mount Petrinum, close to Sinuessa.

[2] The games Cæsar meant to give upon his triumph. Lepta wished to take the contract for the supply of wine. He had been Cicero's *præfectus fabrum* in Cilicia (vol. ii., p. 118).

[3] To secure Cæsar's favour.

DCXLVI (A XII, 9)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (27 JULY)

YES, indeed, I should have been very comfortable here, and more so every day, had it not been for the reason which I mentioned to you in my previous letter. Nothing could be pleasanter than the solitude of this place, except for the occasional inroads of the "son of Amyntas."[1] What a bore he is with his endless babble! In other respects don't imagine that anything could be more delightful than this villa. But all this doesn't deserve a longer letter, and I have nothing else to say and am very sleepy.

DCXLVII (F XI, 22)

TO TIRO (AT ROME)

ASTURA (27 JULY)

I HOPE from your letter that you are better, at any rate I desire it. Devote your whole energies to that, and don't have any uneasy feeling that you are acting against my wishes in staying away. You are with me if you are taking care of yourself. Therefore I would rather you were doing duty to your health than to my eyes and ears. For though it gives me pleasure both to hear and see you, it will give me much more pleasure if you are well. I am being idle here, because I don't write without an amanuensis; but I find extreme pleasure in reading. As you are on the spot,

[1] L. Marcius Philippus, step-father of Augustus. He calls him in jest the "son of Amyntas," the name of the father of Philip king of Macedonia. See pp. 202, 203.

if there is anything in my handwriting which the copyists can't make out, please instruct them. There is at least one inserted passage somewhat difficult to decipher, which I often find it hard to make out myself—about Cato when he was four years old.[1] Look after the dinner table, as you have been doing. Tertia will come so long as Publius is not there.[2] Your friend Demetrius was never quite a Demetrius of Phalerum, but now he has become a regular Billienus.[3] Accordingly, I appoint you my representative: you will look after him. Although, after all: about those men—you know the rest. However, if you do have any conversation with him, write and tell me, that I may have something to put into a letter, and may have as long a one as possible from you to read. Take care of your health, my dear Tiro: you can't oblige me more than by doing that.

[1] A story is told by Plutarch (*Cat. min.* 2) of how, at the beginning of the Marsic or Social War, Pompædius Silo, staying in the house of Cato's uncle Drusus, suggested to the boy that he should ask his uncle to side with the allies, and when he refused, picked him up and, holding him out of the window, threatened to drop him down if he didn't. But the boy held out. As Cato was just four years old then (b. B.C. 95) this is probably the story, and the book alluded to Cicero's *Cato*, published in B.C. 46, of which the *librarii* would be making fresh copies. Schmidt, however, reads *de quadrivio Catonis*, and refers it to Cato's exposition of the Stoic philosophy in the *de Finibus*.

[2] Tertia was sister of Brutus and wife of Cassius. Who Publius was and why she objected to meet him we cannot tell. Dolabella is suggested.

[3] Demetrius is unknown, except from these letters to Tiro, but it is likely that Cicero found him tiresome. He is not, he says, quite a "Demetrius of Phalerum," *i.e.*, the philosophic and eloquent governor of Athens in the later Macedonian period (B.C. 317-307). Billienus was the slave of this or another Demetrius: he murdered a certain Domitius at Ventimiglia, which led to an outbreak which Cælius (B.C. 49) was sent by Cæsar to quiet (see vol. ii., p. 299). There is also a Demetrius, a freedman of Pompey (vol. i., p. 253), who may be the Demetrius meant. Why Cicero should say that Demetrius has become a Billienus is not clear. Some have suggested a pun on *bilis*, as though he were ill-tempered.

DCXLVIII (A XII, 10)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA (28 JULY)

GOOD heavens, how sad about Athamas! As for your sorrow, it shews a kind heart, but it must be firmly kept within bounds. There are many ways to arrive at consolation, but the straightest is this: let reason secure what time is certain to secure. Let us however take care of Alexis, the living image of Tiro—whom I have sent back to Rome ill; and if "the hill"[1] is infected with some epidemic let us transfer him to my house along with Tisamenus. The whole upper story of my house is vacant, as you know. I think this is very much to the purpose.

DCXLIX (A XIII, 21, §§ 1-3)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 28 JULY

I HAVE despatched a very bulky letter to Hirtius which I recently wrote at Tusculum. That which you have sent me I will answer another time. For the present I prefer other subjects. What can I do about Torquatus[2] unless I hear something from Dolabella? As soon as I do you shall know at once. I expect letter-carriers from him to-day, or at latest to-morrow. As soon as they arrive they shall be

[1] The house of Atticus was on the *Collis Quirinalis*, that of Cicero on the *Mons Palatinus*. So Cicero talks of "the hill" in referring to Atticus's house, as people living, *e.g.*, in Grosvenor Place speak of those living "in the Square," *i.e.*, in Grosvenor Square.

[2] That is, about effecting his recall. See p. 235.

sent on to you. I am expecting to hear from Quintus. For as I was starting from Tusculum on the 25th, as you know, I sent letter-carriers to him.

Now to return to business: the word *inhibere* suggested by you,[1] which I thought very attractive, I am now strongly against. For it is an entirely nautical word. Of course I knew that, but I thought that the vessel was "held up" (*sustineri*) when the rowers were ordered *inhibere*. But that that is not the case I learnt yesterday, when a ship was being brought to land opposite my villa. For when ordered *inhibere* the rowers don't hold up the vessel, they backwater. Now that is a meaning as remote as possible from ἐποχή ("suspension of judgment"). Wherefore pray let it stand in the book as it was. Tell Varro this also, if by any chance he has made an alteration. One can't have a better authority than Lucilius: "Bring to a halt (*sustineas*) chariot and horses, as oft doth a skilful driver." Again, Carneades always uses the guard (προβολή) of a boxer and the pulling up (*retentio*) of a charioteer as metaphorical expressions for "suspension of judgment" (ἐποχή): but the *inhibitio* of rowers connotes motion, and indeed an unusually violent one—the action of the oars driving the vessel backwards.

You see how much more eager and interested I am on this point than either about rumours or about Pollio. Tell me too about Pansa, whether there is any confirmation—for I think it must have been made public: also about Critonius, whatever is known, and at least about Metellus and Balbinus.

[1] The question is as to the right Latin equivalent for ἐπέχειν and ἐποχή, the technical terms of the Academies for "suspension of judgment" in consequence of the impossibility of arriving at scientific certainty.

DCL (F XVI, 17)

TO TIRO (AT ROME)

ASTURA (29 JULY)

I SEE what you are about: you want your letters also to be collected into books. But look here! You set up to be a standard of correctness in my writings—how came you to use such an unauthorized expression as "by faithfully devoting myself to my health"? How does *fideliter* come in there? The proper habitat of that word is in what refers to duty to others—though it often migrates to spheres not belonging to it. For instance: "learning," "house," "art," "land," can be called *fidelis*, granting, as Theophrastus holds, that the metaphor is not pushed too far.[1] But of this when we meet. Demetrius called on me, from whose company to Rome I escaped with considerable adroitness. It is plain that you could not have seen him; he will be in town to-morrow, so you *will* see him. I myself think of starting early the day after. Your ill-health makes me very anxious, but devote yourself to its cure and omit no means. If you do that, consider that you are with me and are giving me the most complete satisfaction. Thank you for attending to Cuspius; for I am much interested in him. Good-bye.

[1] It is not easy to see in what Tiro's solecism consists. It is suggested that *fideliter* must refer to duty to another, but that is probably what Tiro meant—"he took care of his health as in duty bound to Cicero." But *fideliter*—"thoroughly," "conscientiously"—may at any rate be defended by Ovid's *didicisse fideliter artes*. Of course Tiro might have said *diligenter*, but Cicero seems to me to have been hypercritical.

DCLI (A XIII, 47 b)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

ASTURA, 30 JULY

YESTERDAY evening I got a letter from Lepidus dated Antium, for he was there in a house which I sold him. He asks me earnestly to be in the senate on the 1st, saying that I shall greatly gratify both Cæsar and himself by so doing.[1] I think, for my part, that there is nothing in it: for perhaps Oppius would have said something to you, as Balbus is ill. However, I preferred to come for nothing rather than be absent if I was wanted: I should have regretted it afterwards. So to-day I shall be at Antium; to-morrow, at my town house before noon. Pray dine with me, if nothing prevents you, on the 31st and bring Pilia. I hope you have settled with Publilius. I mean to hurry back to Tusculum on the 1st; for I prefer all negotiations with them to go on in my absence. I am sending you my brother Quintus's letter; it is not indeed a very kind response to mine, but still sufficient to satisfy you, as I imagine. That is your affair.

DCLII (F XVI, 19)

TO TIRO (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (AUGUST)

I AM anxious to hear from you on many points, but much more to see you in person. Restore me Demetrius's friend-

[1] M. Æmilius Lepidus was "Master of the Horse," and as such was next in rank to Cæsar the dictator. In this year Cæsar was sole consul for several months, but afterwards had three colleagues one after the other.

ship,[1] and anything else you can that is worth having. I don't say a word to stir you up about the Aufidian debt: I know you are looking after it. But settle the business. If that is what is detaining you, I accept the excuse; if it is not, fly to me. I am very anxious for a letter from you. Good-bye.

DCLIII (A XIII, 48)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 2 AUGUST

YESTERDAY, in the midst of the noise, I seem to have caught a remark of yours, that you were coming to Tusculum. Oh, that it may be so! Oh, that it may! I repeat. But only if convenient to yourself. Lepta begs me to hurry to Rome if he wants me in any way. For Babullius is dead. Cæsar, I imagine, is heir to a twelfth—though I don't know anything for certain as yet—but Lepta to a third. Now he is in a fright that he may not be allowed to keep the inheritance. His fear is unreasonable, but nevertheless he is afraid. So if he does summon me, I will hurry to town: if he doesn't, it won't be in any way necessary.[2] Yes, send Pollex as soon as you can. I am sending you Porcia's funeral oration corrected: I have been expeditious in order that, if it is by any chance being sent to Domitius's son or to Brutus, it may be this edition that is sent.[3] If it isn't inconvenient to you I should like you to see to this very

[1] Demetrius (see p. 317) seems not to have been satisfied with Cicero's reception of him.

[2] Reading *neutiquam*. The MSS. have *antequam*, and Mueller reads *non antequam*, "not till it is necessary."

[3] Porcia, sister of Cato Uticensis, was wife of L. Domitius Ahenobarbus (who fell at Pharsalia) and mother of Cn. Domitius Ahenobarbus, who was afterwards implicated in the plot against Cæsar, and played a considerable part in the later civil wars. She was aunt to Brutus's wife Porcia. Therefore Cicero expects a copy of his *laudatio* to be sent to Brutus as well as to Porcia's son.

carefully; and please send me the funeral orations written by Marcus Varro and Ollius, at any rate that of Ollius. For though I have read the latter, I want to have a second taste of it. There are some things in it that I can scarcely believe that I have read.[1]

DCLIV (A XIII, 37)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 2 AUGUST

THIS is my second letter to-day. As to Xenon's debt to you and the forty sestertia due to you in Epirus, no arrangement could be more convenient or suitable than what you suggest in your letter. Balbus the younger had made the same suggestion to me in conversation.

I have absolutely no news except that Hirtius has kept up a keen controversy with Quintus[2] on my behalf: that the latter talks violently in all kinds of places and especially at dinner parties: that much of this talk is directed against me, but that he also falls upon his father. Nothing he says, however, has a greater *vraisemblance* than his assertion that we are bitterly opposed to Cæsar: that we are neither of us to be trusted, while I personally ought to be regarded with suspicion—this would have been truly *terrible* had I not perceived that our monarch knew that I had no courage left. Lastly, that my son is being bullied by me. But that he may say as much as he chooses.

I am glad I had handed Porcia's funeral oration to Lepta's letter-carrier before I got your letter. Take care then, as you love me, that it is sent to Domitius and Brutus—if it is going to be sent—in the form you mention.

About the gladiators and the other things, which you call in your letter "airy nothings," give me particulars day by day. I should wish, if you think it right, to apply to Balbus

[1] Apparently because they were so bad.
[2] The younger Quintus, who was in Cæsar's army in Spain.

and Offilius. About giving notice of the auction I myself spoke to Balbus. He agreed—I presume that Offilius has a complete inventory, and so has Balbus—well, he agreed that it should be on an early day and at Rome: but that, if Cæsar's arrival was delayed, it might be put off from day to day.[1] But the latter seems to be on the point of arriving. Therefore consider the whole business: for Vestorius is content.

DCLV (A XIII, 38)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 4 AUGUST

As I was writing against the Epicureans before daybreak, I scratched a hasty note to you by the same lamp and in the same breath, and despatched it also before daybreak. Then, after going to sleep again and getting up at sunrise, a letter from your sister's son[2] is put into my hands, which I herewith send to you in the original copy. It begins with a gross insult. But perhaps he didn't stop to think. Well, this is how it begins: "Whatever can be said to your discredit I——" He will have it that much can be said to my discredit, but says that he does not endorse it. Could anything be in worse taste? Well, you shall read the rest—for I send it on to you—and judge for yourself. My belief is that it was because the fellow was disturbed by the daily and persistent compliments of our friend Brutus—the expression of which by him in regard to us has been reported to me by a very large number of people—that he has at length deigned to write to me and to you. Please let me know if that is so. For what he has written to his father about me

[1] This all refers to the will of Cluvius of Puteoli (see p. 328). Cicero, Cæsar, and Offilius are among the joint heirs. Balbus is acting for Cæsar, and the question is as to selling the estate and dividing it in the due proportions.

[2] The younger Quintus Cicero.

I don't know. About his mother, how truly filial! "I had wished," he says, "to be with you as much as possible, and that a house should be taken for me; and I wrote to you to that effect. You have neglected to do it. Therefore we shall see much less of each other: for I cannot bear the sight of your house; you know why." The reason to which he alludes, his father tells me, is hatred of his mother. Now, my dear Atticus, assist me with your advice:

> "Scale the high-built wall shall I
> By justice pure and verity?"

That is, shall I openly renounce and disown the fellow, or shall I proceed "by crooked wiles"? For as was the case with Pindar, "My mind divided cannot hit the truth."[1] On the whole the former is best suited to my character, the latter to the circumstances of the time. However, consider me as accepting whatever decision you have come to. What I am most afraid of is being caught at Tusculum.[2] In the crowd of the city these things would be less difficult. Shall I go to Astura then? What if Cæsar suddenly arrives?[3] Help me with your advice, I beg. I will follow your decision, whatever it may be.

[1] A fragment of Pindar of four lines:

> πότερον δίκᾳ τεῖχος ὕψιον
> ἢ σκολιαῖς ἀπάταις ἀναβαίνει
> ἐπιχθόνιον γένος ἀνδρῶν,
> δίχα μοι νόος ἀτρέκειαν εἰπεῖν.

"Whether it is by justice that the race of men upon the earth mount a lofty wall or by crooked wiles, my mind is divided in pronouncing the truth."

[2] "By Quintus (junior) coming to see me at Tusculum."

[3] Cicero thinks he must meet Cæsar at Rome or perhaps on his road to Rome. But at Astura he would be out of the way of doing so, if Cæsar suddenly appeared by sea at Ostia or from the north.

DCLVI (A XIII, 39)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 5 AUGUST

WHAT astonishing duplicity! He writes to his father that he must abstain from entering his house on account of his mother: to his mother he writes a letter full of affection! My brother however is taking it more easily, and says that his son has reason for being angry with him. But I am following your advice: for I see that your opinion is in favour of "crooked ways." I shall come to Rome, as you think I ought, but sorely against the grain: for I cling strongly to my writing. "You will find Brutus," say you, "on the same journey." No doubt. But had it not been for this affair, that inducement would not have overcome my reluctance. For he has not come from a quarter which I should have preferred, nor has he been long away, nor has he written a syllable to me. But after all I am anxious to know what the net result of his trip has been to him. Please send me the books of which I wrote to you before, and especially Phædrus[1] "On Gods" and . . .[2]

[1] An Athenian Epicurean philosopher, whose lectures Cicero had himself attended (*de Fin.* i. § 16; see vol. ii., p. 28). Cicero used his work largely in the *de Natura Deorum*, on which he is now engaged. A fragment believed to be part of the treatise of Phædrus *περὶ θεῶν* was found at Herculaneum.

[2] The title of the second book mentioned is unintelligible in the MSS. *περὶ Παλλάδος*, *Ἑλλάδος*, *Ἀπολλοδώρου* have been proposed by various editors.

DCLVII (A XIII, 40)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (7 AUGUST)

REALLY? Does Brutus say that Cæsar is going to join the Optimates? That's good news! But where will he find them? Unless he should by chance hang himself.[1] But what about Brutus? You say, "It is no good." What became, then, of that *chef-d'œuvre* of yours which I saw in his "Parthenon"—I mean the Ahala and Brutus pedigree?[2] But what is he to do?

That's excellent hearing! "Not even has the prime author of the whole black business[3] a good word to say of our nephew." Why, I was beginning to be afraid that even Brutus was fond of him. For that seemed the meaning of the sentence in his letter to me: "But I could wish that you had a taste of his conversations with me." But, as you say, of this when we meet. And yet, which do you advise me to do? Am I to hurry to meet him or to stay where I am? The fact is, I am glued to my books, and on the other

[1] The *boni* are all killed in the several battles of the civil war. Cæsar must go to the other world to find them.

[2] The "Parthenon" is a library or other room in the house of Brutus. Thus Atticus had such a room which he called *Amaltheium* (vol. i., p. 44), and Cicero an *Academeia* (vol. i., p. 12), and Augustus one which he called *Syracusæ* (Suet. *Aug.* 72). Atticus's *chef-d'œuvre* was a pedigree of the Iunian family, "which he made at the request of Brutus, from its origin to the present day, noting the birth of each man and the offices he had held" (Nepos, *Att.* 18). It enumerated among the ancestors Iunius Brutus, the expeller of the Tarquins, and C. Servilius Ahala, who killed Sp. Mælius for an alleged attempt at tyranny (2 *Phil.* § 26). This was one of the ways in which Atticus—who dabbled in ancient history and antiquities—gratified his great friends. Cicero means, "if Brutus submits to Cæsar, what is the use of his descent from these tyrannicides?" We may remember how this was used next year by the authors of libels (App. *B. C.* ii. 112).

[3] Hirtius, who had apparently induced young Quintus to join Cæsar. See vol. ii., pp. 366, 375.

hand don't want to entertain him here. His father, as I am told, is gone as far as Saxa[1] to meet him in a high state of exasperation. He went in such an angry frame of mind that I was forced to remonstrate. But then I am much of a weather-cock myself. So we must wait and see. However, please consider your view as to my coming to Rome and the whole situation; if it appears plain to you to-morrow, let me know early in the day.

DCLVIII (A XIII, 41)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (8 AUGUST)

YES, I sent Quintus the letter for your sister. When he complained that his son was on bad terms with his mother, and said that on that account he intended to give up the house to his son, I told him that the latter had written a becoming letter to his mother, but not a word to you. He expressed surprise at the former, but said that in regard to you the fault was his own, because he had frequently written in indignant terms to his son as to your unfairness to him. In this respect he says that his feelings have softened; so I read him your letter, and on the "crooked paths"[2] principle indicated that I would not stand in the way. The fact is, we went on to talk of Cana.[3] Certainly, if that were decided upon, it would be necessary for me to act thus. But, as you say, we must have some regard to our dignity, and both of us ought to take the same line, although the wrongs he has done me are the more serious, or at least the more notorious, of the two. If however Brutus also has some

[1] Probably *Saxa Rubra*, the first stage on the *via Flaminia* (2 *Phil.* § 77), about ten miles from Rome. Quintus was coming home from Spain by way of Gaul.

[2] *σκολιαῖς ἀπάραις*. See p. 322.

[3] As to Quintus marrying *Cana*, a daughter of Q. Gellius Canus.

reasons to allege, all hesitation is at an end. But of this when we meet: for it is a very serious business and needs great caution. To-morrow therefore, unless I get something from you this evening.[1]

DCLIX (A XIII, 45)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 11 AUGUST

LAMIA[2] came to see me after your departure and brought me a letter which he had received from Cæsar. This letter, though dated earlier than that brought by Diochares, yet made it quite clear that he would arrive before the Roman games.[3] At the end of the letter there was a sentence ordering him to make all necessary preparations for the games, and not allow him to hurry back for nothing. Certainly from this letter it seemed beyond doubt that he would come before that day, and Lamia said that Balbus thought so too after reading that letter.

I perceive I have thus some additional days holiday,[4] but pray, as you love me, let me know how many. You will be able to ascertain from Bæbius and your other neighbour Egnatius. You exhort me to spend these days in an exposition of philosophy. You are spurring a willing horse,[5] but you see that I am obliged to have Dolabella constantly with me on the days you mention. But had I not been detained by this business of Torquatus,[6] there would have been a sufficient

[1] *Nisi quid a te commeat vesperi.* But the MS. reading, retained by Mueller, is *nisi quid a te commeatus*, "unless I get leave of absence from you," *i.e.*, "unless you send some letter which would permit of my not coming to Rome yet." Dr. Reid would omit it altogether.

[2] L. Ælius Lamia was an ædile this year, and stood for the prætorship in B.C. 43.

[3] The *ludi Romani* lasted from 15th to 19th of September.

[4] By the postponement of the auction. See p. 321.

[5] *Currentem tu quidem.* See vol. ii., p. 181.

[6] See pp. 280, 296, 328.

number of days to allow of making an excursion to Puteoli[1] and returning in time. Lamia indeed has heard from Balbus, as it seems, that there is a large sum of ready money in the house, which ought to be divided as soon as possible, as well as a great amount of silver plate: that the auction of everything except the real property ought to take place at the first possible opportunity. Please write and tell me your opinion. For my part, if I had to pick out a man from the whole world, I couldn't easily have selected anyone more painstaking, obliging, or, by heaven, more zealous to serve me than Vestorius.[2] I have written him a very full and frank letter, and I suppose you have done the same. I think that is enough. What do *you* say? My only uneasiness is the fear of seeming too careless. So I shall wait for a letter from you.

DCLX (A XIII, 46)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 12 AUGUST

POLLEX, for his part, having appointed to meet me by the 13th of August, has in fact done so at Lanuvium on the 12th. But he was true to his name—a thumb and not a finger, he pointed to nothing. You must get your information, therefore, from his own lips. I have been to call on Balbus; for Lepta, being anxious about his own contract for the wine,[3] had induced me to go and see him. He was staying in that villa at Lanuvium which he has made over to Lepidus. The first thing he said to me was: "I recently received a letter from Cæsar, in which he positively asserts that he will arrive before the Roman games." I read the

[1] On the business connected with his share in the property of Cluvius. See p. 328.

[2] A banker at Puteoli (vol. ii., p. 150, etc.).

[3] *De vini curatione*, a contract for supplying wine at the games. Others, however, read *de munerum curatione*, "contracting for the gladiatorial show." See p. 312.

letter. There was a good deal about my "Cato." He says that by repeatedly reading it he had increased his command of language: when he had read the "Cato" of Brutus he thought himself eloquent. Next I learnt from him that acceptance of Cluvius's inheritance (oh, careless Vestorius!) was to be an unconditional acceptance in the presence of witnesses within sixty days. I was afraid I should have to send for Vestorius. As it is, I need only send him a commission to accept on my order. This same Pollex therefore shall go. I also discussed the question of Cluvius's suburban pleasure-grounds with Balbus. Nothing could be more liberal: he said that he would write to Cæsar at once: but that Cluvius had left Terentia a legacy of fifty sestertia (£480), charged on Hordeonius's share, as also money for his tomb and many other things, but that my share had no charge on it. Pray give Vestorius a gentle rebuke. What could be less proper than that the druggist Plotius should have employed his servants to give Balbus full particulars so long in advance, while *he* gave me none even by my own? I am sorry about Cossinius; I was very fond of him. I will assign to Quintus whatever surplus there is after paying my debts and purchases. The latter I expect will force me to borrow more. About the house at Arpinum I know nothing.

P.S.—There is no occasion for you to scold Vestorius. For after I had sealed this packet my letter-carrier arrived after dark bearing a letter from him with full particulars and a copy of the will.

DCLXI (A XIII, 47)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 15 AUGUST

"WHEN your order, Agamemnon, reached my ears," not "to come"—for that, too, I should have done, had it not been for Torquatus[1]—but to write, "I at once" gave up what I

[1] See pp. 296, 326.

had begun, threw aside what I had in hand, and "hewed out a model of thy design."[1] I wish you would ascertain from Pollex the state of my accounts. It is not becoming that my son should be straitened in this his first year at Athens. Afterwards we will be more particular in keeping down his expenses. Pollex also must be sent back to Puteoli, in order that Vestorius may accept the inheritance.[2] It is clear that I must not go there, both for the reasons mentioned in your letter and because Cæsar is near at hand. Dolabella writes to say that he is coming to see me on the 14th. What a tiresome instructor![3]

DCLXII (F VII, 24)

TO M. FADIUS GALLUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (AUGUST)

I FIND the traces of your affection whichever way I turn: for instance, quite recently in the matter of Tigellius.[4] I perceived from your letter that you had taken a great deal of trouble. I therefore thank you for your kind intention. But I must say a few words on the subject. Cipius I think it was who said, "I am not asleep to everybody."[5] Thus I too, my dear Gallus, am not a slave to everybody. Yet

[1] Atticus appears to have urged Cicero to write something of the nature of the letter before condemned to present to Cæsar. Cicero says that he at once laid aside the philosophical treatise on which he was engaged (*de Natura Deorum*), and drew up a first sketch of such a document. The words are from some unknown poet.

[2] Pollex had come from Puteoli, but had not brought full information (p. 327). He is to be sent back to convey Cicero's formal authorization to Vestorius.

[3] He expects Dolabella to instruct him how to behave to Cæsar, as he had before instructed him in the art of dining.

[4] The Sardinian singer whose affectations are described by Horace, *Sat.* i. 2, 3, *sq.*

[5] Cipius was a complaisant husband who feigned sleep for the benefit of his wife and her lover, but woke when a slave began stealing the silver.

what, after all, is this slavery? In old times, when I was thought to be exercising royal power,[1] I was not treated with such deference as I am now by all Cæsar's most intimate friends, except by this fellow. I regard it as something gained that I no longer endure a fellow more pestilent than his native land,[2] and I think his value has been pretty well appraised in the Hipponactean verses of Licinius Calvus.[3] But observe the cause of his anger with me. I had undertaken Phamea's cause, for his own sake, because he was an intimate friend. Phamea came to me and said that the arbitrator had arranged to take his case on the very day on which the jury were obliged to consider their verdict in regard to P. Sestius.[4] I answered that I could not possibly manage it: but that if he selected any other day he chose, I would not fail to appear for him. He, however, knowing that he had a grandson who was a fashionable flutist and singer,[5] left me, as I thought, in a somewhat angry frame of mind. There 's a pair of "Sardians-for-sale"[6] for you, one more worthless than the other. You now know my position and the unfairness of that swaggerer. Send me your "Cato": I am eager to read it: that I haven't read it yet is a reflexion on us both.

[1] That is, in his consulship, especially in the Catiline affair.

[2] Sardinia, notoriously unhealthy (vol. i., p. 217).

[3] C. Licinius Calvus (b. B.C. 84) wrote satiric scazons—verses on the model of Hipponax of Chios (fl. in c. B.C. 540). *Addictum* means "knocked down at a price"; *præconio* means the "puffing" or "appraising" of the auctioneer (*præco*).

[4] This is not the trial in which Cicero's extant speech for Sestius was delivered (B.C. 56), but a prosecution for bribery under Pompey's law of B.C. 52. As Phamea died in B.C. 49 (see vol. ii., p. 332), and Cicero was absent in Cilicia from May, B.C. 51, this trial must have been in the autumn of B.C. 52 or the spring of B.C. 51.

[5] Reading *cantorem* for *unctorem*. As Tigellius was a favourite of Cæsar and other great men, his grandfather expected Cicero to support him.

[6] *I.e.*, worthless fellows. The explanation of this proverbial expression is given by Victor (*de Vir Ill.* 65), who says that the consul C. Sempronius Gracchus (B.C. 177) took such an enormous number of captives in the war against the rebel Sardinians (B.C. 181-177) that they became a drug in the slave market.

DCLXIII (A XIII, 49)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (20 AUGUST)

FIRST, health to Attica, whom I imagine to be in the country, so I wish her much health, as also to Pilia. If there is anything fresh about Tigellius, let me know it. He is—as Fadius Gallus has written me word—bringing up a most unfair accusation against me, on the ground that I left Phamea in the lurch after having undertaken to plead his cause. This cause, indeed, I had undertaken against the sons of Gnæus Octavius, much against my will—but I did also wish well to Phamea. For, if I remember rightly, when I was standing for the consulship he sent me a promise through you to do anything he could; and I was no less mindful of that courtesy than if I had availed myself of it. He called on me and told me that the arbitrator had arranged to take his case on the very day on which the jury were bound by the Pompeian law to consider their verdict on our friend Sestius. For you are aware that the days in those suits have been fixed by law. I replied that he was not ignorant of my obligations to Sestius: if he selected any other day he chose, I would not fail to appear for him. So on that occasion he left me in a rage. I think I told you about it. I didn't trouble myself, of course, nor did I think that the wholly groundless anger of a man not in the least connected with me required any attention from me. But the last time I was in Rome I told Gallus what I had heard, without however mentioning the younger Balbus. Gallus made it his business to go into the matter, as he writes me word. He says that the allegation of Tigellius is that I suspect him because I have it on my conscience that I left Phamea in the lurch. Wherefore all I ask you to do is to get anything you can from our friend the younger Balbus, but not to trouble yourself about me. It is a sop to one's dignity to have some one to hate without restraint and not to be a slave to everybody (as the man was

not "asleep to everybody").[1] Yet, by heaven, as you know very well, those men[2] are rather acting as slaves to me, if to pay a man constant attentions is being a slave.

DCLXIV (A XIII, 50)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (22 AUGUST)

You gave me a hint in one of your letters, that I should set about writing a letter to Cæsar on a larger scale. Balbus also recently, at our meeting at Lanuvium, informed me that he and Oppius had written to tell Cæsar that I had read his books against Cato and warmly admired them. Accordingly, I have composed an epistle to Cæsar to be transmitted to Dolabella. But I sent a copy of it to Oppius and Balbus, and wrote also to them, saying that they should only order it to be transmitted to Dolabella, if they themselves approved of the copy. So they have written back to say that they never read anything better, and they have ordered my letter to be delivered to Dolabella.

Vestorius has written to ask me to authorize the conveyance —as far as I am concerned—of the estate of Brinnius to a slave of their own for a certain Hetereius, to enable him to make the conveyance himself in due form to Hetereius at Puteoli.[3] If you think it is all right send that slave to me. For I presume that Vestorius has written to you also.

As to Cæsar's arrival, I have had the same information in a letter from Oppius and Balbus as from you. I am surprised that you have not yet had any conversation with

[1] The reading is doubtful. See p. 329.

[2] The Cæsarians.

[3] Cicero, as one of the heirs of Brinnius, was to join in a sale of the estate to Hetereius. To do that, without having the trouble of going to Puteoli personally, he was to convey it formally to a slave of the banker Vestorius sent for that purpose. It thus became the property of Vestorius himself, as the slave's master: and he then could convey it to Hetereius.

Tigellius. For instance, I should much like to know how much he got—yet, after all, I don't care a straw. Where do you think I ought to go,[1] if it is not to be Alsium? And in fact I have written to Murena to ask him to put me up, but I think he has started with Matius. Sallustius therefore shall have the burden of my entertainment.

After I had written the above line, Eros informed me that Murena had answered him with the greatest kindness. Let him be our host, therefore. For Silius has no cushions: while Dida, I believe, has given up his whole villa to guests.

DCLXV (F VII, 25)

TO M. FADIUS GALLUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (AUGUST)

YOU lament having torn up the letter: don't vex yourself, it is all safe. You can get it from my house whenever you please. For the warning you give me I am much obliged, and I beg you will always act thus. For you seem to fear that, unless I keep on good terms with him, I may laugh "a real Sardinian laugh."[2] But look out for yourself. Hands off: our master is coming sooner than we thought. I fear we Catonian blockheads may find ourselves on the block.[3] My dear Gallus, don't imagine that anything could be better than that part of your letter which begins: "Everything else is slipping away." This in your ear in confidence: keep it to yourself: don't tell even your freedman Apelles. Besides us two no one talks in that tone.

[1] To meet Cæsar. For *Alsium*, see p. 86.

[2] A "laugh on the wrong side of my mouth," from a herb found in Sardinia which was said to contort the features with a grin of pain.

[3] Keeping the MS. word *catomum*, said to refer to the hoisting of boys on a man's shoulders to be flogged, as in the well-known picture from Pompeii (*κατ' ὤμων*). Others read *catonium*, explaining it to mean the "world below" (*κάτω*), "Hades." The "master" is, of course, Cæsar; and the metaphor of a school is kept by *manus de tabula*, (perhaps) "No more scribbling—here comes the schoolmaster," *i.e.*, we had better stop writing "Catos" now Cæsar is back home.

Whether it is well or ill to do so, that is my look-out: but whatever it is, it is our speciality. Work on then, and don't stir a nail's breadth, as they say, from the pen; for it is the creator of eloquence:[1] and for my part I now devote a considerable part of the night to it also.

DCLXVI (A XIII, 51)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM, 24 AUGUST

THE reason of my not sending you at the time a copy of the letter which I wrote to Cæsar was that I forgot. Neither was the motive what you suspected it to have been—shame of appearing in your eyes to be ridiculously time-serving;[2] nor, by heaven, did I write otherwise than I should have written to an equal and a man like myself. For I really do think well of those books of his,[3] as I told you when we met. Accordingly, I wrote without any flattery, and at the same time in such a tone as I think will give him as much pleasure to read it as possible.

At last I have certain news of Attica. So please congratulate her all over again. Tell me all about Tigellius, and that promptly; for I am feeling uneasy. Now listen to this: Quintus[4] arrives to-morrow, but whether at my house or yours I don't know. He wrote me word that he would be at Rome on the 25th. But I have sent a man to invite him here: though, by heaven, I must come to Rome, lest Cæsar should make a descent there before me.

[1] In the *de Orat.* § 33, he says, "the pen, the best producer and master of eloquence." See Quint. *Inst. Orat.* x. iii. §§ 1-4.

[2] The text is corrupt—*ne ridicule micillus.* What word or words are concealed under *micillus* has puzzled everyone, and many suggestions have been made. I have translated it as though it were *nimis blandus;* but I do not profess to think that solution more likely than many others, or even as much so. After *blandus* we must understand *viderer* by a fairly easy ellipse.

[3] Cæsar's *Anti-Cato.*

[4] The younger Quintus Cicero.

DCLXVII (F XII, 18)

TO Q. CORNIFICIUS (IN SYRIA)

ROME (OCTOBER)

I WILL answer the end part of your last letter first—for I have noticed that that is what you great orators occasionally do. You express disappointment at not getting letters from me; whereas I never fail to send one whenever I am informed by your family that somebody is going to you. I think I gather from your letter that you are not likely to take any step rashly, nor to decide on any plan before you know in what direction that fellow Cæcilius Bassus[1] is likely to break out. That is what I had hoped, for I felt confidence in your wisdom, and now your very welcome letter makes me quite secure. And I beg you as a special favour that you will, as often as you can, make it possible for me to know what you are doing, what is being done, and also what you intend to do. Although I felt much distressed at your leaving me, I consoled myself at the time by thinking that you were going to a scene of the most profound tranquillity, and were leaving the cloud of serious troubles overhanging us. In both cases the actual truth has been the reverse. Where you are a war has broken out: with us there has followed a period of peace. Yet, after all, it is a peace in which, had you been here, there would have been many things that would not have pleased you, things in fact

[1] Q. Cæcilius Bassus (quæstor B.C. 59) fought on Pompey's side at Pharsalia, whence he escaped to Tyre. He managed to win over some of the army of the proprætor of Syria, Sext. Iulius Cæsar; and, taking advantage of rumours in B.C. 46 of Cæsar being defeated in Africa, he caused Sext. Iulius to be assassinated and took over the government of Syria. He fortified Apamea, and there repulsed Antistius Vetus and Statius Murcus, who were successively sent against him, and had dealings with the Parthians. Though Murcus was reinforced by Crispus, governor of Bithynia, Bassus held out till Cassius arrived in B.C. 43, to whom he surrendered and was allowed to go away unharmed.

which do not please Cæsar himself. In truth, this is always among the results of civil wars—that it is not only what the victor wishes that is done: concessions have also to be made to those by whose aid the victory was won. For my part, I have become so hardened that at our friend Cæsar's games I saw T. Plancus [1] and listened to the poems of Laberius and Publilius [2] with the utmost *sangfroid*. There is nothing I feel the lack of so much as of some one with whom to laugh at these things in a confidential and philosophic spirit. You will be the man, if you will only come as soon as possible. That you should do so I think is important to yourself as well as to me.

DCLXVIII (F XII, 19)

TO Q. CORNIFICIUS (IN SYRIA)

ROME (? DECEMBER)

I READ your letter with very great pleasure. The most gratifying thing in it was to learn that mine had reached your hands; for I felt no doubt that you would find pleasure in reading it. I was afraid it would not reach you. I learn from your letter that the war now raging in Syria and the province of Syria itself have been put in your hands by Cæsar. I hope it may turn out to your honour and success. I feel confident that it will do so, for I have full reliance both on your activity and prudence. But what you

[1] T. Munatius Plancus Bursa, tribune in B.C. 52. An adherent of Publius Clodius, and principally responsible for the burning of the Curia when Clodius's body was burnt. He had been condemed for *vis*, and seeing him at the games Cicero knew that he had been recalled by Cæsar. See vol. i., p. 365.

[2] Decimus Laberius and Publilius Syrus were writers of mimes (vol. i., p. 345; *ad Att.* xiv. 2). It is said that Cæsar, who employed them in these games, taunted Laberius with being surpassed by the improvisations of the foreigner Syrus. A number of *sententiæ* or sententious verses are extant under the name of Syrus, and a fragment of his on luxury is preserved by Petronius Arbiter, § 55. Laberius died at Puteoli in B.C. 43. They doubtless on this occasion introduced flatteries of Cæsar.

say as to the suspicion of a Parthian invasion caused me great uneasiness. For I was able to conjecture the amount of your forces, and your letter confirms my calculation. Therefore I can only hope that that nation will not move until the legions reach you, which I hear are on their way. But if you have not forces adequate for the struggle, do not forget to follow the policy of M. Bibulus, who kept himself shut up in a very strongly fortified and well-supplied town, as long as the Parthians were in the province.[1] But you will settle these points better on the spot, and in view of the actual circumstances. For myself, I shall continue to feel anxious as to what you are doing, until I know what you have done. I have never had anyone to whom to give a letter without giving one. I beg you to do the same, and above all, when you write to your family, to assure them of my devotion to you.

DCLXIX (F XIII, 4)

TO Q. VALERIUS ORCA (IN ETRURIA)

ROME (AUTUMN [2])

MARCUS CICERO greets Quintus Valerius, son of Quintus, *legatus pro prætore*.[3] I have very close ties with the townsmen of Volaterræ. In fact, having received great kindness from me, they repaid me to the full: for they never failed me either in my prosperity or my adversity. And even if there were no special reason for our union, yet, having a very warm affection for you, and feeling that you have a high value for me, I should have warned and urged you to have a regard

[1] There is a touch of malice in this suggestion. Cicero jeers at the over-caution of Bibulus elsewhere. See vol. ii., pp. 199, 217.

[2] There is really nothing to decide the exact date of these two letters to Orca. The land commission referred to was established in the previous year (B.C. 46), and the letters may possibly belong to that year.

[3] This was Orca's title as head of the land commission; he was "legate (*i.e.*, of Cæsar) with rank of prætor." For Cæsar's use of public land for his veterans at this time, see Suet. *Iul.* 38.

for their fortunes, especially as their case for the retention of civil rights is unusually strong: first, because by the blessing of heaven they contrived to elude the vindictive measures of the Sullan epoch; and secondly, because my defence of them in my consulship received the hearty approval of the Roman people.[1] For the tribunes having promulgated an exceedingly unfair law about their lands, I easily persuaded the senate and people of Rome to allow citizens, whom fortune had spared, to retain their rights. This policy of mine was confirmed by the agrarian law of Gaius Cæsar in his first consulship, which freed the territory and town of Volaterræ from all danger for ever. This makes me feel sure that a man who seeks the support of new adherents will wish that old benefits conferred by him should be maintained. It is only therefore what your prudence would dictate, either to keep to the precedent set by the man to whose party and authority you have with so much personal honour adhered, or at least to reserve the whole case for his decision. There is one thing about which you can have no hesitation: you would wish to have a town of such sound and well-established credit and of so honourable a character for ever bound to you by a service of the highest utility on your part.

Thus far the purpose of my words is to exhort and persuade you. What remains will be of the nature of a personal request. For I don't wish you to think that I offer you advice for your own sake only, but that I am also preferring a request to you and asking for what is of consequence to myself. Well then, you will oblige me in the highest degree, if you decide that the Volaterrani are to be left intact in

[1] The circumstances were these. Volaterræ had taken the side of Marius against Sulla, and offered a refuge to many of the defeated party. Owing to the advantages of its position, it had held out against a two years' siege by Sulla (B.C. 81-80, Strabo, 5, 2, 6; Livy, *Ep.* 89; Cic. *pro Sext. Am.* § 20). Sulla therefore carried a law disfranchising it and declaring its lands forfeited (*pro Cæc.* §§ 18, 104); but for some reason the lands thus made "public" were never divided among new owners (vol. i., p. 54; *Att.* i. 19). Attempts were, however, made by various land reformers to deal with the territory as public land. Cicero here says that he successfully resisted one of these in B.C. 63, and that in Cæsar's *lex agraria* of B.C. 59 it was specially exempted, and the full citizenship of the Volaterrani acknowledged.

every respect and in full possession of their rights. Their homes and houses, their property and fortunes—which have already been preserved by the immortal gods, as well as by the most eminent citizens of our Republic with the warmest approval of the Roman people—I commend to your honour, justice, and liberality. If circumstances had granted me the power, proportionate to my old influence, of defending the Volaterrani in the same way as I was accustomed to protect my friends, there is no service, no struggle in fact calculated to be of use to them, that I would have omitted. But since I feel sure that with you I have no less influence than I ever had with all the world, I beg you in the name of close ties and of the mutual and equal goodwill existing between us, to serve the people of Volaterræ in such a way as to make them think that you have been set over that business by a special interposition of providence, as the one man with whom I, their undeviating supporter, was able to exert the greatest influence.

DCLXX (F XIII, 5)

TO Q. VALERIUS ORCA (IN ETRURIA)

ROME (AUTUMN)

CICERO greets Q. Valerius, *legatus pro prætore.* I am not sorry that my friendship for you is known as widely as possible. Not, however, that I wish on that plea—as you may well believe—to prevent your carrying out the business you have undertaken with good faith and activity, to the satisfaction of Cæsar, who has intrusted to you a matter of great importance and difficulty. For though I am besieged with petitions from men who are assured of your kindness to me, I am always careful not to embarrass you in the performance of your duty by any self-seeking on my part.

I have been very intimate with Gaius Curtius from our earliest days. I was grieved at the most undeserved calamity which befell him and the others in the Sullan epoch: and

when it appeared that those who had suffered a similar wrong, though they lost all their property, were yet allowed by universal consent to return to their native country, I supported the removal of his disability. This man has a holding[1] in the territory of Volaterræ, having betaken himself to it as a kind of salvage from shipwreck. Recently also Cæsar has selected him for a seat in the senate—a rank which he can scarcely maintain if he loses this holding.[2] Now it is a great hardship that, having been raised in rank, he should occupy an inferior position in regard to wealth, and it is not at all consistent that a man who is a senator by Cæsar's favour should be dispossessed of land which is being divided by Cæsar's order. But I don't so much care to write at length on the legal merits of the case, lest I should be thought to have had influence with you owing to its strength rather than from your personal feeling for me. Wherefore I beg you with more than common earnestness to look upon Gaius Curtius's affair as mine; and whatever you do for my sake, I beg you to consider, though you have done it for Gaius Curtius, that I have from your hand what he has obtained through my influence. I reiterate this request with warmth.

DCLXXI (F XIII, 7)

TO GAIUS CLUVIUS (IN CISALPINE GAUL)

ROME (AUTUMN)

WHEN on your departure for Gaul you called at my house, as was natural from our close connexion and the great courtesy you have always shewn to me, I spoke to you about the land in Gaul which paid rent to the municipal town of Atella; and I indicated to you how warmly interested I was

[1] *Possessio*, a term properly applied to the holding of *ager publicus*; it was short of *dominium*, "absolute ownership."

[2] That is, with proper social distinction. It seems certain that at this time there was no legal qualification as to property necessary for a senator.

in the welfare of that town. Since your departure, however, as a question has arisen as to a matter of great importance to this most respectable town—very closely connected with me—and as to the performance of a duty on my part, I thought I ought to write to you in more explicit terms. I am quite aware, however, of the nature of the circumstances and the limits of your power, and clearly understand that what Cæsar has assigned to you is the transaction of a certain business, not the exercise of judicial powers.[1] Therefore I only ask of you as much as I think that you have both the power and the will to do for my sake. And to begin with I would have you consider—what is the fact—that the whole wealth of the town consists of that rent, while in the present state of affairs it is hard-pressed by very serious burdens, and is labouring under the greatest difficulties. Although this seems to be a misfortune common to many others, I assure you that certain special calamities have befallen this particular municipality, which I don't specify for fear that, while bewailing the miseries of my own connexions, I should seem to be casting a reflexion upon certain persons upon whom I have no wish to do so. Accordingly, if I had not had a strong hope of our being able to secure the approval of Gaius Cæsar for the plea of this town, there would have been no reason for my making an effort at this time to secure any favour from you. But because I feel sure that he will take into consideration both the respectability of the town and the justice of its case, and also its good disposition towards himself, I have not hesitated to urge upon you to reserve this cause for his decision. This request I should nevertheless have made to you if I had never heard of your having done anything of the sort; yet I did conceive a stronger hope of gaining my request when I was told that the people of Regium had obtained the same favour from you. Although these latter have a certain connexion with you, yet your affection for me compels me to hope that the indulgence you extend to your own friends you will also extend to mine: especially as these are the only ones for whom I prefer the request, whereas I have a considerable

[1] That is, Cæsar has commissioned him to divide certain lands, not to decide which are to be divided.

number of connexions who are in a similarly hard case. Though I think you believe that I am not doing this without good reason, and am not influenced by a frivolous and selfish motive in preferring this request, yet I would have you believe my definite assertion, that I owe a very great deal to this municipality, and that there has been no time either of my prosperity or adversity in which its zeal for my service has not been displayed in a remarkable manner. Wherefore again and again, in the name of our close union and of your unbroken and eminent affection for me, I ask and implore this of you with no common earnestness. Since you understand that the fortunes of a town are involved, which is very closely connected with me by ties of relationship, interchange of services and affection, do, if we obtain from Cæsar what we hope, allow us to consider that we have obtained it by your kindness. But if we do not, instead of that allow us to consider that at least you have done your best to enable us to obtain it. By doing this you will not only have greatly obliged me, but by a signal service you will have bound to yourself and your family men of the highest character, a number of the most honourable as well as the most grateful people, eminently worthy of being connected with you.

DCLXXII (F XIII, 8)

TO MARCUS RUTILIUS (IN ETRURIA)

ROME (AUTUMN)

As I was conscious of how much I valued you, and had had practical proof of your kind feeling towards me, I did not hesitate to make a request to you which it was incumbent upon me to make. How much I value P. Sestius I know in my own heart; how much I am bound to value him is known both to you and all the world. Having learnt from others that you were very much attached to me, he asked me to write in very explicit terms to you about the affair of

Gaius Albinius, a member of the senate, whose daughter is the mother of L. Sestius, a young man of very high character, the son of P. Sestius. My reason for writing this letter is to inform you that not only am I anxious on behalf of P. Sestius, but that Sestius is so also on behalf of Albinius. The case is this: Gaius Albinius received some properties from M. Laberius on a valuation, properties which Laberius had bought from Cæsar forming part of the property of Plotius. If I should say that it was not in the interests of the state that those properties should be divided, I should appear to be trying to enlighten you rather than to be asking a favour of you. Nevertheless, since it is Cæsar's will that the sales and assignments of land effected by Sulla should hold good, in order to give the impression of greater security to his own, pray what security can Cæsar's own sales have, if properties are divided which he himself caused to be sold? However, that is a difficulty for your own wisdom to consider. My plain request to you—and I could not make it with greater earnestness or in a juster cause or more from the bottom of my heart—is that you should spare Albinius and not lay a finger on the properties of Laberius. You will not only cause me great delight, but will in a certain sense raise my reputation also, if I am the cause of Publius Sestius satisfying the claims of a man very closely connected with me, since I owe him more than anyone else in the world. I warmly and repeatedly beg you to do so. You cannot do me a greater favour: you shall have reason to know that I am exceedingly obliged by it.

DCLXXIII (F V, 11)

TO PUBLIUS VATINIUS (IN ILLYRICUM)

ROME (OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER)

I AM not surprised that you appreciate my services, for I know you to be the most grateful man in the world, and that I have never ceased to declare. For you have not

merely felt grateful, you have shewn it in practice also by the most complete return possible. Therefore, in all your remaining concerns, you shall find that I have the same zeal and the same goodwill to you.

You commend to me that most honourable lady your wife Pompeia. I therefore at once spoke to Sura on reading your letter, and bade him tell her from me to let me know anything she wanted done, and to say that I would do it with the greatest zeal and assiduity. And this I will do, and if it seems necessary I will call upon her personally. Please write and tell her not to consider anything to be so great or so small, as to seem to me difficult or beneath my notice. Everything which I may do in your interest will appear to me at once unlaborious and honourable.

As to Dionysius,[1] as you love me, settle the business. Whatever pledge you give him I will make good. If, however, he shews himself the villain that he is, you will lead him captive in your triumph. Confound the Dalmatians who are giving you all this trouble! But, as you say, they will soon be taken prisoners, and will add a lustre to your campaign, for they have always been considered a warlike people.

DCLXXIV (F VII, 29)

MANIUS CURIUS TO CICERO (AT ROME)

PATRÆ, 29 OCTOBER

IF you are well, I am glad; for I am yours by *usus*, Atticus's in full *dominium*: therefore the usufruct of me is yours, the ownership his.[2] If indeed he puts us up for sale in one lot, he

[1] Cicero's runaway slave. See p. 172.

[2] Curius uses legal terms connected with the ownership of land—first in Greek and then in Latin. *Usus* (χρῆσις) is the holding of property of which the ownership belongs to another; *dominium* (κτῆσις) is full ownership; *fructus* or *usus fructus* is the right to the profit of the property which the man who has *usus* takes; *mancipium* is (1) property acquired by *mancipatio*, (2) the full ownership of such property.

won't make much of us. But what an addition to my selling price will be my declaration that whatever I am or have, and whatever position I enjoy in the world, is all owing to you! Wherefore, my dear Cicero, persevere in your constant care for my welfare, and recommend me in a letter of introduction of the finest brand to the successor of Sulpicius. I shall thereby have greater facility in obeying your maxims, and of seeing you to my joy by the spring, and of breaking up my establishment and bringing my belongings safely home. But, my dear distinguished friend, do not shew this letter to Atticus. Let him continue to regard me as heart and soul his, and not as one who "whitewashes two walls out of the same pot."[1] So, patron mine, good-bye to you, and give Tiro kind regards from me.

29 October.

DCLXXV (F V, 10 a)

P. VATINIUS TO CICERO (AT ROME)

NARONA, 5 DECEMBER.

AFTER the thanksgiving had been decreed in my honour I started for Dalmatia. I stormed and took six fortified towns. The largest of them, indeed, I have had practically to storm four times;[2] for I took four towers and four walls and their entire citadel, which snow, cold, and rain forced me to evacuate. It was mortifying to be obliged thus to abandon a town already taken and a war practically finished. Wherefore I beg you, if there is any occasion for it, to plead my cause with Cæsar, and to regard it as your duty to defend my character in every respect, with the full conviction that you have no more devoted friend than myself. Good-bye.

5 December, Narona.

[1] A proverb for one who "blows hot and cold," who "sits on the hedge," or who tries "to serve two masters."

[2] The text of this sentence is doubtful.

DCLXXVI (A XIII, 52)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

PUTEOLI, 21 DECEMBER

WELL, I have no reason after all to repent my formidable guest! For he made himself exceedingly pleasant. But on his arrival at the villa of Philippus on the evening of the second day of the Saturnalia,[1] the villa was so choke full of soldiers that there was scarcely a dining-room left for Cæsar himself to dine in. Two thousand men, if you please! I was in a great taking as to what was to happen the next day; and so Cassius Barba came to my aid and gave me guards. A camp was pitched in the open, the villa was put in a state of defence. He stayed with Philippus on the third day of the Saturnalia till one o'clock, without admitting anyone. He was engaged on his accounts, I think, with Balbus. Then he took a walk on the beach. After two he went to the bath. Then he heard about Mamurra without changing countenance.[2] He was anointed: took his place at the table. He was under a course of emetics,[3] and so ate and drank without scruple and as suited his taste. It was a very good dinner, and well served, and not only so, but

> "Well cooked, well seasoned food, with rare discourse:
> A banquet in a word to cheer the heart."[4]

Besides this, the staff were entertained in three rooms in a very liberal style. The freedmen of lower rank and the slaves had everything they could want. But the upper sort

[1] The *Saturnalia* began on the 17th of December.

[2] We have no means of knowing what Cæsar was told of Mamurra—his death, some think. Hardly the epigram of Catullus (57), as others have suggested (see Suet. *Iul.* 73). Mamurra was one of his agents whom Cæsar had enriched (vol. ii., p. 228).

[3] This use of emetics—no doubt often abused—took at this time somewhat the place in medical treatment that bleeding did a hundred years ago. Cæsar seems to have frequently submitted to it. See *pro Deiot.* § 21.

[4] Verses of Lucilius.

had a really *recherché* dinner. In fact, I shewed that I was somebody. However, he is not a guest to whom one would say, "Pray look me up again on your way back." Once is enough. We didn't say a word about politics. There was plenty of literary talk. In short, he was pleased and enjoyed himself. He said he should stay one day at Puteoli, another at Baiæ. That's the story of the entertainment, or I might call it the billeting on me—trying to the temper, but not seriously inconvenient. I am staying on here for a short time and then go to Tusculum. When he was passing Dolabella's villa, the whole guard formed up on the right and left of his horse, and nowhere else.[1] This I was told by Nicias.

DCLXXVII (F IX, 12)

TO P. CORNELIUS DOLABELLA (AT BAIÆ)

PUTEOLI (DECEMBER)

I CONGRATULATE our favourite Baiæ on its becoming, as you say, a healthy place; unless perchance it is fond of and flatters you and, so long as you are there, has forgotten its usual habits. If that is really so, it doesn't at all surprise me that sky and land are foregoing their usual evil effects.

My poor little speech for Deiotarus, for which you asked, I have with me, though I thought I had not. Accordingly I am sending it to you. Please read it with the understanding that it is a slight and weak case and not much worthy of being committed to writing. But I wished to send an old host and friend a small present—of loose texture and coarse thread—as his own presents usually are.[1] As for yourself, I

[1] This was apparently a sort of salute of honour to Dolabella, who was at this time irritated about the consulship for B.C. 44. Cæsar had, it seems, promised it him, but now meant to take the first three months of it himself (2 *Phil.* § 79). See the next letter.

[2] Apparently native cloths or textures sent as presents to his friends at Rome.

would have you shew wisdom and courage, in order that the moderation and dignity of your bearing may throw discredit on the unfair treatment you have met with from others.[1]

DCLXXVIII (A XIII, 42)

TO ATTICUS (AT ROME)

TUSCULUM (END OF DECEMBER)

HE[2] has been to see me and with a very dejected air. Said I to him: "Why so gloomy?" "Can you ask," said he, "when I am about to start on a journey, and a journey to the seat of war—a journey, too, that is not only dangerous, but discreditable as well?"[3] "What is the compulsion, then?" said I. "Debt," said he, "and yet I haven't even money enough for the journey." At this point I took a hint from your kind of eloquence. I held my tongue. He went on: "But what gives me most pain is my uncle."[4] "Why is that?" said I. "Because he is angry with me," said he. "Why do you allow him to be so," said I—for I prefer using that word to "Why do you incur it?" "I won't allow it," said he, "for I will remove the reason." "Excellent!" said I; "but if it won't be disagreeable to you, I should like to know what the reason is." "Because, while hesitating as to whom to marry, I vexed my mother, and consequently him too. However, nothing can make up for doing that in my eyes. I will do what they wish." "I wish you good luck," I said, "and I commend your resolution. But when is it to be?" "Oh, I don't care about the time," he said, "since I accept the thing." "Well, my

[1] Cicero means to refer to Antony, who had opposed Dolabella's consulship, for which Dolabella inveighed against him in the senate on the next Kalends of January. See the passage of the second Philippic quoted in the note to the previous letter.

[2] Cicero's nephew Quintus.

[3] Quintus is going with Cæsar to the wars against the Getæ and the Parthians. He seems to call the journey dishonourable to himself, not on its own account, but because of his motive in undertaking the service, *i.e.*, to avoid his creditors.

[4] Atticus.

opinion is," said I, "that you should do it before starting. You will thus oblige your father also." "I will do as you think right," said he. This was the end of our conversation.

But listen to me! You know the 3rd of January is my birthday. You must come to dinner therefore.

I had written thus far, when lo and behold comes a summons to Rome from Lepidus. I suppose the augurs want me for consecrating a temple-site.[1] Well, I must go. Don't let 's have any rumpus.[2] I shall see you therefore.

[The following letters of introduction cannot be dated. They probably were written early in the year.]

DCLXXIX (F XIII, 30)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

THERE is a certain L. Manlius Sosis. He is a native of Catina; but along with the rest of the people of Naples became a Roman citizen, and is a member of the council at Naples, as he had been enrolled as a citizen of that municipality before the citizenship was granted to the Italian allies. His brother has lately died at Catina. I don't think he is likely to have any dispute about the inheritance, and he is at this moment in possession of the property. But as he has besides some business of old standing in his native Sicily, I commend to you both this inheritance from his brother and all other of his concerns, and above all the man himself as being of the highest character and very intimate with myself, accomplished in those studies

[1] Probably that of Felicitas (Dio, 45, 5).

[2] *μὴ σκόρδου* (Tyrrell and Purser's brilliant emendation of the unintelligible word in the MSS.), lit. "No garlic!" Garlic was supposed to make people pugnacious, and is often mentioned in Aristophanes as used for feeding fighting-cocks: *Eq.* 494, 946; *Acharn.* 166; *Pax*, 502; *Lys.* 690. So Lucian in his *Vera Historia* (i. 13) names one of his imaginary people *σκοροδομάχοι*, "garlic fighters."

of literature and philosophy which form my chief delight. I beg you, therefore, to understand that, whether he has or has not come to Sicily, he is one of my most intimate and closely united friends, and to treat him in such a way as to make him understand that my recommendation has been of great service to him.

DCLXXX (F XIII, 31)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

I AM very intimate with Gaius Flavius, an honourable and accomplished Roman knight. For he was a great friend of my son-in-law Gaius Piso, and both he and his brother L. Flavius pay me very constant attention. Wherefore I would wish you, out of consideration for me, to treat Gaius Flavius with the utmost possible respect and liberality, in whatever ways you can do so with honour and due regard for your position. You cannot possibly oblige me more than by so doing. But besides that, I assure you—and I don't say this from any ulterior motive, but influenced by the truth no less than by friendship and personal connexion—that you will extract great pleasure from the services and assiduity of Gaius Flavius, as also from his brilliant position and popularity among his own friends. Good-bye.

DCLXXXI (F XIII, 32)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

IN the town of Halesa, so well known for its wealth and high character, I have some friends very closely united to me by the ties of hospitality and intimacy named M. Clodius

Archagethus and C. Clodius Philo. But I am afraid that, owing to the number of people I recommend to you, I may appear to be putting all my recommendations on the same footing from some ulterior motive. Still, I would have you believe that this family and these members of it are united to me by a long-standing friendship, by mutual services, and by goodwill. Therefore I beg you, with more than common earnestness, to oblige them in every way, as far as your honour and official position shall allow you. You will exceedingly oblige me by doing so.

DCLXXXII (F XIII, 33)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

I AM exceedingly intimate with Gnæus Otacilius Naso, certainly as much so as with any man of his order. For in our daily intercourse I am greatly delighted with his kindness and honesty. You need not stop to see in what precise words I recommend a man to you, with whom I am as intimate as I have said. He has some business in your province, which is being managed by his freedmen Hilarus, Antigonus, and Demostratus. These men and all Naso's affairs I commend to you as though they were my own. I shall feel very grateful if I learn that this recommendation has had great weight with you. Good-bye.

DCLXXXIII (F XIII, 34)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

I HAVE ties of hospitality with Lyson, son of Lyson, of Lilybæum, dating from the times of his grandfather. I con-

tinue to receive strong proofs of his regard, and have ascertained him to be worthy of his father and grandfather. Wherefore I recommend him to you with more than common earnestness, and warmly beg you to be at the trouble to make him feel that my recommendation has been of the utmost assistance to him and very greatly to his honour.

DCLXXXIV (F XIII, 35)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

C. AVIANIUS PHILOXENUS shewed me hospitality in old times, and beyond that is also an intimate friend, whom Cæsar as a favour to me enrolled among the citizens of New Comum. He took the name of Avianius, because his most intimate friend was Flaccus Avianius, a man, as I think you know, who was a very dear friend of mine. I mention all these facts to shew you that this recommendation of mine is no ordinary one. I therefore beg you to oblige him in everything which you can do without inconvenience, to consider him as one of your friends, and to make him feel that this letter of mine has been of great service to him. You will oblige me in no common degree by so doing.

DCLXXXV (F XIII, 36)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

WITH Demetrius Megas I have ancient ties of hospitality, and a friendship such as I had with no other Sicilian. Dolabella at my request procured him citizenship from

Cæsar, and I was present when it was bestowed. Accordingly his name is now P. Cornelius. And when, on account of certain infamous persons who used to sell grants from him, Cæsar ordered the tablet containing the names of those who had received citizenship to be taken down, he told the same Dolabella in my hearing that he had nothing to fear as to Megas, and that his grant to him held good. I wished you to know this in order that you might reckon him as a Roman citizen; and in all other respects I commend him to you with an earnestness beyond which I have not gone with respect to anyone. You will do me the very greatest favour if you shew him by your treatment of him that my recommendation has been greatly to his honour.

DCLXXXVI (F XIII, 37)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

I RECOMMEND Hippias, son of Philoxenus, of Calacta, to you with more than common earnestness. His property, as the matter has been reported to me, is held by the state for a debt which is not properly his, contrary to the laws of the Calactini. If that is so, even without any recommendation from me, the merits of the case itself ought to secure him your assistance. But however the matter stands, I beg you as a compliment to me to expedite his case, and both in this and in all other matters to oblige him as far as your honour and position will allow. It will be doing me a very great favour.

DCLXXXVII (F XIII, 38)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

L. BRUTTIUS a Roman knight, a young man of every sort of accomplishment, is among my most intimate friends, and shews me very constant attention. I have had a great friendship with his father from the time of my Sicilian quæstorship. In point of fact Bruttius is at this moment staying with me at Rome: still I recommend his house, his property, and his agents to you with an earnestness beyond which I cannot go in such a recommendation. You will exceedingly oblige me if you take the trouble to let Bruttius feel, as I have assured him will be the case, that my recommendation has been of great assistance to him.

DCLXXXVIII (F XIII, 39)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN SICILY)

ROME

AN old connexion grew up between the Titurnian family and myself. Of this family the last survivor is M. Titurnius Rufus, whom I am bound to protect with every possible care and attention. It is then in your power to make him think that he has a sufficient protector in me. Wherefore I recommend him to you with more than common earnestness, and I beg you to make him feel that this recommendation has been of great assistance to him. You will very greatly oblige me by doing so.

DCLXXXIX (F XVI, 18)

TO TIRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (DECEMBER)

WHAT do you say? Ought it not be so? I think it ought for my part. The word SUO ought also to be added. But, if you please, let us avoid exciting prejudice, which however I have myself often neglected.[1] I am glad the sweating has done you good. If only Tusculum has done so also, good heavens! what a charm that would add to the place in my eyes! But if you love me, as you do, or make a very pretty imitation of doing—an imitation which quite answers its purpose—well, however that may be, nurse your health now, to which, while devoting yourself to my service, you have not been devoted enough. You know what it requires—good digestion, freedom from fatigue, moderate walking, friction of the skin, easy operation of the bowels.[2] Be sure you come back looking well. That would make me still fonder of Tusculum as well as of you. Stir up Parhedrus to hire the garden for himself: by doing so you will keep the actual gardener up to the mark.[3] That utter scoundrel Helico used to pay a thousand sesterces, when there was no hot-bed, no water turned on, no wall, no garden-shed. Is he to have the laugh of us, after we have spent all that money?

[1] This seems to have no reference which we can now hope to explain. Tiro had apparently objected to some phrase in a writing of Cicero's, partly at any rate on grammatical grounds.

[2] These words are given in Greek, as medical terms usually were.

[3] It is impossible to be sure of the state of things to which allusion is made. Tiro seems to have complained that the gardener Helico at Tusculum wasn't doing well. Cicero says, "Get Parhedrus to take it—supplying what is wanted in the house as part rent—he will keep the workman up to his work. Helico is a great rascal not to do better by the garden, for he has had it at a small rent, never raised in spite of all the improvements which I have made. Parhedrus will pay more, and also be more satisfactory."

Warm the fellow up, as I do Motho [1] and so get plenty [2] of flowers. What arrangement is being made about the Crabra,[3] though now indeed we have enough water and to spare, I should yet wish to know. I will send the sun-dial and books, if the weather is dry. But have you no books with you, or are you composing in the Sophoclean vein? Mind you have something to shew for your labour. Cæsar's friend Aulus Ligurius [4] is dead: he was a good man and a good friend to me. Let me know when we are to expect you. Take great care of youself. Good-bye.

DCXC (F XVI, 20)

TO TIRO (AT TUSCULUM)

ROME (DECEMBER)

UPON my life, my dear Tiro, your health makes me very uneasy. But I feel confident that if you continue to take the same care as you have begun to do, you will soon be strong. Arrange the books, get the catalogue made when it pleases Metrodorus,[5] since you have to live according to his orders. Settle with the gardener as you think right. You can go to see the gladiators on the first, and return home next day. And I think that is what you had better do. But as you please. Take great care of yourself, if you love me. Good-bye.

[1] Perhaps Motho is the town gardener—as we know there was a garden at Cicero's town house. A supply of flowers there would be specially needed for parties, festivals, etc.

[2] Reading *itaque abundo coronis*.

[3] The Crabra was the name of the conduit supplying Tusculum with water, for which Cicero paid a rate to the municipality (*De leg. Agr.*, iii. § 8).

[4] Vol. i., p. 331; *supra*, p. 24.

[5] The physician.

DCXCI (F VII, 30)

This momentous year opened apparently without any special signs of danger. Cicero was employed in finishing his *Tusculan Disputations*, and we have practically only one letter from him before the Ides of March (the others being mere letters of introduction of the usual formal kind). But in the one addressed to Curius, he takes occasion to shew his discontent at the *régime*. He seems to have been specially annoyed at the disparagement of the consular dignity involved in Cæsar appointing Rebilus to that office for one day, the last of the year, in order to reward him by the rank of a consular. This calm was suddenly interrupted by the murder of Cæsar, and Cicero immediately threw himself into politics again with the idea that the republic was restored. He soon found however that the *regnum* had not ended with the death of the *rex*, and that Antony had no intention of sinking into the position of a mere constitutional magistrate, to say nothing of the claims of the young Octavius—whom Cicero at first hoped to play off against Antony. From about June to the end of August therefore Cicero again avoided politics by visiting his villas and devoting himself to literature, intending also to visit his son at Athens. The *de Natura Deorum*, *de Divinatione*, *de Fato*, *de Senectute*, *de Amicitia*, *de Gloria*, *de Officiis*, and *Topica*, were all finished in this year, and probably in the first half of it. After the beginning of September he was engaged heart and soul in the leadership of the senatorial party against Antony. The first four speeches against Antony (*Phil.* i.-iv.) were written and three of them delivered before the end of the year. The last letter to Atticus is written in December of this year.

B.C. 44, æt. 62.
Dictat. r. p. ger.
C. Iulius Cæsar IV. Mag. eq.
M. Æmilius Lepidus II. Coss.,
C. Octavius } *non*
Cn. Domitius } *inierunt.*
C. Iulius Cæsar V. occis.
M. Antonius.
P. Cornelius Dolabella.

TO MANIUS CURIUS (AT PATRÆ)

ROME (JANUARY)

No, I now neither urge nor ask you to return home. Nay, I am longing myself to fly away and to arrive somewhere, where "I may hear neither the name nor the deeds of the Pelopidæ."[1] You could scarcely believe how disgraceful my conduct appears to me in countenancing the present state of things. Truly, I think you foresaw long ago what was

[1] For this quotation, see p. 100.

impending, at the time when you fled from Rome. Though these things are painful even to hear of, yet after all hearing is more bearable than seeing. At any rate you were not on the Campus Martius when, the *comitia* for the quæstors being opened at 7 o'clock in the morning, the curule chair of Q. Maximus—whom that party affirmed to be consul [1]—was set in its place, and then on his death being announced was removed: whereupon Cæsar, who had taken the auspices as for a *comitia tributa*, held a *comitia centuriata*,[2] and between 12 and 1 o'clock announced the election of a consul to hold office till the 1st of January, which was the next day. Thus I may inform you that no one breakfasted in the consulship of Caninius.[3] However, no mischief was done while he was consul, for he was of such astonishing vigilance that throughout his consulship he never had a wink of sleep. You think this a joke, for you are not here. If you had been you would not have refrained from tears. There is a great deal else that I might tell you; for there are countless transactions of the same kind. I in fact could not have endured them had I not taken refuge in the harbour of Philosophy, and had I not had my friend Atticus as a companion in my studies. You say you are his by right of ownership and legal bond, but mine in regard to enjoyment and profit: well, I am content with that, for a man's property may be defined as that which he enjoys and of which he has the profit.[4] But of this another time at greater length.

Acilius,[5] who has been despatched to Greece with the

[1] Q. Fabius Maximus had been named consul when Cæsar resigned the consulship after his return from Spain.

[2] It does not appear that any difference in the manner of taking the auspices was observed between the two assemblies, which after all were the same, though the manner of taking the votes was different. The quæstors were elected by the *tributa*, consuls by the *centuriata*.

[3] Because his consulship ended at midnight, as the Roman civil day —like ours—did. C. Caninius Rebilus—who had been Cæsar's legate in Gaul (vol. ii., p. 219) and elsewhere—was only consul for about eleven hours. The object, according to Tacitus, *Hist.* 3, 37, was to reward him for his services by this sort of brevet rank.

[4] See p. 344.

[5] Manius Acilius Glabrio, who was going out to govern Achaia as Cæsar's *legatus*. The legions were no doubt to be in readiness to cross to Syria if needed.

legions, is under a great obligation to me—for he has been twice successfully defended by me on a capital charge. He is not a man either of an ungrateful disposition, and pays me very constant attention. I have written to him in very strong terms about you, and am attaching the letter to this packet. Please let me know how he has taken it, and what promises he has made you.

DCXCII (F XIII, 50)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN ACHAIA)

ROME (JANUARY)

I AM presuming upon your regard for me, which you made me clearly perceive all the time we were at Brundisium, to write to you in a familiar style and as though I had a claim to do so, if there is any matter as to which I am specially anxious. Manius Curius, who is a banker at Patræ, is an intimate friend of mine. No union could be closer than ours. He has done me many kindnesses, and I have done him many also. Above all, there is the strongest mutual affection between us. That being the case, if you have anything to hope from my friendship, if you wish to make the good offices and kindnesses which you bestowed on me at Brundisium still more a subject of gratitude to me (though I am already exceedingly grateful), if you perceive that I am beloved by all your family, pray extend and enlarge your favours to me so far as to keep Manius Curius safe and sound [1]—as the phrase goes—unharmed and free from every sort of annoyance, loss, and molestation. I pledge you my word, and all your friends will be my guarantees for it, that you will reap very great advantage and very high satisfaction from my friendship and from your own kindness.

[1] *Sartum tectum*, lit. repaired and roofed. A common phrase for keeping a house in good repair. See p. 62.

DCXCIII (F V, 10)

FROM P. VATINIUS TO CICERO (AT ROME)

NARONA (JANUARY)

IF you are well I am glad; I am also well. I have not yet fished out anything about your Dionysius;[1] and the less so, because the Dalmatian cold, which forced me out of that country, has again frozen me here. However, I will not give up till I have sooner or later got hold of him. Yet after all you are always setting me some hard task. You wrote something or other to me about Catilius[2]—earnestly pleading for his pardon. Don't talk about our friend Sextus Servilius, for by heaven I am as fond of him as you are. But are these the sort of clients, and these the sort of causes which you undertake? Catilius—the cruellest fellow in the world, who has murdered, abducted, ruined so many free-born men, matrons, citizens of Rome! Who has laid waste so many countries! The fellow—half-ape and not worth twopence—took up arms against me, and I have taken him prisoner in war. But after all, my dear Cicero, what can I do? I swear to you that I desire to do anything you ask. My sentence upon him and this punishment which I was going to inflict on him as my prisoner, I freely remit in deference to your request. But what am I to say to those who demand his punishment for the plunder of their property, the capture of their ships, the murder of their brothers, sons, and parents? Even if I had, by Jove, the impudence of Appius, into whose place in the college I was elected, I could not face that out. What is to be done then? I will do my best to carry out anything that I know you wish. He is being defended by Q. Volusius, a pupil of your own, if that fact may chance to rout his enemies. That's his best hope.

[1] See pp. 303, 344.

[2] Some man who had been acting as a pirate on the coasts of Illyricum, perhaps an old Pompeian officer.

Pray defend me at Rome if there is any occasion for it. Cæsar is still treating me unfairly. He still doesn't bring any motion before the senate about the supplication in my honour, or about my Dalmatian campaign: as though my operations in Dalmatia did not in truth most thoroughly deserve a triumph! For if I have to wait until I finish the whole war, there are thirty ancient cities in Dalmatia; those which the Dalmatians have themselves annexed are more than sixty. If no supplication is to be decreed in my honour unless I storm all these, then I am on a very different footing from all other commanders.[1]

DCXCIV (F VII, 31)

TO MANIUS CURIUS (AT PATRÆ)

ROME (FEBRUARY)

I HAD no difficulty in gathering from your letter, what I have always been anxious for, that I am very highly valued by you, and that you are fully aware how dear you are to me. As, then, we are both convinced of that, it remains for us to enter upon a rivalry of good offices. In that contest I shall be equally content to surpass you or to be surpassed by you. I am not displeased to find that there was no need for my letter being handed to Acilius. I gather from your letter that you had no great occasion for the services of Sulpicius, because your affairs had been so much reduced in magnitude, that they had "neither head nor feet." I could wish that they had "feet," that you might come back to Rome some day. For you see that the old fountain of humour has run dry, so that by this time our poet Pomponius might say with good reason:

[1] Vatinius, after being consul for a few days in B.C. 47, was sent to Illyricum at the end of that year, and was still there in B.C. 44, when he handed over his troops to M. Brutus, whether voluntarily or under compulsion is not certain. Anyhow he got his triumph at the end of B.C. 43.

"We only guard—a dwindling band—
The ancient fame of Attic land."

So he is your successor, I his. Come, therefore, I beg, lest the seed for the harvest of wit perish along with the republic.

DCXCV (F XII, 21)

TO QUINTUS CORNIFICIUS (IN AFRICA)

ROME

My friend Gaius Anicius, a man possessed of every sort of accomplishment, has on urgent private affairs received a free legation[1] to go to Africa. I should be glad if you would render him every kind of assistance and would take pains to enable him to settle his business as satisfactorily as possible. Especially—what is most valuable in his eyes—I request you to have an eye to his dignity. And I ask that of you, because I myself when in a province was accustomed without being asked to be careful to assign lictors to all senators. That is a compliment which I had myself received, and I knew that it was habitually done by the most distinguished men. Therefore, my dear Cornificius, pray do this, and in all other respects, if you love me, consult for his dignity and his property. You will exceedingly oblige me by doing so. Take pains to keep well.

[1] See vol. i., p. 110, note (4).

APPENDIX A

[The following letters of recommendation cannot be dated, and are put here as almost completing that class of letter, and as being no doubt earlier at least than B.C. 44, or at any rate than the March of that year. The first has been attributed by some to B.C. 63. If that is so, it is the only letter of the year of the consulship: but there is really no means of thus dating it, or indeed of dating it at all.]

I (F XIII, 76)

TO THE QUATTUORVIRI AND DECURIONES OF [? FABRATERIA [1]]

ROME

I HAVE so many reasons for being intimate with Quintus Hippius, that nothing can be more closely united than we are with each other. If that were not so, I should have maintained my usual resolution of not being troublesome to you in any matter. For in fact you are my best witnesses that, though I was convinced that there was nothing I might not obtain at your hands, I have never wished to be burdensome to you. I therefore beg you again and again with warmth that you would for my sake treat Gaius Valgius Hippianus [2] as liberally as possible, and come to such a settlement, that he may be able to hold without obligation or charge the estate in the territory of Fregellæ which he

[1] Though Fregellæ was destroyed in B.C. 124, the name of the territory seems to have remained—the *ager Fregellanus*, and there was a station on the Latin road which was still called *Fregellanum*. It is possible that the town alluded to is Fabrateria in this district, which was made a Roman colony in B.C. 124, but it is not at all certain.

[2] Apparently a son of Q. Hippius mentioned above, who had been adopted by a Valgius.

purchased from you. If I obtain that favour from you I shall consider that I have received a very signal kindness at your hands.

II (F XIII, 43)

TO QUINTUS GALLUS (?IN ASIA)

ROME

THOUGH I hope that I shall have many occasions for observing, what after all I have long ago observed, that I am beloved by you, yet you have now before you a case in which you have a ready means of shewing your goodwill towards me. Lucius Oppius, son of Marcus Philomelius, is a banker, and my intimate friend. I commend him to you in a special manner, and all the more so, that while I like the man himself, he is also manager of the business of L. Egnatius Rufus, my most intimate friend among the Roman knights, and one most closely united to me both by daily association and by very numerous and very important services. I therefore beg you to shew affection for Oppius who is with you, and protect the interests of Egnatius who is not, as earnestly as if it were my own business. In order to aid your memory I should like you to give him some sort of writing to be returned to you in the province. Write it in such a way that whenever you read it you may easily recall the earnestness of this recommendation of mine. I beg you warmly and repeatedly to do this.

III (F XIII, 44)

TO Q. GALLUS (IN ASIA?)

ROME

ALTHOUGH from your letter and from that of my very intimate friend L. Oppius I am assured that you are mindful

of my recommendation, and though, in view of your very great kindness to me and our intimacy I am not at all surprised at that, nevertheless I reiterate my recommendation of L. Oppius, who is with you, and of the business affairs of my most intimate friend, L. Egnatius, who is not. He is so closely allied and so intimate with me, that I could not be more anxious if it were my own affair. Therefore you will very greatly oblige me if you take care that he understands that I am as much beloved by you as I think I am myself. You cannot possibly oblige me more, and I beg you warmly to do so.

IV (F XIII, 45)

TO APPULEIUS (PRO-QUÆSTOR IN ASIA)

ROME

LUCIUS EGNATIUS is my most intimate friend among the Roman knights. I commend to you his slave Anchialus and his banking business in Asia as earnestly as if I were commending my own business. For I would have you believe that there is not only a close daily intercourse between us, but also important mutual services. Wherefore I reiterate my request that you will see that he understands that I have written to you with sufficient earnestness: for as to your goodwill towards me he had no doubt. I beg you again and again to do so. Good-bye.

V (F XIII, 46)

TO APPULEIUS (IN ASIA)

ROME

LUCIUS NOSTIUS ZOILUS is a co-heir with me, and besides that the heir of his patron. I state these two facts both to

impending, at the time when you fled from Rome. Though these things are painful even to hear of, yet after all hearing is more bearable than seeing. At any rate you were not on the Campus Martius when, the *comitia* for the quæstors being opened at 7 o'clock in the morning, the curule chair of Q. Maximus—whom that party affirmed to be consul[1]—was set in its place, and then on his death being announced was removed: whereupon Cæsar, who had taken the auspices as for a *comitia tributa*, held a *comitia centuriata*,[2] and between 12 and 1 o'clock announced the election of a consul to hold office till the 1st of January, which was the next day. Thus I may inform you that no one breakfasted in the consulship of Caninius.[3] However, no mischief was done while he was consul, for he was of such astonishing vigilance that throughout his consulship he never had a wink of sleep. You think this a joke, for you are not here. If you had been you would not have refrained from tears. There is a great deal else that I might tell you; for there are countless transactions of the same kind. I in fact could not have endured them had I not taken refuge in the harbour of Philosophy, and had I not had my friend Atticus as a companion in my studies. You say you are his by right of ownership and legal bond, but mine in regard to enjoyment and profit: well, I am content with that, for a man's property may be defined as that which he enjoys and of which he has the profit.[4] But of this another time at greater length.

Acilius,[5] who has been despatched to Greece with the

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[3] Because his consulship ended at midnight, as the Roman civil day—like ours—did. C. Caninius Rebilus—who had been Cæsar's legate in Gaul (vol. ii., p. 219) and elsewhere—was only consul for about eleven hours. The object, according to Tacitus, *Hist.* 3, 37, was to reward him for his services by this sort of brevet rank.

[4] See p. 344.

[5] Manius Acilius Glabrio, who was going out to govern Achaia as Cæsar's *legatus*. The legions were no doubt to be in readiness to cross to Syria if needed.

legions, is under a great obligation to me—for he has been twice successfully defended by me on a capital charge. He is not a man either of an ungrateful disposition, and pays me very constant attention. I have written to him in very strong terms about you, and am attaching the letter to this packet. Please let me know how he has taken it, and what promises he has made you.

DCXCII (F XIII, 50)

TO MANIUS ACILIUS GLABRIO (IN ACHAIA)

ROME (JANUARY)

I AM presuming upon your regard for me, which you made me clearly perceive all the time we were at Brundisium, to write to you in a familiar style and as though I had a claim to do so, if there is any matter as to which I am specially anxious. Manius Curius, who is a banker at Patræ, is an intimate friend of mine. No union could be closer than ours. He has done me many kindnesses, and I have done him many also. Above all, there is the strongest mutual affection between us. That being the case, if you have anything to hope from my friendship, if you wish to make the good offices and kindnesses which you bestowed on me at Brundisium still more a subject of gratitude to me (though I am already exceedingly grateful), if you perceive that I am beloved by all your family, pray extend and enlarge your favours to me so far as to keep Manius Curius safe and sound [1]—as the phrase goes—unharmed and free from every sort of annoyance, loss, and molestation. I pledge you my word, and all your friends will be my guarantees for it, that you will reap very great advantage and very high satisfaction from my friendship and from your own kindness.

[1] *Sartum tectum*, lit. repaired and roofed. A common phrase for keeping a house in good repair. See p. 62.

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APPENDIX B

DATES IN THE LIFE OF CICERO

B.C. 106. Coss., C. Acilius Serranus, Q. Servilius Cæpio.	M. Tullius Cicero b. January 3rd (*a. d.* III *Non. Ian.*) at Arpinum (*ad Att.* vii. 5; xiii. 42: vol. ii., p. 224; vol. iii., p. 349; *de Leg.* ii. § 3). His father M. Tullius Cicero was of equestrian rank (*de Pet.* § 13; *pro Planc.* § 59), of a plebeian gens of the tribe Cornelia (*Brut.* § 62). His mother's name was Helvia (Plut. *Cic.* i.; Letter DCCCXI). Iugurthine war finished by C. Marius as proconsul. Cn. Pompeius Magnus b. September 30th.
B.C. 102. Coss., C. Marius IV., Q. Lutatius Catulus.	Æt. 4. Birth of Quintus Tullius Cicero. Destruction of the Teutones and Ambrones at Aquæ Sextiæ by C. Marius.
B.C. 101. Coss., C. Marius V., M'. Aquilius.	Æt. 5. Defeat of the Cimbri near Vercellæ by Marius and Catulus.
B.C. 100. Coss., C. Marius VI., L. Valerius Flaccus.	Æt. 6. The sedition in which the tribune L. Appuleius Saturninus was killed (*pro Rabirio*, § 18, *sqq.*).
B.C. 91. Coss., L. Marcius Philippus, Sex. Iulius Cæsar.	Æt. 15. Cicero takes the *toga virilis*. He writes a poem on *Marius* (*de Leg.* i. 1; vol. iii., p. 256).
B.C. 90. Coss., L. Iulius Cæsar, P. Rutilius Rufus.	Æt. 16. The Marsic or Social war begins. Cicero begins a translation in hexameters of the *Phænomena* of Aratus.

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B.C. 76. Coss., Cn. Octavius, C. Scribonius Curio.

Æt. 30. Cicero pleads many causes, among others delivers the partly extant speech *pro Roscio Comœdo.*

Elected quæstor.

Probable year of Tullia's birth.

B.C. 75. Coss., L. Octavius, C. Aurelius Cotta.

Æt. 31. Quæstor at Lilybæum in Sicily, the prætor being Sext. Peducæus. Cicero discovered the tomb of Archimedes at Syracuse (*Tusc.* v. § 64).

B.C. 74. Coss., L. Licinius, M. Aurelius Cotta.

Æt. 32. Cicero returns to Rome from Sicily. He thinks that whatever ability he had was then at its full maturity (*Brut.* § 318).

B.C. 73. Coss., M. Terentius Varro, C. Cassius Varus.

Æt. 33. Delivers the speech *pro M. Tullio*, of which a fragment remains.

The beginning of the war of Spartacus.

B.C. 72. Coss., L. Gellius Poplicola, Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Clodianus.

Æt. 34. L. Lucullus conducting the Mithradatic war. The war of Spartacus in Italy still continues, and both consuls suffer defeat.

B.C. 71. Coss., Cn. Aufidius Orestes, P. Cornelius Lentulus Sura.

Æt. 35. Spartacus defeated and killed by Crassus. Pompey returns from Spain after finishing the war with Sertorius, defeats the remnants of the rebels of Spartacus, and celebrates a triumph.

Cicero perhaps delivered the speech *pro Aulo Cæcina* this year. He says that he was working hard during these three years (*pro Planc.* §§ 65-66), but we have no record of what he was doing.

B.C. 70. Coss., Cn. Pompeius Magnus, M. Licinius Crassus Dives.

Æt. 36. Cicero elected ædile.

He undertakes the prosecution of Verres, delivers *Divinatio in Quintum Cæcilium* and *in Verrem actio prima.* The five books of the *Actio secunda in Verrem* were not delivered, but were written and published.

Birth of Vergil.

B.C. 69. Q. Hortensius, Q. Cæcilius Metellus Criticus.

Æt. 37. The ædileship. He says that he was economical in the three games which he gave as ædile. The speech *pro Fonteio* probably belongs to this year.

Cicero purchases a villa at Tusculum.

Marriage of Quintus to Pomponia.

B.C. 68. Coss., L. Lucilius Metellus, Q. Marcus Rex.

Æt. 38. Death of Cicero's cousin L. Cicero and of his father (?).
Atticus buys an estate near Buthrotum.
LETTERS I-III.

B.C. 67. Coss., C. Calpurnius Piso, Manius Acilius Glabrio.

Æt. 39. Cicero elected prætor after two postponements of the *comitia* and some serious riots (Dio, 36, 38-39).
The war against the pirates intrusted to Pompey by the *lex Gabinia*.
Birth of the younger Q. Cicero.
LETTERS IV-VII.

B.C. 66. Coss., Manius Æmilius Lepidus, L. Volcatius Tullus.

Æt. 40. Prætor Urbanus.
Delivers the speech *pro Cluentio:* and the first *contio* or speech to the people extant, *pro imperio Cn. Pompei* (*pro lege Manilia*), to give Pompey the command in the Mithradatic war.
Quintus Cicero elected ædile.
LETTERS VIII, IX.

B.C. 65. Coss., L. Aurelius Cotta, L. Manlius Torquatus.

Æt. 41. Speech *pro C. Cornelio*, of which only fragments remain.
Cicero begins making preparations for his canvass for the consulship.
Birth of Cicero's son Marcus (July).
LETTERS X, XI.

B.C. 64. Coss., L. Iulius Cæsar, C. Martius Figulus.

Æt. 42. Elected consul with C. Antonius.
Speech *in Toga Candida*, of which fragments remain.
Q. Cicero addresses to him the essay *de Petitione Consulatus* (vol. i., pp. 367-381).
Tullia betrothed to C. Piso Frugi.
Birth of Horace.

B.C. 63. Coss., M. Tullius Cicero, C. Antonius.

Æt. 43. Consul. Speeches *de lege agraria in Rullum* (3), *pro C. Rabirio*, *pro Murena*, *in Catilinam* (3). Suppression of the Catilinarian conspiracy and execution of the conspirators in the Mamertine prison (November-December).
On December 31st the tribune Q. Metellus Nepos prevents Cicero from addressing the people on laying down his

B.C. 63—*continued.* consulship—*quod cives indemnatos necavisset* (see vol. i., p. 22).

Cicero declines a province.

Birth of Octavius (afterwards Augustus), September 23rd.

B.C. 62. Coss., D. Iunius Silanus, L. Licinius Murena.

Æt. 44. Quintus Cicero prætor. C. Iulius Cæsar prætor.

Speeches *pro Cornelio Sulla* and *pro Archia Poeta.*

Pompey reaches Italy on his return from the East at the end of the year.

P. Clodius said to have penetrated Cæsar's house in female disguise when Cæsar's wife and other matrons were celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea.

LETTERS XII-XV.

B.C. 61. Coss., M. Pupius Piso Calpurnius, M. Valerius Messalla Niger.

Æt. 45. Trial and acquittal of P. Clodius.

Quintus Cicero proprætor of Asia.

Pompey celebrates a triumph for the Mithradatic war (September 29th and 30th).

Cæsar proprætor in Spain.

LETTERS XVI-XXII.

B.C. 60. Coss., L. Afranius, Q. Cæcilius Metellus.

Æt. 46. Cicero writes a history of his consulship in Greek (vol. i., p. 57), and also a poem in three books.

P. Clodius, after his quæstorship in Africa, seeks adoption into a plebeian gens in order to get the tribuneship.

Cæsar, returning from Spain to stand for the consulship, is prevented from triumphing by opposition of the senate. Pompey is discontented with the senate for not confirming his *acta.* The two form with Crassus the informal agreement known as the first triumvirate.

LETTERS XXIV-XXIX.

B.C. 59. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar, M. Calpurnius Bibulus.

Æt. 47. Pompey marries Iulia.

Cicero opposed to Cæsar's agrarian law, refuses to be one of the *vigintiviri* for assigning lands, and declines a *legatio* offered by Cæsar.

Cæsar's laws passed in spite of the opposition of his colleague Bibulus.

B.C. 59—*continued.*

Clodius's adoption completed. He is elected tribune.

Cicero delivers the speech *pro Flacco*. He also defended, among others, his colleague C. Antonius.

Clodius prevents Bibulus from speaking when laying down his consulship.

LETTERS XXX-LV.

B.C. 58. Coss., L. Calpurnius Piso, A. Gabinius.

Æt. 48. P. Clodius, having entered on the tribuneship on the previous December 10th, carried a law disfranchising all who put citizens to death uncondemned. Cicero, after vainly seeking help from Pompey and Cæsar, goes into voluntary exile (May) and in consequence is forbidden "fire and water" within 400 miles of Rome. He stays at Thessalonica till about November 27th, and then returns to Dyrrachium.

Cæsar in Gaul.

Legislation of Clodius and turbulent proceedings in Rome.

Quintus Cicero returns from Asia.

Cato in Cyprus, accompanied by M. Brutus.

LETTERS LVI-LXXXV.

B.C. 57. Coss., P. Cornelius Lentulus Spinther, Q. Cæcilius Metellus Nepos.

Æt. 49. Law for Cicero's recall passed on August 4th. Cicero reaches Rome on September 4th.

Speeches *in Senatu post Reditum*, *ad Quirites post Reditum*, *pro Domo*.

Speaks also in favour of Pompey's having the *cura annonæ*.

LETTERS LXXXVI-XCIII.

B.C. 56. Coss., Cn. Cornelius Lentulus Marcellinus, L. Marcius Philippus.

Æt. 50. Renewal of the understanding between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, at the conference of Luca (April).

Cicero abandons opposition to the triumvirs.

Q. Cicero Pompey's *legatus* in Sardinia.

Tullia betrothed to P. Furius Crassipes.

Atticus married to Pilia.

Controversy as to the restoration of Ptolemy Auletes.

Elections prevented till following February by riots.

B.C. 56—*continued.*

Speeches: *de Haruspicum Responsis, pro Sestio, in Vatinium, pro Cœlio, de Provinciis Consularibus, pro Balbo.*

LETTERS XCIV-CXV.

B.C. 55. Coss., Cn. Pompeius Magnus II., M. Licinius Crassus II.

Æt. 51. Elections at end of January by an *interrex*. Speech *in Pisonem*. The *de Oratore* in three books. Cicero also engaged on the poem *de Suis Temporibus*.

Gabinius (proconsul of Cilicia) restores Ptolemy Auletes to the throne of Egypt for an enormous bribe and without authority from the senate.

Cæsar's first invasion of Britain.

Crassus starts for Syria before the end of his consulship.

LETTERS CXVI-CXXIX.

B.C. 54. Coss., L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, App. Claudius Pulcher.

Æt. 52. Speeches: *pro Plancio, pro Rabirio Postumo.*

Cæsar's second invasion of Britain, in which Q. Cicero is serving with him.

Death of Iulia (September).

Cicero, much against his will, defends Gabinius on a charge of peculation at the request of Pompey.

Cicero writes the *de Republica*.

Riots preventing elections between the parties of Clodius and Milo.

Quintus Cicero's gallant defence of his camp in Gaul.

LETTERS CXXX-CLXIII.

B.C. 53. Coss., Cn. Domitius Calvinus, M. Valerius Messalla.

Æt. 53. Elections still prevented by riots till April.

Fall of Crassus and his son at Carrhæ.

Cicero elected into the college of augurs in place of the younger Crassus.

Elections for next year prevented by riots.

LETTERS CLXV-CLXXVII.

B.C. 52. Coss., Cn. Pompeius Magnus, sole consul from February 23rd to August 31st; from Sep-

Æt. 54. No elections possible till February 23rd.

Clodius murdered on the Appian Way, January 17th.

Trial and condemnation of Milo under a new law brought in by Pompey.

B.C. 52—*continued.* tember 1st, Q. Cæcilius Metellus Pius Scipio.

Speech *pro Milone.*

Cicero writes *de optimo genere Oratorum* and begins the *de Legibus.*

Quintus comes home from Gaul.

LETTERS CLXXVIII-CLXXXI.

B.C. 51. Coss., Servius Sulpicius Rufus, M. Claudius Marcellus.

Æt. 55. Cicero proconsul in Cilicia, accompanied by his brother Quintus, his nephew Quintus, and his son Marcus.

Tullia married to Dolabella.

Discussions at Rome as to whether Cæsar shall stand for the consulship without giving up his province and army.

Alarm of an invasion of Syria by the Parthians. Two legions withdrawn from Cæsar for Syria, but not sent.

Growing distrust between Pompey and Cæsar.

LETTERS CLXXXII-CCXXXVI.

B.C. 50. Coss., L. Æmilius Paullus, C. Claudius Marcellus (C. f.).

Æt. 56. Cicero quits his province on July 31st, lands at Brundisium, November 25th, and arrives at Rome, January 4th of the next year.

Gaius Curio, tribune from December 10th, B.C. 51, accepts a large bribe from Cæsar and maintains his cause in the senate, preventing an appointment of a successor to him in Gaul. On laying down his tribuneship, December 9th, B.C. 50, he goes at once to Cæsar at Ravenna and urges him to enter Italy in arms.

LETTERS CCXXVII-CCXCIX.

B.C. 49. Coss., C. Claudius Marcellus (M. f.), L. Cornelius Lentulus Crus.

Dictator sine Magistro Equitum com. hab. et fer. Lat., C. Iulius Cæsar.

Æt. 57. Cæsar crosses the Rubicon after the senate had rejected his proposal, conveyed by Curio on January 1st, and expelled the tribunes Antonius and Cassius, who vetoed the decree ordering Cæsar to surrender his province. Cæsar in Spain after March: Antony in charge of Italy. Cicero at first accepts the command of the Campanian shore, but on Pompey and the consuls abandoning Rome, he stayed at Formiæ, hesitating whether to join Pompey, who left Italy on March 17th. He finally did so in June and was at Pompey's headquarters in Epirus for the rest of the year.

LETTERS CCC-CCCCIII.

B.C. 48. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar II., P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus.

Æt. 58. Cicero remains at Pompey's headquarters in Epirus for the first part of the year, but was also invalided and retired to Dyrrachium for some time. After the battle of Pharsalia (August 9th), at which he was not present, he went on board the fleet at Corcyra. But refusing to continue the war, he retired to Patræ; thence by special permission of Cæsar he returned to Brundisium about the end of October, where he remained till the following September.

Pompey murdered in Egypt (October).

Cæsar engaged in the Alexandrine war.

Cælius attempts a revolution and is killed.

Antony after Pharsalia still in charge of Italy as proprætor.

LETTERS CCCCIV-CCCCXX.

B.C. 47. Dict. r. p.c., C. Iulius Cæsar II. Mag. Eq., M. Antonius. Coss., Q. Fufius Calenus, P. Vatinius.

Æt. 59. Cicero remains at Brundisium till Cæsar returns from Alexandria and Asia (after battle of Zela).

Dolabella as tribune proposes revolutionary laws. Great riots at Rome.

Cicero returns to Tusculum, October 7th.

LETTERS CCCCXXI-CCCCXLVIII.

B.C. 46. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar III., M. Æmilius Lepidus.

Æt. 60. Cæsar attacks Cato and the Pompeians in Africa. News of the battle of Thapsus reaches Rome, April 20th. Cato kills himself at Utica.

Cæsar returns to Rome at the beginning of September. His four triumphs.

Cicero lives at Rome and his country villas.

Composes *Paradoxa*, *Partitiones Oratoriæ*, *Orator*, *Brutus de Claris Oratoribus*, *Paradoxa*. He also writes a panegyric on Cato, which is not extant.

He divorces Terentia at the end of the year.

Cæsar's reformation of the Calendar. Ninety extra days in this year.

Speeches: *pro Marcello* (in the senate), *pro Ligario* (before Cæsar).

B.C. 46—*continued.*

Cæsar leaves Rome for Spain, December 1st.

LETTERS CCCCXLIX-DXXVIII.

B.C. 45. Dict. r. p. c., C. Iulius Cæsar III. Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar IV. sine coll.

Q. Fabius Maximus, *mort*, C. Trebonius.

C. Caninius Rebilus.

Æt. 61. Death of Tullia about the end of February.

Cicero retires for some months to Astura, where he composes a Consolatio which is not extant.

Victory of Cæsar at Munda, March 17th.

Cæsar returns to Rome early in October. His triumph.

Cicero composes the *de Finibus*, the *Academica*—first in two books and then in four.

Speech *pro Deiotaro* (before Cæsar).

LETTERS DXXIX-DCXC.

B.C. 44. Dictator r. p. g. c., C. Iulius Cæsar. Mag. Eq., M. Æmilius Lepidus III., C. Octavius, Cn. Domitius Calvinus.

Coss., C. Iulius Cæsar, *occis.*, M. Antonius.

P. Cornelius Dolabella.

Æt. 62. At the beginning of the year Cicero employed in finishing the *Tusculan Disputations*.

March 15th Cæsar murdered in the senate-house.

March 17th in a meeting of the senate Cæsar's *acta* are confirmed.

In April Octavius (Augustus) arrives.

Antony causes the senate to alter the arrangements for the provinces made by Cæsar—so that finally Syria is assigned to Dolabella instead of Cassius, Gallia Cisalpina to himself instead of Decimus Brutus, and Macedonia to Gaius Antonius, his brother, instead of M. Brutus.

Cicero keeps away from Rome till the end of August, and composes *de Natura Deorum*, *de Divinatione*, *de Fato*, *de Senectute*, *de Amicitia*, *de Gloria*, *de Officiis* (to his son), *Topica*. He resolved to go to Athens to visit his son, but was delayed by bad weather, gave up his purpose, and returned to Rome, August 31st.

September 2nd, delivers the first speech against M. Antonius (First Philippic).

Antony replies on September 19th, whereupon Cicero writes the Second Philippic, which was never delivered.

B.C. 44—*continued.*

M. Brutus on his way to Macedonia stops at Athens and takes young Marcus Cicero into his service.

Cæsar Octavianus raises legions and is granted *imperium* and rank as proprætor to attack Antony, who is besieging Decimus Brutus in Mutina.

Third Philippic in senate } December 20th.
Fourth Philippic in a *contio* }

In support of the actions of Decimus Brutus and Octavian.

LETTERS DCXCI-DCCCXII.

B.C. 43. Coss., C. Vibius Pansa, *occis.*, A. Hirtius, *occis.*

Æt. 63. Antony besieging Dec. Brutus in Mutina.

Fifth Philippic against sending ambassadors to Antony, in the senate, January 1st.

C. Iulius Cæsar Octavianus, *abd.*

Sixth Philippic, speech before the people to the same purport, January 4th.

Seventh Philippic against making peace with Antony on his terms (January).

C. Carinas, Q. Pedius, *mort.*, P. Ventidius Bassus.

Eighth Philippic against accepting the terms brought by the legates from Antony (February).

Triumviri r. p. c., M. Æmilius Lepidus, M. Antonius, C. Iulius Cæsar Octavianus.

Ninth Philippic on paying honours to Servius Sulpicius, who had died on the mission to Antony (February).

Tenth Philippic against Calenus and in favour of recognizing and praising the proceedings of M. Brutus in Macedonia (March).

Eleventh Philippic in favour of declaring Dolabella a *hostis* for his murder of Trebonius (March).

Twelfth Philippic against a second embassy to Antony, March 19th.

Thirteenth Philippic, denunciation of Antony's letter, in the senate, March 20th.

Antony defeated at Forum Gallorum, April 15th, and a day or two afterwards at his own camp near Mutina.

Fourteenth Philippic, proposing honours to the consuls, Cæsar, and the armies, April 22nd.

May 29th, Lepidus joins Antony near Forum Iulii in Narbonensis. Antony had

also been reinforced by Ventidius Bassus the prætor.

June 30th, Lepidus declared a *hostis*. But Antony and he are joined soon afterwards by Pollio and Plancus also.

Octavian demands the consulship and approaches Rome with his army. He is elected consul on August 19th, with his cousin Q. Pedius. Cicero, who had opposed the demand of Octavian, conceals himself. He reappears on a rumour that the Martia and Fourth Legion mean to desert Octavian, but on that proving false returns to Tusculum (App. *B. Civ.* iii. 89-93).

Octavian leaves Rome to attack Decimus Brutus, who, deserted by his army, was trying to reach Ravenna. Being prevented by Octavian's approach, he crossed the Alps into Gaul, and was there put to death (October-November).

November 27th, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavian, having come to terms, are appointed *triumviri r. p. c.* by a *lex*. The first proscription list had already been forwarded to Rome. Cicero and his brother Quintus and his nephew Quintus attempt to escape. But the two Quinti are caught at Rome—where they went for money—and put to death. Cicero escapes to Astura, but after one vain attempt to get away by sea is overtaken by the soldiers near Formiæ and beheaded December 7th.

LETTERS DCCCXIII TO END.

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